THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JULY, 1869. . . . . OCTOBER, 1869.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. CXXX.

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER, LONDON.
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,
EDINBURGH.

1869.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

CONTENTS OF No. 265.



THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1869.

No. CCLXV.

ART. I.—*Opere Inedite di Francesco Guicciardini.* Illustrate da GIUSEPPE CANESTRINI e pubblicate per cura dei Conti PIERO e LUIGI GUICCIARDINI. 10 vols. Florence: 1867.

THE collection which gives to this article its heading redounds greatly to the credit of the two Italian gentlemen who have had the spirit to promote the publication. In rescuing its contents from the repositories of their family archives, the Counts Guicciardini have not merely raised a memorial to their illustrious ancestor, but have likewise furnished a valuable contribution to better knowledge of a most important section of the sixteenth century. The greater portion of these volumes is made up of Francesco Guicciardini's correspondence, stretching over years of stormy events with which from his official position he had much to do. Italian statesmen of that period would seem to have been generally affected with an irrepressible passion for letter-writing, and to this Guicciardini certainly formed no exception. It is perfectly amazing what an amount of incessant, and it would seem superfluous, correspondence he carried on with his own hand, while he was actively occupied in duties that might have been deemed enough to engross every moment of his time. The evidence contained in these volumes of Guicciardini's epistolary activity is, in fact, so redundant that compression might have been advantageous. It would have been not amiss if Signor Canestrini, on whom the task of editorship devolved, had borne in mind the imputation of prolixity which has been popularly fastened on Guicciardini. We must acknowledge to have found in these volumes not a little repetition that might have been left out without loss to the student, and

with decided advantage to the public. It is from no unfriendly spirit that we draw attention at once to a defect in editorship, which is calculated to deter casual readers from going on with volumes that really abound in matter of deep interest.

In addition to this voluminous correspondence, there are autobiographical sketches, and a series of reflective writings, some of them mere memoranda, but others elaborate disquisitions, which, as a whole, furnish the fullest material to be found anywhere for insight into the workings of a mind that may fairly be considered typical of a class not easily fathomable—the Italian statesmen of the sixteenth century. Machiavelli must be ranked amongst those exceptional beings of choicest quality who can never be brought wholly within any general category, because they have some features that are exclusively their own. Such extraordinary individuals cannot be taken as a measure for their generation. In Guicciardini, on the contrary, there concurs every requisite to make of him a representative man. Throughout a long and successful career Guicciardini showed himself a master in those versatile faculties and wily arts, and especially that subtle discernment which constituted the peculiar characteristics of Italian politicians in that age, while yet he did not tower over his fellows with any such individual excellence as would mark him out for a man quite by himself. Through life his mind, like Machiavelli's, was bent on matters of State; but, unlike Machiavelli, Guicciardini happened in the main to keep the level of his time, and to drift on the prevailing current. Guicciardini might well be taken as having been thoroughly at one with the depraved influences that precisely in his time asserted their firm hold over the destinies of Italy, and he certainly appears to have promoted them with unflinching zeal and without compunction. For it is no more possible to disassociate Guicciardini's memory as a politician from the final enthronement of the tigerlike tyranny of the Medicean Dukes in the ancient commonwealth of Florence, than to disconnect his memory as a writer from his bulky history. The finger of scorn has been persistently pointed by indignant patriots at the infamy of an individual who was believed by them to have deliberately prostituted his eminent talents to make Florence a victim to the lustful stealth of a tyranny that matched in depravity the abominations of the Roman Empire. Yet in these volumes we now have incontrovertible evidence that this supposed smooth-tongued parasite, with no compunction about stabbing his country's liberties for the sake of personal advantage, was in truth a being who

never could quell instinctive sympathy for lofty objects, though, with the flexibility peculiar to his contemporaries, he would plausibly reason himself into conforming to expediency in a degree we certainly are not disposed to justify. To the last Guicciardini retained unblunted intellectual appreciation for noble aims, though in the atmosphere of a most jealous and suspicious tyranny, he dared to indulge this only in the solitude of his study, where he would relieve pent-up feelings by effusions on paper no living eye but his own was meant to see. After the lapse of three centuries, these ejaculations in writing have been recovered, and like light-shafts sunk into the shrouded depths of nature, they now expose to our gaze the painful heavings and volcanic quickenings that lay unquietly beneath a surface of velvet smoothness. There is something deeply mournful in the revealed distraction at heart of this vizored being—inwardly pricked by fine aspirations, and unable to cast off a consciousness of piercing lucidity, while outwardly stooping in actual subservience to elements which he knew to be worthless. Here we look into the perplexing enigma of the moral condition of Italian character in the sixteenth century; an enigma that resides in the difficulty to comprehend how an organism could simultaneously display such extraordinary obliquity of conduct and yet retain such unwarped consciousness of intrinsic and relative worth.

It will be our effort to probe the mysteries of a nature blending faculties so incongruous with the help of the light reflected back on himself by Guicciardini. The tangled mass of historical matter scattered through the voluminous correspondence of a life whose political activity was commensurate with the complicated history of Italy throughout its duration, cannot be brought within satisfactory summary in these pages. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the study of Guicciardini's inner mind as illustrated by his secret self-communings now so singularly brought to light, restricting our extracts from the political correspondence to a few passages of kindred nature. Far from our intention is it to compose a panegyric on one whose flexibility in adapting himself to circumstances is plainly incompatible with any strong regard for rigid principle. Yet we venture to affirm that in spite of tergiversations due to the prevailing infection of a lax code of political ethics, to his dying day Guicciardini's nature was animated by noble desires beneath the unruffled and inscrutable exterior which veiled the force of its instincts. Great indeed must be the surprise to find that in the innermost bosom of the man who has been denounced as a devotee to sordid passions—a

venal accomplice in treasons if only profitable to himself—there vibrated with full strength and perfect clearness those national aspirations and patriotic longings that have constituted the cherished aims of Italy's most ardent patriotism—those same political day-dreams which, after centuries of dashed hopes, in our time at last have burst into reality in the sunshine of a political transformation that has no parallel.

Born in 1483, Francesco Guicciardini lived till 1540—a period for Italy of incessant and eventful action. He came into the world when Florence was under the sunny though insidious blaze of Lorenzo the Magnificent's ascendency; he died when his native city lay in the fetters of Duke Cosimo's sinister tyranny. During the intervening fifty-eight years there had been two great uprisings of Florence in vindication of the olden commonwealth principles, only to end in discomfiture after a burst of promising success; there had been two expulsions of the Medici, only to result in their being brought back by foreign intervention to heightened power; there had been the victorious advance of Charles VIII. from the Alps to Naples, only to result in a humiliating retreat. There had been, year after year, until they seemed well-nigh an inseparable appendage to the seasons, the descents of Spanish and French hosts on the smiling plains of Italy, there to join in murderous shocks of arms, at the sound of which all Europe started—the memorable and blood-stained conflicts of Ravenna, and Marignano, and Pavia, and, most thrilling of all, the frightful sack of Rome, metropolis of Christendom, closely followed by the siege and reduction of Florence, last stronghold of the civic spirit. Within the same period there occurred, besides, much that was calculated to stir deeply the minds of intelligent Italians, first in the convulsive movement arising from Savonarola's preachings, then in the mighty current of religious Reformation set in motion by Luther. We do not know that an equal array of world-moving events and far-reaching influences ever stood marshalled within the limits of a period short of man's average term of life.

Though an ancient, the Guicciardinis were not a great aristocratic house. Their greatness was of popular origin. They figured amongst those renowned burgess families of Florence who grew by industry, carrying the active pursuit of mercantile enterprise into every known market, and ranking as the leading merchants and money-brokers of Europe. The special trade of the Guicciardinis was that of silk-mercers. Early in the tenth century their name is found in the roll of the guild, and down to the end of the sixteenth they had a

branch house in Nuremberg. Even now their name marks in Florence a street running through the quarter that once was the particular locality for silk-dealers. By origin and by career the Guicciardinis were therefore a middle-class race, identified with the civic element in the commonwealth, belonging to the sturdy, industrious, wealthy, and highly-cultivated Popolani, standing forth in sharp antagonism to the exclusive aristocracy who constituted the so-called Captains of the Guelphic party, and found their choicest representatives in the overbearing house of Albizzi. All the qualities to be expected from an aristocracy of Southern blood and exuberant vigour were freely forthcoming in the members of this house: they were high-tempered, recklessly daring and wantonly defiant, while the Popolani encountered the license of an arrogant oligarchy with the weapons of grave astuteness. Between these classes the contest was one of unostentatious craft, supported by sturdy resolution, against the presumptuous recklessness of inordinate self-confidence, and the natural result was the gradual decline of the aristocracy. It is enough to know that the Guicciardini family stood connected with the leading events marking the advance of the party opposed to the aristocratic faction, and Piero, great-grandfather to the historian, bore a prominent part in the revolution which finally broke the power of the old nobles by the recall from exile of Cosimo Medici. The same line was pursued by his two sons Luigi and Jacopo, who, with Soderini, were the main counsellors of Cosimo's grandsons during their minority, and filled high offices of state. But considerable as were the family honours thus acquired, they were greatly enhanced by Piero, the historian's father, the type of a successful public man through life, who, under widely varying circumstances, always contrived to stand well and to share in the direction of affairs. Although admitted by Piero Medici among his confidential advisers, he did not consider himself bound by such ties as to prevent his adhering to the republican revolution of 1494. A prudent and discreet politician of known experience, Piero Guicciardini was readily courted by the leaders of the popular movement. His influence, as was natural with one eminently cautious and averse to extremes, was thrown into the scale of the moderate party. The frenzied rhapsodies of Savonarola could not but be supremely distasteful to so discreet a mind, and Piero accordingly strove to secure for Florence safeguards against the recurrence of similar convulsions. In that age Venice shone out amongst Italian communities for the sedate stability of her government and the

brilliant splendour of her prosperity. Piero Guicciardini aimed at endowing Florence with the main features of a similar constitution, in the hope of securing the same benefits. This admiration for Venetian institutions, not uncommon then with Italian thinkers, deserves special notice in Piero, because we find the same vein of thought in the political speculations of his son. Piero contributed largely to the vote which vested in Soderini the powers of Gonfalonier for life in imitation of the tenure on which was held the Venetian Dogeship. But the choice made did not answer expectations. Soderini allied himself with men whose policy was not to Guicciardini's mind; and the result was, that after having turned away from his old patrons in 1494, he again made himself in 1512 a caressed favourite with the banished Medici, who were only too ready to smile graciously on any man of influence willing to befriend their cause. In fact, on Soderini's expulsion it was Piero Guicciardini who mainly effected the restoration of the Medici; and, as acknowledged chief of their partisans, he was named to congratulate Leo X. at the head of a deputation. Death, however, prematurely cut short his career. Piero died in 1513, aged fifty-five, having been throughout an eminently successful and dexterous man, distinguished for circumspection and discernment, no less than for erudition and intellectual attainments—one every way well fitted to foster and intelligently train those qualities kindred to his own with which his son Francesco was richly endowed.

This son, the third born of five brothers, at that time had already been entrusted with an important mission to Ferdinand the Catholic, though under the legal age for such an appointment—a striking testimony to the father's influence and the son's promising qualities. In the autobiographical notice now first published, Francesco gives interesting facts in reference to his early life. He was held at the font by Marsilio Ficino, 'first of Platonic philosophers then in the world,' and when still a mere boy, began, under his father's direction, to study the Humanities and Law. The political distractions of Florence impressed the cautious sire with a desire to place the inexperienced youth in some less turbulent atmosphere than that of a city in the throes of Savonarola's convulsive action. Francesco was sent, in 1500, to Ferrara in preference to any other university, 'though one of no high quality, on account 'of that city being then in great quiet under the rule of Duke 'Alphonso. And therefore,' continues Guicciardini, 'when I 'left Florence my father gave me five hundred gold ducats, and 'some days later, things growing hotter in Florence, he sent me 'five hundred more, and a little while after another thousand;

'and of all this, though young and without control, I rendered to 'him a diligent account.' We quote these words as conveying a graphic and ingenuous expression of the circumstances of the times, and of the peculiar kind of crafty circumspection which they developed instinctively in the generation that grew up under conditions of so much uncertainty and internal dissension. The legal studies prosecuted at Ferrara were completed at Padua, and in the end of 1505, the young doctor, then only twenty-three years of age, was appointed to read the Institutes in Florence, with a salary of twenty-five florins. A short time before a question had arisen whether Francesco would not do better to enter the Church. A kinsman in possession of a rich see being stricken with mortal sickness, the opportunity offered of obtaining the reversion of his preferment on Francesco, who confesses not to have felt indisposed to the idea, 'not from desire to loll in laziness with a big income, as is 'the case with most priests, but with the anticipation that, as 'being young and with some education, he might become great 'in the Church and aspire to be a Cardinal.' But the father did not encourage the proposal for reasons which are deserving of notice. 'He would by no means let a son of his become a 'priest, though he had five, it being his opinion that the affairs 'of the Church were much amiss; so that he would rather lose 'immediate benefit, and the hope of making his son a grand 'dignitary, than stain his conscience by making a priest of 'him out of cupidity.' 'This,' adds the son, 'was the true 'reason that moved him, and I had to be satisfied therewith 'as well as I could.'

Troubles were then gathering fast and thick about Florence. The policy pursued by Soderini was precisely the policy natural to a weak man. It was a tissue of vacillation and irresolution —of the half-measures that conduce only to provoke irritation without securing any of the advantages to be won by perilous and consistent boldness. Italy was then a prey to the rival pretensions of France on the one hand, and of the Pope and Spain on the other. With one or the other of these contending Powers it was incumbent on the minor states of Italy frankly to throw in their lots. The danger might be considerable, but the dilemma admitted of no less critical alternative, for different action would entail the common enmity of both parties; and this it was that Soderini, from sheer incompetence, brought on Florence. Unwilling to disown the old alliance with France, he exposed Florence to the vindictive anger of the Pope and the military might of Spain, while in the foolish hope of dissipating danger from these quarters, he

abstained on futile pleas from giving France the vigorous help he might have afforded. The inevitable consequence was that Florence became flurried, like a bird that sees the bird-catcher's net drawn closer and closer about it, and as danger grew more imminent popular discontent increased. Soderini, nervously incapable of dealing with the emergency, bethought himsel of propitiating the Pope's real right arm, King Ferdinand, by a special mission, which should hoodwink that most astute Prince with the flimsy plea that, as a principal, Florence had not done aught in support of France. This hopeless task Francesco Guicciardini was deputed to execute. The honour conferred was indeed most unusual, for the ambassador selected required a special dispensation to take the proffered appointment at his early age. His father advised acceptance on various grounds—amongst them, that very possibly the mission might come to nothing, when the fact of acceptance would redound to the young man's benefit; and in January 1512 Francesco proceeded to the Court of Ferdinand, where he resided till October 1513. Of course the youthful plenipotentiary quickly became aware of his inability to achieve what he was instructed to do. But this did not in any manner tend to make him inactive. Ferdinand the Catholic had the reputation of being the most politic and the most sagacious sovereign in Europe. His court was the high school of diplomacy and of the art of statesmanship. It is manifest from these volumes that the keen and subtle intellect of young Guicciardini observed and studied with indefatigable assiduity every object in connexion with the political machinery of which this acknowledged master in kingcraft was the presiding genius. His inquiries extend inquisitively into every branch of the administration—into the resources of the realm—the commerce carried on, and especially into a subject that must have been of the highest interest for the young Florentine—the nature of that startling discovery recently made across the Atlantic, and of the trade with these so-called Indies. It is impossible not to perceive that though in itself a failure, the mission to Spain was an event in Guicciardini's life; affording him in the years when character is still under formation the best means of gaining acquaintance with and insight into the statecraft of the age in its most characteristic fulness—means which it is abundantly evident were keenly made the most of by him. During his stay in Spain, the Republican Government from which he had a commission was overthrown, without, however, involving the recall of the ambassador, who continued to represent the Medici as zealously as he had Soderini, until

at his own urgent request the arrival of a successor enabled him to return home. Before reaching Florence he heard of his father's death, which happened on December 20, 1513.

Lorenzo the younger—grandson to the Magnificent and nephew to Leo X.—was then under the virtual authority of the Pope, the head of the Florentine State. It appears that this member of the Medicean family was not well disposed towards the young Florentine politician. Guicciardini ascribes Lorenzo's disfavour to an unfounded suspicion of his being in covert alliance with some political opponents of the ruling house. Whatever may have been Lorenzo's adverse feelings, they were certainly not shared by Leo X., who selected Guicciardini before long as depositary of the most precious charge he had to entrust. The foundation of an opulent principality for his family was the darling object of this sybaritic Pope's life. Florence of course was the contemplated capital of the State, but the Florentine territory did not cover the extent of what was coveted by the grasping mind of Leo. The scope of his desires was nothing less than to create a compact State in central Italy—comprising not merely what in our day constituted the Grandduchy of Tuscany, but also a considerable portion of what, till recently, was comprised in the States of the Church, with the Duchies of Parma and Modena and parts of Ferrara. In pursuit of this darling object Leo shaped all his policy, steering his steps amidst the intricate mazes of Imperialist and French rivalries, solely by the dictates of self-aggrandisement, and for the special furtherance of family gains. It was therefore a subject of infinite self-complacency to this scheming Pope when he succeeded in obtaining the acquiescence of both the Emperor and the King of France in his occupation of a large slice of territory along the Po; comprising the cities of Modena and Reggio and districts taken by force from the Duke of Ferrara. These new possessions had, however, the inconvenience of being specially exposed to the full brunt of the many perils unavoidably attendant on the perpetually disturbed condition of Italy. Their geographical situation almost necessarily brought them within the area on which the great rival Powers of Europe then kept battling against each other with distressing iteration, and opened a door to the machinations of dispossessed princes, and the equally incessant conspiracies by restless factions with which the Italy of those times was honeycombed. These new territories were, in fact, like protruding outworks in a citadel that by their advanced position were exposed to be raked by the fire of surrounding belligerents; yet to Leo these outworks had the value of keys

on the retention of which depended his tenure of the stately principality which his heart was bent on rearing.

It was, consequently, a mark of the highest confidence when in 1516 Francesco Guicciardini was singled out by Leo for the governorship of the much prized districts of Modena and Reggio, and the confidence thus reposed he retained throughout this Pope's reign. The volumes before us furnish ample evidence of the vigilant activity with which Guicciardini discharged the gravely responsible duties that devolved on him during years of incessant anxiety and in moments of highly critical emergency. It is quite beyond our limits to enter upon any details of Guicciardini's action as governor, or in his later capacity as the Pope's commissioner in the war of the Confederacy under Imperial auspices against Francis I. One point, however, there is to which we would particularly draw attention as bearing directly on Guicciardini's character, and being brought out for the first time conclusively by this Correspondence. That Leo pursued through life a policy of personal ends and tortuous ways no one will deny; neither will it be disputed that Guicciardini not only lent himself to this policy, but embraced it with ready energy. We now have the means of knowing that in thus consenting to serve the Pope, he did not however sink into an obsequious flatterer, lisping only what might be pleasant and speaking only what might flatter the Sovereign's likings. Guicciardini, it is now established by irrefragable documents, bore himself throughout as an intelligent and honest agent, who reported to his master the truth even when unpalatable, and preserved at least the independence of his mind when he had compromised the consistency of his conduct. This is a remarkable feature which must not be lost sight of if we would fairly estimate Guicciardini's character. The individual whom so many considered a mere mercenary instrument, was certainly no deceitful one to the hand that employed him. If there was not in him that rare strength of principle which enables a few men to walk by themselves through life with haughty disdain for worldly motives, he proved, if indeed a mercenary, yet a thoroughly trusty hireling, who on having taken bounty-money, gave in return not merely indefatigable readiness, but his full intelligence and full insight without deeming it proper first to trim these in accordance with what might in high quarters be an approved fashion.

The general reaction which, under Adrian VI., prevailed against the favourites of the preceding reign extended in so far to Guicciardini that his authority, besides being confined

in range of territory, was strictly limited to the subordinate functions of a local governor. But on the speedy re-occupation of the Papal See by a Medici in the person of Clement VII., Guicciardini's merits were recognised by brilliant promotion. In addition to the governments before under his care, he now had also confided to his charge the Romagna—a province which has always been known for turbulence, and at this period was subject to an appalling anarchy. The firmness and vigour displayed by Guicciardini in grappling with circumstances of great danger and extraordinary difficulty were admirable. With unwavering resolution he broke through the ecclesiastical prerogatives and immunities dear to the Court of Rome when he found them thwarting the exercise of his civil power. It is indeed most curious to observe how the lay Lieutenant of the Pope in the sixteenth century chafed at, and how he dealt with, those ecclesiastical institutions which, rendering good government impossible in the States of the Church, have been the subject of standing denunciations. The state of society in the Romagna as depicted in this Correspondence was perfectly frightful. Legality was indeed nowhere in Italy then in the ascendant, yet in the Romagna alone was there lawlessness of so atrociously flagrant a type. That province had become the haunt of savage passions which rioted wildly in full daylight without shred of disguise. But Guicciardini was determined to put an end to this state of things without regard to persons or classes. When accordingly he found priests perpetrating outrages, he proceeded against them as he would against other offenders, and when convicted he had them strung up like other criminals. Such secular disregard for the privileges of the clergy entailed, however, much vexation on Guicciardini. His rough and sharp convictions of ecclesiastical culprits were in the eyes of the spiritual dignitaries in Rome so many sacrilegious encroachments on an indelible prerogative, and the Pope's Governor, who was doing his best to teach the Pope's subjects deference to law, found himself obliged to seek, at the hands of some Cardinal, letters of forgiveness for these meritorious acts. No ordinary firmness and no common courage were requisite to carry through a policy of repression under circumstances attended at once with so much risk to personal safety and with so much annoyance to authority. But Guicciardini persevered, and the result was that he curbed the lawless temper of the Romagna, and successfully brought this province within as much of peacable condition as was up to the standard of those times.

Meanwhile the general situation of affairs in the Peninsula was again verging to a renewed and an aggravated explosion. The second Mediccan Pope was not a whit behind his predecessor in the degree in which purely political motives swayed his actions. Clement VII. was alarmed at the might of Charles V., and now earnestly sought to weave a great coalition against his ascendency. Guicciardini was taken into his counsel in this matter. Early in 1526 he was in Rome during several months, and his Correspondence shows him to have been admitted by the Pope to a full knowledge of the schemes he was then busily striving to mature. The policy then on the anvil was that which eventually resulted in the sack of Rome and Clement VII.'s imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo. Judged merely by these fruits it might be inferred that a more foolish political combination could not have been conceived, and that Guicciardini stands convicted of glaring want of judgment in having countenanced the notion of such a policy. It is, however, clear that Guicciardini must not be held responsible for the disasters that ensued. The design of a combined Italian confederacy in coalition with France against the power of Charles V.. Guicciardini did advocate, but never a combination so inadequate and a direction so infirm as were actually furnished. If there is one thing more than another patent from this Correspondence, it is that he never underrated the risks of the policy contemplated. It was impossible for anyone to have stated with more dispassionate luminousness the respective advantages that presented themselves as attendant on the policy of peace or of war. Though it is a fact that Guicciardini was in favour of a line of policy which ended in a catastrophe, he must be fully absolved from the imputation of not having duly weighed its dangers and of having been led away by overweening self-confidence. His keenly discriminating intellect was painfully sensible of the might at the disposal of the Emperor, and the enterprise which his mature judgment still deemed practicable and his energy was forward to promote, was contemplated on a very different scale from the enterprise actually set on foot. Nor was he slow in protesting against the wretched inadequacy of what was being done, and in warning Clement of the consequences to be expected. These volumes are replete with Guicciardini's incessant and well-nigh daily appeals to the vacillating Pope with the view of spiriting him up to the resolutions indispensable to avert a catastrophe. It was perhaps impossible, out of the political elements of that day, to effect a combination sufficiently compact to check the ascendency of Charles V.; but the charge of not having been

clear-sighted enough to perceive the total inadequacy of the force brought into the field, and of consequently having deliberately led Clement into his misfortunes, cannot be sustained against Guicciardini.

The league was concluded between the King of France, the Pope, and the Republic of Venice as principal parties, and Guicciardini returned to his post with the commission of Lieutenant-General and the virtual responsibility of the Pope's political representative. He found himself directly met by difficulties that proceeded from the prevailing disorganisation of Italy and the mutual jealousies everywhere begotten by the selfish instincts of her rulers. On the one hand, Guicciardini was the victim of the standing incompetency of the Pope's administration. Neither men nor money nor stores were forthcoming in the promised quantity at the appointed time, and throughout he was driven to make-shifts which though proofs of his indefatigable energy were always inadequate. On the other hand, from the very outset he was encountered in military plans by a marked want of cordiality on the part of the Venetian forces, and especially from their commander, the ex-Duke of Urbino, in whose breast there naturally rankled deep ill will against the Medici who had driven him from his principality by a stroke of violence which even in those days of habitual outrage was acknowledged to have no parallel for unblushing wantonness. No one who conceives of military operations merely from what is their method even with the worst organised of modern armies, can picture to himself the indescribable strain to which Guicciardini was put in order to get any kind of action out of a motley force wretchedly appointed and distracted by want of sympathy between its captains. The whole misery of the then condition of Italy is nowhere more glaringly revealed than in the correspondence recording the daily and hourly torture undergone by Guicciardini while vainly he strove to get some practical good out of elements so deficient and so discordant. The painfulness of these letters is deepened by the gleam of thorough consciousness as to the true state of the case that plays through them all, and the tone of grim but inwardly despondent loyalty to the policy embraced that pervades every sentence. At the same time they afford overwhelming testimony to Guicciardini's indefatigable energy, as well as to the vigour of the bold counsels he kept incessantly pressing on Clement. But the Pope always vacillated from constitutional indecision, and in critical moments sought aid in that spurious cunning which fancies itself able at the same moment to disarm and to ensnare. Guicciardini's position was thus like

that of a physician whose advice is not followed and who therefore is reduced merely to look painfully on the progress of disease he has foreseen. That the advice proffered to the Pope was exclusively drawn from political motives and had in it matter not in harmony with strictly spiritual considerations, is very true. For Guicciardini the contest involved the gravest of all possible issues for Italy—nothing less than whether she should preserve her national independence against the foreign ascendency of Charles V.; and he would have shrunk from no effort on behalf of the representative of the national cause in this enterprise, that could have secured the victory. To have raised men and money he would have had the Pope even barter the dignities of the Church; and what is especially remarkable, the consequences involved in defeat to the Pope, not as Sovereign, but as Head of the Church, under the circumstances in which religion was placed by Luther's movement, were directly pointed to as inducements to make him avail himself of every possible means. So inconceivably vehement and plainspoken was Guicciardini on this head, that to convey a sense of the length to which he went we subjoin an extract from a letter he wrote to the Datary Giberti, the Pope's confidential minister, of the date of 19th April 1527:—

'Our foes will not be content unless they get from our lord and selves all we have: their weapons and arms strike, not merely at the temporal, but ruin churches, profane sacraments, and bring heresies within Christ's faith; against which attempts whoever being able to resist dares not do so, does, in my opinion, become liable to the same infamy, the same penalties, and the same offence against God as they. If in our lord there be such a temper and wish that he can tolerate to forfeit the glory of the world, to lose the temporal State won by his predecessors, to see the ruins of his own native city, which certainly does not deserve this from its distinction, from its genius, and from its devotion to his family—to deprive his kin of the rank and grandeur which it received, not at the hands of Popes, but through the manliness and success of ancestors—if all these things seem to him of no account in comparison with the one point (did not reverence forbid I would use severer words), he has got into his head that he will not, by creation of Cardinals and similar methods, avoid so great ruin; at least spiritual authority ought not to seem to him a trifle, nor the faith of Christ which if this war be lost, will become the booty of the Lutherans, nor the salvation of so many souls committed to his charge. God did not elect him Vicar to the end he should let his Church and creed go to ruin and the world become full of heretics, nor in conscience can he excuse himself from making every effort in defence of things holy, the salvation of souls and of our faith.' (Vol. v. p. 416.)

This extraordinary appeal is not singular. We could give many kindred passages if space permitted. The above quotation is, however, enough to show the tremendous and unshrinking ardour Guicciardini threw into his exertions not to let the policy he had prompted end in inglorious failure, and the unvarnished plainness of speech he dared use towards those whom a mere parasite would have sought only to flatter with honeyed words.

The catastrophe of 1527 affected Guicciardini not merely as the public servant of a now imprisoned sovereign, but also as Florentine citizen. The heavy blow dealt in Rome inevitably reacted on Florence, and the Medici were again driven to make room for a restored Commonwealth. The conduct now pursued by Guicciardini has been the subject of heavy strictures. By some it has been pronounced rank treachery, while the majority have descanted on the base ingratitude exhibited towards the Medici as soon as they appeared to have lost their power for conferring advantages. We believe that these very severe judgments are due to a misconception of the case, and that Guicciardini's conduct was prompted by what may be considered an undue sense of expediency, but one linked with strong instincts of a special patriotism that formed a leading feature in his contemporaries. The patriotic feeling of all others keenest and uppermost in the breast of an Italian of that day was a feeling of municipal patriotism. Not that the feeling for Italy as a nation was unknown. The fibre of a common and indelible sentiment uniting all born of Italian blood and speaking the Italian tongue, vibrated clearly then already in the hearts of Italians. Its sound rings with thrilling clearness in the memorable passage with which Machiavelli closes the Principe, and its clear note found articulation, as will be seen, in some of Guicciardini's most heart-wrung utterances. But nevertheless, under the untoward circumstances of political disruption which prevailed in the Peninsula, the idea of a common patriotic action could attain only the vague force of an intellectual abstraction, while hearts leapt with irrepressible passion at thought of the special home—the stately cities and glorious commonwealths, rich in memories well calculated to instil pride. To the Italian of that age, no matter how highly educated he might have been, the claims of the great Italian Fatherland and of his own particular birthplace appealed with the same difference of intensity with which cries of distress from mankind at large and from her own children strike a mother's ear. Instinctively a mother will fly to protect the latter before she will answer the call of the former. Precisely so did the

Italian of the sixteenth century feel in reference to the priority of general and special political appeals. To him the place of his birth spoke with the warmth of family feelings. Its grandeur and splendour were the delights of his soul, and the thought of its possible obliteration as an independent unit would bring to his heart the faintness and chill sense of life itself ebbing away. It is not possible to understand the motives that prompted the political action of Italians in this period, if we do not fully take in this peculiar quality at the root of their political feelings. There can be no doubt but that in many respects this quality was productive of more intense energy and stimulated action; it brought out especially a vigorous civic feeling; but this intensity contracted to a narrower scope the claims of Italy as a nation. All general interests appeared secondary to what was demanded for the benefit of a man's own beloved and special home. Now such a conflict between what was called for by Florence as a distinct State and by the Pope as chief of a national movement did occur on the capture of Rome, and in this divergence the Florentine citizen was irresistibly swayed by what suggested itself as most expedient for averting from Florence grievous and impending peril, though this might well seem inconsistent in an individual who had been a confidential agent of, and still kept up intercourse with, the expelled Medici, at that very time engaged in active conspiracy to force their way back into Florence. For love of his native city and love of kin were feelings that burned in Guicciardini with the fervour of a religious impulse, as is most solemnly expressed in earnest words addressed to his descendants at the beginning of his account of the family.

'Inasmuch as here I shall speak plain truth, I enjoin my descendants into whose hands these papers will come, never to show them to anyone who is not of our house, but to keep them for their own private benefit; because to that end alone have I written as one who wishes for two things above all others in this world, to wit, the lasting greatness of our city and of its independence, and the glory of our house, not merely in my lifetime but for ever. And may it please God to conserve and increase the one and the other.' (Vol. x. p. 4.)

On the fall of Rome into the hands of Bourbon's hordes after these had triumphantly traversed the Peninsula undisturbed by the Confederate army under the Duke of Urbino's lethargic command, the inability of Italy to make an effective stand was a confessed fact, as also Charles V.'s absolute power to deal with her as he might list. This absolute power had, however, been all along Guicciardini's especial

dread. In the danger visibly threatening the independence of Italian communities from the character of Charles V.'s ambition, and from the peculiar temper of the centralised monarchy he was cementing, Guicciardini had found the justification for deliberately running the risks he had always been keenly alive to in the policy of war. His far-sighted vision had contemplated issues far vaster than those merely personal issues involved in dynastic interests. It was the preservation of Italian vitality and Italian independence from a stifling load that Guicciardini sought when he originally abetted the formation of a military confederation against the growing and grasping monster of Imperial despotism. There is nothing inconsistent at bottom with these national impulses that as soon as he saw the hopelessness of the policy pursued, he should have been quick to adopt a change of tactics, with the view of saving as much as could be saved out of the catastrophe, though the rapidity of the modification is highly characteristic of the fickleness in personal attachment which was prevalent amongst Italians of his generation.

On Bourbon's victorious advance the Florentines had driven out the representatives of Medicean authority and set up a popular government. Guicciardini, Lieutenant-General to Clement, and at that same time straining every nerve to make the Confederate army march vigorously for the protection of Rome, could not be otherwise than opposed to this revolution. Yet the moment Rome was taken, what struck Guicciardini at a glance was, that Italy lay at the mercy of Charles V., and that the fortuitous severance of Florence at this conjuncture from the Medici might prove a most fortunate circumstance. In the tremendous crisis for all Italy what flashed upon the mind of the Florentine with supreme vividness was the imperilled independence of his cherished city—the danger of not unlikely extinction of its dominion—and to avert this disaster became forthwith his paramount object. Of this fact these volumes furnish irrefragable evidence. Out of the very camp under the walls of Rome, in which he was acting as the Lieutenant-General of the Medicean Clement, Guicciardini wrote to his brother Luigi urging the folly of Florence in abiding by a hopeless coalition, and entreating the citizens not to lose a moment in making with Charles V. terms which might preserve to them 'independence and dominion.' These words convey the keynote in Guicciardini's feelings. In the supreme moment of political disorder, civic affection rose in his heart over all else, and made him irresistibly cherish the interests of

Florence without taking thought of what might be due to the particular family he had been serving.

That such a proceeding is open to the charge of tergiversation cannot be denied; but the tergiversation so committed is one that has been also open to misconstruction from having been ascribed to other than its true motives. It is very important not to misunderstand what was really at work in the mind to induce such rapid change of conduct; for in this, as in many other points, Guicciardini is fairly entitled to be taken as a representative man. It was only one of the many unhappy results attendant on the disruption into which the political condition of Italy was thrown, to blunt the sense of those peculiar ties that bind the faith of individuals to each other. In a state of society torn by disturbance and intrigue, and presenting a perpetual succession of shifting scenes, belief in constancy could not but wane, while the subtle astuteness inherent in the Italian intellect fastened itself with whetted keenness on what seemed practical and expedient. But to assume that the inconsistencies and fluctuations apparent in Guicciardini and his fellows sprang solely from deliberately selfish calculations would be greatly to misunderstand the ardent impulses at play in their southern natures.

The course of Guicciardini's life during the next two years —the duration of the vain struggle of Florence for her independence—was eminently unsatisfactory to himself. He underwent all the vexations, annoyances, and humiliations which always must be the lot of one who stands in a false position. That Guicciardini's position in his native city at this conjuncture was a false one cannot be disputed. The confidential minister of the Medicean Clement up to the very moment of the revolution, he could not possibly command the confidence of citizens who had risen to throw off the Medicean authority when he came to take up his residence amongst them. Moreover, his diplomatic anxiety for some dexterous compromise appeared criminal lukewarmness to the self-confident enthusiasm of the popular party, which mistrusted the spirit that incessantly urged the importance of losing no time in propitiating the Emperor. Florence was then in a turmoil of republican effervescence, fomented by the leaven of Savonarola's hysterical visionarism and a frenzied feeling against the Medici. Such a condition of affairs was eminently unfavourable to the influence of one who was always indisposed to extremes and especially discreet in counsel. Under the growing ascendency of the violent party, the policy pursued became every day more distasteful to Guicciardini, who found himself an object of in-

creasing suspicion to the wild democracy. For a while he did indeed strive to exert a moderating influence on the destinies of the State through his personal knowledge of Capponi, the appointed Gonfalonier; but he soon found that the tide of popular passions was too strong to stem. Some relief to his troubled mind he sought in literary activity, for it was during this season of enforced retreat from active life that he wrote many of his most interesting political effusions. But at last matters reached a pitch in Florence which made it prudent for one so generally suspected of disaffection to the democracy in power to leave the city. The last hope vanished that any such stable government could be established as at one time Guicciardini had flattered himself might be possible, while it was become equally plain that nothing could arrest the arm of the mighty monarch who had been needlessly provoked by the defiant citizens. Guicciardini turned his back on the doomed populace rushing wildly on destruction under the guidance of self-willed demagogues, and sought an abode more congenial to his politic temperament in the neighbourhood of those same Medici in whose expulsion he had been ready to acquiesce, but in whose restoration he now again saw the only means of averting from Florence extreme degradation and extinction of its sovereign rank.

Guicciardini betook himself to Bologna, where Clement VII. and Charles V. were in congress on the fate of Italy. The reception he met with was not cordial. Though he came as one proscribed by a decree of the people, and with his property confiscated, in the sight of the resentful Medici he was still but an apostate. The lot that almost inevitably awaits politicians who in moments of fierce contests steer a middle course, had befallen Guicciardini—he had forfeited the confidence of both sides. Where he had been accustomed to meet with a willing ear, he now encountered forbidding coldness; and for a while he had to keep as great a distance at Bologna from those who were the depositaries of ruling powers as he had been driven to keep in Florence. It is certain that this relegation from public affairs proved intolerably irksome to Guicciardini. The long habit of intimate participation in politics, together with the keen interest he could not divest himself of in what was impending over Florence, made it little less than torture to him to be excluded from the prominent action he had so long been used to. These volumes abound in evidence of the incessant anxiety of mind with which he was on the stretch to detect what might be in the air, and particularly how he laboured indefatigably for a

restoration of the Medici, but under conditions that should contain certain guarantees for liberty to the community.

Bologna was then thronged by exasperated partisans of the Medici, burning to wreak vengeance on the Republicans, and doing their best to fan in high quarters the flame of reaction. Guicciardini deserves the credit of having steadily striven against the mischievous suggestions of these infuriated counsellors; and his calmly persuasive speech proved not without effect in the end. Clement VII. was himself by nature too much given to temporising habits of mind not to have instinctive sympathy with the kind of shrewdness péculiar to Guicciardini. In him at least the angry disfavour gradually subsided, which Guicciardini continued to experience at the hands of the less self-controlled members of his family and their intemperate followers, so that when Clement returned to Rome he made Guicciardini accompany him thither. In the actual work of restoration he therefore took no public part. The junta selected to preside over the re-establishment of Medicean power in Florence, under the protection of Spanish troops, was composed of approved partisans of a more thoroughgoing temper. These violent men gave, however, so much rein to their vindictive passions, that after some months Clement deemed it expedient to despatch to Florence the more moderate Guicciardini on a confidential mission. Writers belonging to the popular party distinctly accuse him of having turned his influence at this period to account for indulging private spite against personal enemies. If the charge is founded—and we are not disposed to say it may not be so, for it is undeniable that Guicciardini was greatly moved against the individuals who had produced a senseless movement and driven him into exile—nevertheless it is positive that he dissented entirely from the autocratic tyranny which Duke Alexander was trying to grasp. In four elaborate memoirs addressed to Clement, Guicciardini fully developed the institutions with which he thought it desirable to endow Florence. These dissertations well deserve attention as explanatory of what really was at work in Guicciardini's mind when lending himself to the introduction of a government that eventually proved a stifling despotism. From these writings it is clear that, in spite of his great perspicacity, in one essential point Guicciardini mistook the nature of his contemporaries, and so deluded himself as to the possibility of establishing a form of polity for which the elements had died out. We have before alluded to the attraction exercised over many Italian minds of the time by the dignified spectacle of the

Venetian State, and to the traces of this opinion in Guicciardini's writings. This is especially the case with these Memoirs, which being addressed to Clement at this conjuncture, are entitled to be considered the expression of Guicciardini's matured political convictions. Now the substance of his recommendations is to endow Florence with a government combining double guarantees for stability and liberty by the creation of a Principate and of a Senate representing the superior intelligence and worth in the community, which he fondly believed would be strong enough to check the assumption of absolute power by the Prince, and to defy any sedition of the populace. Stability securing freedom from the curse of convulsions was the blessing Guicciardini aimed to confer on Florence; but this golden boon did not present itself to his mind as residing in the enthronement of an autocrat dealing with unchallenged impunity as he might list with everyone and everything in the State. The stability he contemplated was to be provided through the combination of sovereignty vested in one family with an independent organ at once protective of general liberties and infusing a sturdy spirit into the machinery of administration. It is easily conceivable how a Florentine, born when Guicciardini was born, and whose youth had fallen in those twenty years when, after Piero di Medici's expulsion, the Republic existed, should have fondly believed in the possibility of calling into existence a constitutional government of this description. The generation which made the revolution of 1494 retained not a little of the old Commonwealth temper; but that generation had passed away, and was succeeded by one demoralised through familiarity with scenes of convulsion and intrigue, so as to have lost all fixedness of conviction that could steady the fluid subtlety of Italian apprehension. The spirit of Condottierism—that is, sheer skill of hand—had taken absolute hold of men's minds in all things. To fancy that in such a state of society a polity reposing securely on civic elements could be built up, was to fall into a gross anachronism. There was nothing in existence, or capable of being called into existence, which had any strength of backbone, except the element of irresponsible and absolute monarchy. When, therefore, Guicciardini, shrewdly recognising that under existing circumstances the stable Principate he wished for Florence could be secured only in the persons of the Medici, helped to bring them in, he promoted a power which, instead of filling (as he fain would have done) a mere gap in the community, stepped into an absolute void at the entire disposal of its pleasure. Having failed to perceive

how utterly the spirit of Florentine civicism had evaporated, Guicciardini, by his action in favour of a princely authority in the Medicean family, rendered himself unwittingly the accomplice in the introduction of a highly noxious principle which was then beginning to invade most European communities—the principle of centralised and arbitrary authority. His conduct resembles in a striking manner that of the small portion of French Liberals who lent themselves to the restoration of the Bonapartist dynasty in France.

That Guicciardini profoundly deplored the system of depraved autocracy which he lived to see in Florence under Medicean rule is beyond question. Nevertheless he cannot be absolved from the charge of having actively helped on—though we believe from misconception as to what he was really doing—the actual establishment of a power foully immoral; and still less can he be cleared from the grave obloquy of having stooped to serve those whose worthlessness he had thoroughly recognised, out of sheer inability to forego the excitement of public life and to face the chill silence of retirement. 'Believe not those who 'profess to have of themselves withdrawn from affairs and emi'nence out of love for quiet,' Guicciardini remarks on one occasion. 'In almost every instance it has proceeded either from 'passing whim or the force of necessity; therefore, as expe'rience shows, no sooner does an opening offer for return to the 'former course of life, than almost to a man, forsaking the much'be-praised quiet, they rush in its direction with the fury of 'flames towards what is dry and well oiled.'* These words are the truthful reflection of Guicciardini's own feelings. To him the sensations of active political employment had become a natural want, and renunciation of the excitement attendant on this mode of life produced in him the feeling that life itself was becoming extinguished. And yet, throughout the remainder of Guicciardini's career, the dissidence between him and the jealously-minded tyrants of Florence was not veiled. Though not equal to the effort of severing himself from a service he felt to be unworthy of him, he still was incapable of so denying his instincts as to make himself really agreeable to these self-seeking and profligate patrons. Guicciardini's shrewdness was indeed consulted and his talents were employed, but the consultations were not those of confidence, nor were the employments given those of primary trust. The suspicious nature of a Medici shrank uneasily from one who showed marked signs of, at least, mental independence. To have absolutely

* Ricordi, § 77.

proscribed a politician of Guicciardini's acknowledged ability —one so experienced in politics and so conversant with the statecraft of those times—would have been a blunder too gross for Medicean dissimulation to commit. The mode of procedure preferred was to play upon Guicciardini's fondness for active employment—craftily to bind in silken fetters one who, if stung into fury by harsh neglect, might have turned round as an enemy of no ordinary force. To get rid therefore of an inconvenient censor in Florence, Clement VII. again invested Guicciardini with the governorship of the Romagna, which appointment he retained till 1534, when, in common with all in the Papal service who had been specially connected with the Medicean interests, he experienced the disfavour of the new Pope, Paul III. At this time Alexander di Medici, on whom Charles V. had conferred the rank of Duke, was wielding in Florence his power, in conjunction with a set of depraved favourites, in a manner that led to widespread discontent. It is positive that in spite of the glaring abominations perpetrated by this most worthless tyrant, Guicciardini, on returning to Florence, distinctly declared himself a supporter of Alexander's interests, against the disaffected party. In palliation of this conduct it must be remembered that Alexander was assured of the Emperor's support, and therefore no revolutionary movement by a stroke of hand could reasonably have promised more than ephemeral success—a mere repetition of the barren and disastrous convulsion in 1527. Now, as we shall show presently, it was a leading principle with Guicciardini, expressed by him repeatedly in forcible language, that it became the duty of a good citizen to serve even a bad government (when he saw no chance of effecting the establishment of a better), on the ground that he might thus indirectly turn aside the full blow of its wickedness. To strike for what was practically within reach, and not to exhaust strength in vain efforts, was ever the guiding maxim of Guicciardini; and we believe him to have been actuated on this occasion by the conviction that, under existing circumstances, Medicean ascendency could not be obviated; and that therefore to seek to tame its nature down into the least noxious disposition possible by personal influence on its representative, was the wisest thing for a Florentine to do who truly loved his city.

It may indeed seem that Guicciardini went beyond the length of what might have been commanded by a mere regard to such expediency. He certainly did exert himself with singular energy to defend Alexander against the accusations which

a body of distinguished and proscribed Florentines sought to make good before the tribunal seat of the Emperor. It is impossible to suppress a painful sensation when perusing the strenuous advocacy used on this occasion by Guicciardini for a reprobate like Alexander. The vehemence with which he combated the appeals of his injured fellow-citizens finds no justification in the fact that the success of his pleadings ensured the confirmation of an established government by securing the betrothal of Alexander to the Emperor's daughter. Neither will such justification be furnished by the circumstance that Guicciardini was inwardly persuaded of his personal influence over the young Duke, and firmly convinced of his power to direct him in the course of a generous policy. There can be no doubt that while doing battle for Alexander before Charles V. Guicciardini was mainly stirred by seeing himself in fancy the ruling minister of the State, carrying out large plans in the plenitude of unrestricted authority. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment. On Charles V. the ability displayed by Guicciardini produced indeed so great an impression that the Emperor took the ready-witted Italian along with him in his expedition into Provence; but just as this sign of special favour appeared to set the seal on fond expectations, the anticipations of high power in Florence were dashed by Alexander's violent death through the hand of an assassin. The perpetration of this crime was followed by an instant of suspense peculiarly favourable to popular confusion. The concurrent opinion of contemporaries ascribes to Guicciardini the chief share in having prevented the attempt at proclaiming a Republic, and secured by quick measures the elevation of another scion of the Medicean house — Cosimo the murdered man's cousin. But it must also be not overlooked that though he did his best to secure the succession to Cosimo, at the same time he sought to take precautions that the power of the new prince should be checked by the safeguards which, in his opinion, would have served to protect liberty. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten in an inquiry into Guicciardini's political character, that in this grave conjuncture he did instinctively strive to take advantage of the critical nature of the moment to effect the introduction of those organic institutions which fondly, but erroneously, he believed capable of proving efficient safeguards in the state of Florentine society for the free life of the community. Wherein lay the fallacy which Guicciardini fell into we have already indicated. He would go on with the attempt to combine provisions, very excellent in them-

selves, but for which the raw material was nowhere then forthcoming. For a short while, just so long as Cosimo had not acquired self-confidence, things wore the deceitful semblance of an improved condition. But the moment it could be done with impunity, the indelible vice of the family displayed itself without shame. Cosimo fawned on Charles V., and when assured of the mighty Protector's countenance, and in the event of need even of his military support, he threw aside the mask of deferential dissimulation which he had worn towards Guicciardini. Availing himself of the pretext offered by discovery of a conspiracy, Cosimo sent to the scaffold all in Florence whom his suspicious nature saw any ground for fearing. Then strong in the consciousness of having decimated the force of any independent party at home, and emboldened by the warrant of material protection from the Emperor, Cosimo gave himself up to unbridled license and impatiently shook off Guicciardini as a troublesome pedagogue. It is true that he was of too wary and cunning temper not to cloak in some degree the disfavour shown to Guicciardini. In this he however but added to the sharpness of the mortification inflicted. Guicciardini would be occasionally employed when employment offered that could prove a mockery, and, like Machiavelli, he would be called out from the repose of his disgrace to waste the qualities of his high intellect on the settlement of such trivialities as a disputed inheritance or the claims to some bit of patronage. On questions of real political importance Guicciardini was no longer consulted, and it was no secret that he expressed his disapprobation in sharp criticism of the manner in which the State was administered. Guicciardini's latter years were thus passed in retreat under which he chafed, for the most part in a country-house at Arcetri. It was there he embarked in the composition of his great history, the leaden colouring in whose pages may be inferred to reflect the morbid sense of disappointment under which he laboured in this retreat. The letters preserved from this time are not many, but those we have betray the irrepressible fretfulness with which Guicciardini followed in observation the political events he was forcibly shut out from taking part in. There is a deep sadness in the subdued longings and painful quiverings of the abandoned statesman, unable to deaden his sympathies and yet inexorably debarred from giving play to them by the unyielding barrier of a relentless jealousy. At last this self-tormenting existence closed on May 22, 1540, after a short illness which has been ascribed by some contemporaries to poison administered by

Cosimo's direction. The charge of poisoning is, however, so recklessly indulged in by Italians of the sixteenth century, that we require more tangible evidence before loading Cosimo's already heavily-burdened memory with this crime—unless we choose to consider poison the vexation of soul he undoubtedly did freely instil into Guicciardini by persistent and cruel neglect of him. Let us now probe the inner mind of the man the outline of whose active career we have given.

Montaigne writing of Guicciardini, gives expression to the following remarks:—

> 'J'ay aussi remarqué ceçi, que de tant d'âmes et effets qu'il juge, de tant de mouvements et conseils, il n'en rapporte jamais un seul à la vertu, religion et conscience, comme si ces parties là estaient du tout esteintes au monde; et de toutes les actions, pour belles par apparences qu'elles soient d'elles-mesmes, il en rejecte la cause à quelque occasion vicieuse ou à quelque proufit. . . . Cela me faict craindre qu'il y aye un peu du vice de son goust et peult estre advenu qu'il ayt estimé d'aultruy selon soy.'

It would be easy to support the suspicion indulged in by Montaigne with quotations from these volumes which, taken by themselves, would read as utterances of confirmed cynicism. Guicciardini can be made apparently to bear witness to such statements as these: that man must be set down as of evil nature in the main; that the mainstay of princes must be severity, and that those who think it possible to dispense therewith will find themselves wofully mistaken; that dissimulation is essential for those who deal in government; that self-interest is the prime motive in human nature, which rulers who know what they are about must make much of; and a string of maxims of a like kind. Far from our intention is it to deny that such sentiments do breathe a spirit of lax morality; but we are prepared to dispute the justice of an opinion which assumes their expression to have embodied the pith of Guicciardini's instincts and sympathies. The sentences containing these questionable sentiments are not uttered as absolute maxims, but are distinctly reflective observations on a specific state of political society—inferences drawn from particular premises and applied to concrete cases. There is nothing to warrant their being taken as vouchers of active sympathy more than the opinions expressed by many other men on their times; and if there is in them much dark colour, this is due to the complexion of the objects mirrored in these reflections. For it is a conspicuous quality in Guicciardini—and therein he is again the representative of a faculty common to his contemporaries—to take and give back with

marvellous vividness the actual aspect of contemplated facts. The gift of subtly entering into the nature of external objects, and of again giving them back with a luminousness so free from shadow as to impart to reflections all the freshness of spontaneous sympathy, never was possessed in a fuller degree than by the Italians of Machiavelli's generation. These men, while inwardly pricked by warm passions, had a most marvellous power of unimpassioned insight into whatever they turned to scrutinise. How vast the mass of duplicity, perfidy, and cynical disregard of good faith which in that age obtruded itself on the eye of whoever looked on the field of political action, it would be superfluous to dilate on. No man could then take part in public life and remain free from arts which our severer morality justly reprobates. The age was pervaded with an evil element, and no one who mingled in its doings could quite escape the contagion. But familiarity ever begets at least outward callousness to sights which, but for this familiarity, would visibly shock. A surgeon will appear quite indifferent to the writhing sufferings of the patient whose wound he is probing, and an old soldier will step along the battle-field without sign of emotion at the harrowing sights on either hand of him. Yet neither the surgeon nor the soldier need for all that be dead to feelings of sincere commiseration. So was it with Machiavelli and Guicciardini when dealing with the political facts of their day. To them proceedings which we should consider the result of profligacy constituted the staple of what met the eye, no more to be disregarded than the grain of a stone he has to work on can be disregarded by the builder. They were facts not to be got rid of. That such perpetual contact with evil customs had the effect of blunting the edge of the moral sense even in the purest souls was inevitable. When habitual dissimulation comes to be openly proclaimed a necessary art for government—one of those inborn defects man cannot possibly free himself from—the moral standard is undeniably low. Nor have we the slightest wish to put in any general plea in exculpation of the Italian generation of this time. It was an unmistakeably corrupt generation, as is sufficiently demonstrated by the shamelessly profligate governments it acquiesced in. We do, however, demur to sweeping charges of constitutional viciousness and deadness at heart to elevated feelings against Guicciardini, on the strength of isolated sentences, which we make bold to show were not the embodiment of his sympathies, but merely the forcible expression of his piercing faculty for observation.

Let us begin with the charge that Guicciardini makes selfish-

ness the mainspring of human nature. He certainly pronounces self-interest to be a chief factor in the doings of man; but in what qualifying sense he interprets self-interest can be gathered from the following reflections:—'Those prosper indeed in this 'world who have self-interest before their eyes, and shape their 'actions accordingly; but the mistake lies with those who do 'not know what is true self-interest, deeming it to consist 'always in some pecuniary advantage, rather than in honour 'and the upholding reputation and good name.' * And again: —'Beyond doubt the man of a positive disposition has an 'easier time and longer life, and in a certain sense is happier, 'than one with an elevated mind, for the lofty soul is liable to 'fret and worry itself; but then the one has more of the beast 'than of man, while the other transcends human degree and 'approaches heavenly natures.' † The suspicion of artifice cannot reasonably attach to these utterances, which plainly spring, like a jet of spontaneous instinct, from the innermost heart. It is not, however, to expressions of merely abstract sentiment that we are restricted. These volumes preserve the record of Guicciardini's genuine feelings in reference to most of the critical political combinations with which it was his lot to have to deal. As early as 1512 he wrote down his sad forebodings, 'that in the course of not many years, unless God came in 'aid, our Florence will lose liberty and independence,' by creation of a monarchy enthralling all Italy (which did happen under Charles V.), and the establishment of a local tyranny (which also came about under the Medici). This early anticipation of what was actually impending deserves special attention, for it illustrates his keen foresight, and demonstrates the utter lack of any self-illusion that might in later life have buoyed him with sanguïne hopes. Is it not perfectly natural for one who took this view of the future to have held it 'a 'most wise design of his father's spontaneously to restore the 'Medici as private citizens, so as to have got rid of the class of 'exiles than whom there cannot be aught worse for a State'?‡ The sense here expressed of serious dangers resulting to a community from a body of exiles is characteristic of the man and of his time. Guicciardini harps on this idea over and over again. It manifestly presented itself to his mind as the fountain head of the gravest convulsions; while the dread of having himself possibly to undergo the sufferings of banishment from his beloved Florence visibly haunted him. This state of mind renders quite intelligible how Guicciardini came to set the

* Ricordi, § 218. † Ibid. § 337. ‡ Ibid. § 334.

highest store by the facts of tranquillity and stability in presence of the ever-shifting conditions which troubled Italian states. The precise form of government was to him a secondary matter by the side of such results. 'When we come to the 'details of existing governments, and discuss which may be 'the better—the one in this or the one in that city, the one in 'Florence in the time of the Medici or in that before them—I 'should not regard the special nature of the government so 'much as I should care for where would be the best results—'men might be best governed, laws best observed, justice best 'administered, and general welfare best looked after.'* This latitudinarianism on the score of forms of polity is prominently conspicuous in Guicciardini in all matters. Theorists in whatever line he looked upon with undisguised contempt, likening their dogmatism to treasure locked in a casket, and not to be got out for use; for eminently a shrewdness subtle in insight, large, vigorous, but ever most practical, was the indelible quality of Guicciardini's mental constitution.

Of the many striking utterances in these volumes, by far the most striking are those which were inspired by an overpowering sense of the circumstances of the hour. It is in these that we have the involuntary revelation of the ardent sympathies heaving wildly in Guicciardini's heart, though they never could have been guessed at through the inscrutable smoothness of his countenance. 'O my God! how many more 'are the grounds for the likelihood of our commonwealth soon 'failing than there are for a belief in our ability to preserve 'it,'† is a cry of civic despair. And what can be more genuinely sad than the following:—'Though cities and states and 'kingdoms are mortal, and all things at one time or another 'must come to an end some way, for a citizen it is nevertheless 'a truly grievous misfortune to have been born in the age 'when this woful blow befalls his country'?‡ In every syllable of the above there breathes the heart-breaking sorrow of the Florentine citizen mourning over his ancient and cherished city's plainly foreshadowed decline in freedom and proud grandeur. As to his own individual wishes in regard to the kind of government he deemed most consonant to the condition of Florence, Guicciardini is sufficiently explicit:—'Of the three 'species of polities—that of one, of a few, and of the many—'I think that of the few would in Florence be the worst, for it 'would be neither of natural growth nor conformable; and the 'same holds good in regard to a tyranny.' And again:—'Great

Del Reg. di Firenze, p. 22. † Ricordi, § 231. ‡ Ibid. § 189.

'as are the defects and disorders attending a popular state, in 'our city the wise and the good citizens all approve thereof as 'the least objectionable.'* An oligarchy of privileged nobles, such as constituted the Guelphic aristocracy, Guicciardini was distinctly averse from; but at the same time the popular government he contemplated as beneficial was one resting on a select body of *wise* citizens. A pure democracy on the score of its effervescing nature he invariably terms *foolish*. The following passage, written in 1529, in the very climax of the ephemeral movement it refers to, is curious for the opinion expressed in reference to the spasmodic efforts displayed by the Florentines on that occasion:—

'At present an extraordinary example is afforded of the effect produced by faith in the stubbornness of the Florentines, who, having in the teeth of all reason resolved on embarking in war against Pope and Emperor without hope of any assistance, though disunited and labouring under thousand disadvantages, have now held out for seven months against armies they would not have been deemed able to withstand for seven days; and all this stubborn spirit is due mainly to a belief that (as they have been assured in the preachings of Fra Gerolamo of Ferrara) they cannot perish.'

We shall presently give some striking passages expressive of what Guicciardini himself thought of prophetic indications and kindred subjects. Here we would merely note this testimony to what he felt when in 1529 he found himself pressed in between a democracy plainly intoxicated and a military coalition as plainly sure of triumph. Looking out with his sharp sight on the world in turmoil, he then perceived with a distinctness that left no power of doubting that, as things stood, the House of Medici must attain the headship of the State. 'No one not of Cosimo's line, and even this line 'cannot do without the Pope, can possibly become the chief in 'Florence; for none else is there, be he who he may, who has 'the roots and followings without which it is hopeless to think 'of becoming this.'† But to take service with whoever was assured of his hold over the State was, in Guicciardini's opinion, a duty. 'I say that a good citizen and lover of his 'country ought to consort with a tyrant not for the sake of 'his own safety, but for his country's good, for thereby he 'has an opportunity by counsels and deeds to promote much 'good and to obviate much harm.'‡ Again he wrote:—'I 'believe it to be the duty of good citizens, when their country 'falls into the hands of tyrants, to seek to approach them so

* Ricordi, § 212. † Ibid. § 377. ‡ Ibid. § 330.

'as to be able to urge good and dissuade from bad;' and then come these truly scathing words: 'However the ignorant and 'the impassioned in Florence have deemed differently, yet 'soon enough would they become aware of how pestilential a 'government would be that of the Medici if they were left 'with none but fools and wretches around them.' What can possibly be more crushing and more sad than this heart-wrung admission from the man who was wearing himself out in the thankless service of these very Medici? In these sentences we have the master-key to what has been found most enigmatic in Guicciardini's political conduct, to what has brought on him the severest strictures and the heaviest obloquy. The motive that ever guided him, and justified for him changes that to outsiders might well seem inexplicable on other than the basest grounds, was not one of treachery, but of political expediency for public interests.

Should the reader have been surprised at any of the foregoing quotations, we venture to say he will be considerably more startled to read the feelings Guicciardini entertained in his heart towards the Ecclesiastical State in whose service he laboured for a great portion of his life. On this head his language breathes the same concentrated pungency of hatred for priestly government and the Pope's secular authority which constitutes so prominent a feature in the political feelings of modern Italy. In these volumes there is nothing more astounding than the incontrovertible testimony furnished to Guicciardini's amazingly clear and bold views on religious topics, and particularly on the Pope's temporal estate. 'As 'traders are liable to fail, and sailors to be drowned, so those 'for any length of time in the service of the States of the 'Church are likely to fare ill,'* is the reflection suggested to Guicciardini by his experience. He gave it as his deliberate opinion that Papal functionaries were a self-interested and corrupt body, from the fact that as mere nominees of the reigning Pope they live only for the day, and seek to make as quickly as they can fortunes during the precarious tenure of a patron generally advanced in years. This is one of the main charges which Italian Liberals in our day have most persistently brought against the Pontifical Executive. But that is not all Guicciardini has to say on the topic of an ecclesiastical polity. 'I know not,' he exclaims, 'who can abomi-'nate the ambition, the avarice, and the effeminacy of priests 'more than I do;' and then the sentiment is capped by the

* Ricordi, § 251.

following withering sentence: 'It is impossible to say so 'much ill of the Court of Rome but that it would merit more; 'for this court is infamous, and the representative of all that 'is scandalous and opprobrious in the world.'

Many Italians have been fond of railing at the sacerdotal element, though on being put to trial their feelings have not proved of that stout independence which spoken words would have led to expect. It is therefore noteworthy in Guicciardini how definite his opinions were on points within the province of religious belief, or calculated to elicit superstitious impressions. The belief in astrology was then so firmly held, that when a jealous tyranny was about to rear in Florence the citadel on which it reckoned for enthralling any possible movement of an independent spirit, it sought to fortify itself by assistance from this false art. Before venturing to lay the first stone for the grim stronghold, which was meant to be a curb on the people, the Duke of Florence consulted a stargazer of repute as to the most auspicious hour for beginning operations; and this prognostication Guicciardini was commanded to obtain. The ducal behest, of course, was law. The precious vaticination was procured, and no doubt was duly considered in high quarters, as a sharp and useful bridle on popular action; but for the deference thus imposed by ducal folly, Guicciardini indemnified himself in private by this ejaculation: 'Foolishness is it to speak of astrology, I mean the 'professing to forecast events; for a dream is it to think one 'can by such means know what is coming.' * Not less characteristic are the following expressions on the subject of miracles: —'I hold that at all times many things have been held to be 'miracles that had no title thereto; and this at least is positive, 'that every creed alike has its miracles; so that a miracle is 'but a weak proof to invoke in behalf of the truth of one 'creed over another.'† And again:—'I have observed that 'with every people, and well-nigh every city, there are shrines 'that have an identical effect; in Florence, Sta. Maria Impru-'neta dispenses rain and fine weather; in other places I have 'seen Virgins and Saints doing the very same—a manifest 'sign how God helps all; from which it is probable that these 'things exist rather in men's opinions than really in fact.' ‡ At times this rationalism assumes a tone that has a sound of something beyond mere latitudinarianism, as when he says, 'I do 'not blame fasts or orisons, or any like pious works bidden by 'the Church or forced on us by monks; but the best of all

* Ricordi, § 207. † Ibid. § 123. ‡ Ibid. § 124.

'good things, by the side whereof these are all light in weight, 'is not to hurt one's neighbours, and to help everyone as much 'as can be.'* 'These friars seem to me very fools who keep 'preaching predestination and hard points of faith, when it 'would be much better not to set people thinking on topics 'they can hardly master, than to awaken doubts which can 'be forcibly allayed only by saying: Our creed tells us so, 'and therefore you must believe.'† Still more startling is the following:—'Never dispute about matters of religion or 'things which seem to have to do with God, for things of this 'kind have too much power over the minds of simpletons '(sciocchi).' Taken by itself, this sentence reads as the utterance of a mind destitute of religious sentiment and steeped in cynical scepticism. Yet it is no more than a passionate exclamation in a paroxysm of irritation at being thwarted on some occasion by the dense force of stupid superstition. For that Guicciardini was not without the sense of reverence for genuine piety can be abundantly demonstrated. 'It has been 'truly said that overmuch religion spoils the world, by making 'minds effeminate, enveloping men in thousand errors, and 'turning them from many generous and manly undertakings; 'but,' he adds, 'by this I do not mean to derogate in aught 'from Christian faith and divine worship, but would on the 'contrary confirm and strengthen the same, discriminating 'only between what is excessive and what is sufficient, and 'inducing minds well to weigh what they ought to hold by 'and what they can disregard with perfect security.'‡ In spite of his strong common sense Guicciardini did not always keep absolutely free from the fanciful impressions an Italian imagination is naturally susceptible of; though he never was led so far into the nebulous atmosphere of dreamland as to lose the force of his discrimination. The following sentence is particularly curious for the explicit declaration of belief in the existence of familiar spirits, along with an equally explicit declaration of thoroughly sound canons of criticism:—

'I believe myself able to affirm the existence of spirits,' are Guicciardini's words, 'whereby I understand what we call spirits, namely, those ethereal beings that hold familiar intercourse with individuals, for I have had such experience of them as is to my mind positive; but as to who or what they may be—that I believe is as little understood by the man who thinks he does so as by the man who never troubles his head about them. This and the foretelling the future, which sometimes is seen done by individuals

* Ricordi, § 159. † Ibid. § 357. ‡ Ibid. § 254.

either with art or under ecstasy, are hidden powers of Nature or rather of that higher force which moves all things—open to her but shut to us, and so thoroughly shut that the brain of man cannot read it.' *

The train of thought in this reflection is characteristic of the wide range of sympathy stowed away in the depths of Guicciardini's nature. And in reference to this many-sidedness we would notice another instance which is brought to light in these volumes. It has often been remarked how Comines, so lifelike in his portraiture of contemporaries, seems yet never to have guessed that the elements of the political world he described were rapidly crumbling away. It has been similarly the subject of wonder how the keenwitted French writers of the Encyclopædic school seem to have overlooked the volcanic forces in actual fermentation at their very door. Hardly a passage can be found in their works which shows an intelligent anticipation of impending revolution. Abundant proof exists that no such blindness to the capital fact of his time rested on Guicciardini. The piercing sagacity of his Italian intellect descried from afar the serious import of the Reformation movement which had begun in Germany. While courtly prelates made light of the doings of an insubordinate monk, Guicciardini at a glance perceived the seriousness of the loosened force, and the anxious interest with which he watched its course is shown by the eager inquiries on the subject he addresses to correspondents beyond the Alps. Great as is the temptation to give many more quotations of a striking nature, the already undue length of this article imposes the obligation to conclude. We cannot do so, however, without making the reader acquainted with three sentences which we have advisedly reserved to the end, because in their burning accents we recognise the concentrated essence of the passionate feelings of Guicciardini even while he was labouring in the repulsive service of individuals without a spark of sympathy for the grand aspirations that quickened the beat of his own heart. It is at once his own condemnation and his own exculpation that Guicciardini has written down in these three thrilling sentences:—'Three are the things,' is his solemn confession, 'I long to look upon before death—'but, alas! not one do I expect to see, even though I were to 'live many years: in this our city a well-ordained common-'wealth; Italy purged from all barbarians; and the world 'freed from the tyranny of these accursed priests;' then stricken in the heat of ebullition by the chilling sense of chiding

* Ricordi, § 240.

memory, Guicciardini adds, 'Ever was it my instinctive wish 'to see swept away the States of the Church, but fate would 'have it that there came two Popes whose greatness I was 'bound to labour for, and but for this enjoined obligation, 'Martin Luther would be dearer to me than my own self, for 'I might hope that his sect would destroy, or at least clip the 'wings of this accursed priestly sway.' And this reflection is finally repeated in almost identical words: 'The position in 'which I stood to Popes has driven me to promote their great-'ness, when otherwise I should have cherished Martin Luther, 'not from a wish to discard the fundamental laws of the 'Christian faith, but to see this accursed brood brought down 'to its due—namely, either to live in virtue or to lose 'authority.'

No comment can add to the force of these striking expressions. The fiery passions painfully suppressed through life beneath an inscrutable demeanour, here burst forth in a gush of words of which every syllable vibrates with the accent of burning conviction. The guarded reticence of life-long caution, the Argus-eyed circumspection of a career with sealed lips, are here utterly cast to the winds in a transport of self-inquiry, and we catch the last groan of a heart bleeding at the sense of its own misdeeds and its country's unhappy lot. Fondness for the prosperity of his own native Florence—passionate longing for the emancipation of Italy from foreign ascendency—and a loathing of priests and their secular estate, constituted the three indelible fibres in Guicciardini's heart. These fibres were not peculiar to him. They showed themselves in all who rank as the choicest growth of Italian intellect. The same intensity of desire to see Italy free from foreign presence, and of aversion from priestly domination inspired the sternest flights of Dante's muse, and the most touching lyrics of the gentle Filicaja, as they found solemn expression in Machiavelli's gravest pages. But of the many proofs to the indelible strength at all times in Italian hearts of these sentiments, none strikes us as so remarkable, because none was so little expected, as the testimony borne to them out of his grave by Guicciardini.

ART. II.—*History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M.A. Two volumes. London: 1869.

THE publication of the second work of a successful author is usually the most critical moment in the life of a man of letters. He can no longer hope to take the world by surprise by the sudden revelation of the powers of an unknown thinker. He can no longer claim the indulgence which is readily extended to inexperience; and the more familiar his previous writings have become to us, the less can he hope to revive the appetite of awakened curiosity. His own merit is the standard by which he is henceforth to be judged; and to satisfy the expectations of the public, his former achievements must not only be equalled, they must be surpassed. It would be difficult to quote an instance in which the success of the second portion of the greatest and most popular works has fully come up to that of the first instalment of them; though in this respect posterity has sometimes had occasion to correct or reverse the judgment of contemporary readers.

Mr. Lecky has not recoiled from this ordeal, and he may even be said to have encountered it with success. The reception which these newly published volumes have met with, and deserve to meet with, from the public attests at once the high position attained by the author of the 'History of Rationalism,' and the fresh interest which he has thrown over the 'History of Morals.' The charm of his style is undiminished; it is limpid, graceful, equable and pure; entirely free from the affectations and corruptions of the day; strong without effort and in the highest degree inviting, even when the subjects which he has occasion to discuss are abstruse or even repulsive. His reading, directed chiefly to the moralists and historians of antiquity and of modern Europe, by the course of inquiry in which he was engaged, is extremely vast and varied; and the society of our own times, which is so curious of the manners of past ages, will find in these pages a striking and accurate picture of opinions and habits unfamiliar to ourselves. The present age excels in critical writings of this nature; and if they are somewhat deficient in the strength and novelty of original thought, they have at least the merit of bringing within the range of modern readers a vast amount of knowledge which would otherwise be inaccessible to them.

We never met with a book more entirely free from narrow prepossessions or unfairness. The opinions Mr. Lecky combats

are stated as fully and authentically, from the writings of their own champions, as those which he defends; and from the first page to the last there is not an approach to a sarcasm or a sneer. This equity and tolerance of judgment is one of Mr. Lecky's greatest merits; though it will certainly expose him on both sides to the attacks of partisans, who can see no signs of truth beyond the circle of their own entrenchments. His good qualities are, as might be expected, accompanied by some defects, inseparable from them. A cautious and well-balanced mind is apt to stop short of peremptory and conclusive judgments. As one of Mr. Lecky's favourite principles is the deplorable effect of dogmatism on the history of mankind, he himself refuses to dogmatise. He is content to stop short of an absolute conclusion. He not unfrequently leaves the reader in doubt as to his own opinions, while he describes with scrupulous impartiality the action of two rival currents of thought; for his book is what its title purports to be, a History of Morals, rather than an Essay on the laws of morality. He is indeed frequently tempted by the copious authorities which he has collected, or by the speculative disposition of his own mind, to engage in short disquisitions, which interrupt and overlay the main argument of the work. These episodes are full of ingenuity and interest; and if on the great subject of morals nothing of absolute novelty remains to be written, the variety of illustrations with which he has crowded his pages from the records and the literature of all countries, are the embroidery of his canvas. It is impossible to treat of the subject of morals, without discussing the effects of those passions which play the strongest part in human life, and give rise to the most frequent breaches of the moral law. We admire alike the courage with which Mr. Lecky has attacked these difficult topics and the purity with which he has handled them. Everybody knows what the same examples of human frailty and perversity became under the pen of Bayle and of Gibbon. Mr. Lecky has left nothing unsaid which the interest of truth and history called upon him to record; and he has said these things in a manner which leaves no stain upon the mind. But these seductive episodes, which might be regarded as so many distinct essays on questions of morals and customs of society, conceal the main drift of his work. It meanders along through fields and gardens, in the most pleasant manner; but we are not clear where the voyage is to end. If we were asked the practical question, 'What is Mr. Lecky's book intended to 'prove?' we should be unable to answer it, from the want of a strict method, a regulated scheme, and a distinct argu-

mentative purpose. It suggests a multitude of interesting and instructive considerations; and it gives us here and there a clearer insight into the great problems of social life. Perhaps that is all that a writer on morals can accomplish; for there is nothing in the subject to bring it within the range of the progressive sciences.

It is evident that Mr. Lecky has conscientiously addressed himself to the sources of the history of morals, and that he has taken a wide survey of the literature of moral philosophy. On no subject has so much been thought and written by mankind for thousands of years. The moral relations of man with man are coeval with his existence. The first recorded action of the sons of Adam was a murder; and in every form of human existence the same questions of the origin and extent of moral obligations recur. But if there be one period in history more than another as to which these questions have assumed a peculiar interest, especially in our own times, it is that which witnessed the transformation of the pagan into the Christian world, the establishment of the moral law of Christ and of the Church upon the ruins of the heathen philosophy of Imperial Rome, and the foundation of that system of morals and belief which is the basis of modern civilisation and society.

The decline of Rome and the rise of Christianity are related with great detail in several of the most important books in our language. They have been treated with almost equal copiousness by the historians of France; and in all these works, the moral results of this great revolution constitute its chief claim to interest. Mr. Lecky therefore entered upon a field no part of which had been untilled. The materials before him had passed and repassed, a thousand times, through every form of friendly and hostile criticism. The conflicts of philosophies, the conflicts of creeds, the conflicts of human passion and duty, had been fought out before on a hundred fields; and although the freshness with which he has discussed these topics proves that he has brought the force of a young and vigorous mind to bear on them, whilst he has illustrated each of his remarks by a prodigious variety of anecdote and incident, it was beyond the power of man to do more than to present these immemorial controversies in a vivid and pleasing shape. Mr. Lecky has some points of affinity with the method of the late Mr. Buckle in treating the philosophy of history. He emulates the graces of his style and the extent of his reading. But Mr. Buckle startled and amused the reader by his slashing paradoxes, by his utter disregard of truth when it stood in the way of his theories, and by his malignant sneers at

every one from whom he differed. In all these respects Mr. Lecky is the very opposite of Mr. Buckle. He is candid and ingenuous in the highest degree; his love of truth is unaffected and sincere; his judgment is upon the whole more sound, for he is not addicted to the vulgar artifice of stimulating the attention of the reader by paradoxical assertions; and he is free from any tinge of asperity against any human being. He is, in short, a far more amiable writer than Mr. Buckle, but from the absence of Mr. Buckle's defects rather less entertaining and rather less strong.

We shall leave Mr. Lecky to state the purpose and distribution of his work in his own terms:—

'As a preliminary to this inquiry, I have discussed at some length the rival theories concerning the nature and obligation of morals, and have also endeavoured to show what virtues are especially appropriate to each successive stage of civilisation, in order that we may afterwards ascertain to what extent the natural evolution has been affected by special agencies. I have then followed the moral history of the Pagan Empire, reviewing the Stoical, the Eclectic, and the Egyptian philosophies, that in turn flourished, showing in what respects they were the products or expressions of the general condition of society, tracing their influence in many departments of legislation and literature, and investigating the causes of the deep-seated corruption which baffled all the efforts of emperors and philosophers. The triumph of the Christian religion in Europe next demands our attention. In treating this subject, I have endeavoured, for the most part, to exclude all considerations of a purely theological or controversial character, all discussions concerning the origin of the faith in Palestine, and concerning the first type of its doctrine, and to regard the Church simply in its aspect as a moral agent, exercising its influence in Europe. Confining myself within these limits, I have examined the manner in which the circumstances of the Pagan Empire impeded or assisted its growth, the nature of the opposition it had to encounter, the transformations it underwent under the influence of prosperity, of the ascetic enthusiasm, and of the barbarian invasions, and the many ways in which it determined the moral condition of society. The growing sense of the sanctity of human life, the history of charity, the formation of the legends of the hagiology, the effects of asceticism upon civic and domestic virtues, the moral influence of monasteries, the ethics of the intellect, the virtues and vices of the decaying Christian empire and of the barbarian kingdoms that replaced it, the gradual apotheosis of secular rank, and the first stages of that military Christianity which attained its climax at the Crusades, have been all discussed with more or less detail; and I have concluded my work by reviewing the changes that have taken place in the position of women, and in the moral questions connected with the relations of the sexes.'

This preliminary discussion of the rival theories of ethical

science is the key to the whole work; and although it be not the most original portion of the book, it is, at the present time and in this country, the most opportune. We feel extremely indebted to Mr. Lecky for his vigorous and eloquent protest against the system of utilitarian morals, which has acquired of late years a considerable preponderance amongst an important class of English writers. For we agree with him that a system which reduces all the motives that can sway the heart of man to the desire of pleasure or the fear of pain, and which denies the existence of any moral law except that which may be inferred from the greatest happiness of the greatest number, is in fact no system of morals at all. It substitutes the morality of consequences for the morality of principles, and therefore takes from a virtuous action precisely that which constitutes the very flower and essence of virtue—its disinterested or self-sacrificing character. We cannot but think that the adoption and diffusion of the doctrine of self-interest as the rule of right has lowered the standard of morality in this country within the last half century. This theory of virtue is so nearly allied to the theory of self-indulgence, that nothing in the world seems more easy than to practise it. Accordingly, whole classes of men, who know but little of abstract speculations on the origin of moral obligations, are insensibly led by the prevailing tone of argument on these subjects to slide into the Epicurean view of human duties. Mr. Mill may argue that the utilitarian system is of necessity identical with the highest precepts of religion and objective morality, and that 'the service of humanity' may acquire, 'even without the aid 'of belief in a Providence, both the psychological power and 'the social efficacy of a religion;'* but the world does not take that view of the matter, and the results of his theory are quite different from what he would himself anticipate or approve. The desire of procuring and of spending wealth becomes intense, because it is the key to all the most alluring forms of enjoyment. In politics, fixed principles of right and duty succumb to the prevailing popular interest or impulse. In trade, there is a marked decline in commercial good faith, provided success can be purchased, or ill-success concealed, by dishonesty. In manufactures, any expedient is tolerated which will put a tempting surface on cheap productions. The respect for parental authority is weakened in England and extinguished in America. The reckless self-indulgence and prodigality with which multitudes of young men of the

* J. S. Mill, on 'Utilitarianism,' p. 48.

upper classes rush to ruin denotes an enfeebled sense of duty and self-control. In the relations of the sexes, and the decorum of female life, there is a striking change, which may be traced in a thousand indications of manners, literature, dress, conversation, and art. Crimes of the deepest dye are defended as venial, and even hailed with popular applause, if they are attributable to political motives—a circumstance which, in truth, only aggravates the guilt of such offences. There is less veneration for the sanctity of an oath, because there is less of faith in that which gives to an oath its sacred character, not only as an obligation between man and man, but between man and God. We are living in what would have appeared to our forefathers a relaxed state of morality; and the reason is not far to seek. The utilitarian system of morals consists in the substitution of a purely mundane, finite, temporal, and limited rule of action for that moral law which rests upon the will of God and the order of creation. The one is the moral rule of paganism; the other is the moral rule of Christianity. It has been justly observed by Professor Maurice that Mr. Bentham, the founder of modern utilitarianism, 'rejected a divine basis altogether for human society and for 'the life of the individual man.' That is the essence of his system, though it has not been rigorously adhered to by all his followers. If there be no God, no hereafter, no conscience, and no soul, the principle of utility may serve indifferently well to guide men in their actions towards one another in this obscure and transient world. But the moment we admit the religious idea, and a conception of the immortal destiny of man, the whole range of his moral obligations is enlarged. The direct mundane consequences of this or that action cease to be the true test of its worth. Actions in themselves the most contrary to human prudence or interest, become, on the contrary, the most virtuous and laudable. The real test to be applied to either theory of morals is, therefore, in our opinion, whether it rests on a conception of human interest or of divine law. The morality of paganism was just as imperfect as the religion of paganism; and the utilitarian doctrine of morals brings men back to precisely that point at which paganism had left them, before the conception of morality based on the religious idea had illuminated and regenerated the world.

The object of Mr. Lecky's work is to compare these two systems, as they were displayed in the later ages of heathen civilisation and in the earlier ages of Christian culture. He has so compared them by a minute and impartial summary of their consequences and results. He has shown, by a careful

investigation of the purest theories of heathen philosophy and of the brightest ages of Roman society, the point to which the moral faculties of mankind had been raised, and the point at which they remained stationary. He has also shown the influence of Christianity in introducing into the world higher conceptions of purity, duty, and universal brotherhood, although these influences have been in no slight degree marred and distorted by the extravagance of superstition and bigotry, engrafted upon them. So far, the skill and learning with which Mr. Lecky has performed his task are highly meritorious and interesting. But, in our judgment, the distinction to be drawn between the two great systems of morals which have governed the society of antiquity and the society of Christendom, lies deeper. It should be traced not so much in their consequences and results (since these on many points must be identical), as in their fundamental principles. There the true difference lies.

The origin of the highest school of morals known to heathen antiquity was essentially human. Its seat and its law lay in the dignity of the human soul and character. Its utmost range of action was circumscribed by the interests and duties of the world. The religious creed of paganism had very little connexion with morality. The gods of Greece and Rome were themselves impure, passionate, and unjust; and the doctrine of the immortality of man was either disguised under a thousand wanton fables, or discarded as a vague and uncertain theory. The supreme justice which was heard in the tragic accents of the Athenian drama was but the adamantine yoke of fate, beneath which all thoughts and actions of gods and men could not but bend. Hence the scheme of the divine government and of the accountableness of man was to the last degree incomplete. Amongst the religions of antiquity, Judaism alone placed morality on the basis of free and willing obedience to divine laws, and Christianity evolved and extended that theory of divine law to all who embraced it. Thenceforth, in the belief of the Christian, morality consisted not so much in what is due to a man's own nature, or even to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, as in the performance of what he was taught to believe to be the will of God. Hence the test of morality became not pride but humility, not self-interest but self-sacrifice, not the beneficial consequences which might ensue from a given action, but the spirit of devotion and obedience in which it took its origin. The rules which are to govern human actions consist not in a calculation of their utility, which must after all be determined by limited and interested powers of judgment, but in the great objective and eternal

laws of right and wrong, which the Christian believes to be as firmly established by the Creator as the physical laws that govern the material universe. The true conception of *law* both in the material and the moral world is inseparable from the idea of *will.* The application of the term *law* to a mere series of facts or appearances, or to the deductions from them, is an incorrect, metaphorical, and unmeaning use of the word. It appears to us as absurd and inconsistent to look upon the moral rules which govern our conduct or the well-being of society as mere results of our interests or our feelings, as it is to regard the creation as the result of self-adjusting 'forces.' No doubt those feelings and those forces exist in the moral as in the material world, but the question is what is the rule that governs them. It is the WILL which converted chaos into kosmos; and the idea of *will* is inseparable from the idea of a Being capable of volition and action. '*Fiat voluntas tua*' is the summary of Christian duty and of Christian faith. To minds which admit the principle and authority of the Religious Idea, and still more to those which believe in a direct revelation of the divine will, there is not only a close union, but an absolute identity, between morality and religious truth. Nor is this remark confined to those who take a religious view of moral obligations. Mr. Austin, who is the fairest and ablest expositor of the utilitarian theory, though certainly by no means a theological writer, divides the whole sphere of morals and law into 'the laws set 'by God to his human creatures, and laws set by men to men.' The former he styles the Divine law or the law of God, and this he describes as the ultimate test of the human. But he holds that the benevolence of God, with the principle of general utility, is our only index and guide to his unrevealed law. To the Christian of the earlier ages of faith, as to the Hebrew Psalmist, no such difficulty could arise. The revealed law of God was all-sufficient. He might err in the interpretation of it; he could never err in his implicit obedience to it. This single fact at once explains the strength and the weakness, the truth and the errors, of Christian society. We still assert that a system of morals not resting on the Religious Idea, is essentially heathen and is liable to the errors of heathenism; whilst a system of morals based on religious authority has a divine rather than a human origin, though it is liable to the errors of human interpretation.

We could wish that Mr. Lecky had pointed out this fundamental distinction with greater boldness and precision. He weighs with scrupulous fairness the results of heathen and Christian civilisation against each other; and perhaps he shows

that in some instances there has been a tendency to decry and degrade the former system in order to enhance the merits of the later faith. But he leaves us in the dark as to his own view of the origin of the two systems.

Mr. Lecky rejects the law of utility as an unerring test of morality. He does not adopt the dogmatic theory based on a religious principle; on the contrary, he argues that this theory may lead, and has often led, to actions utterly opposed to true morality. On what basis, then, does his conception of virtue and moral duty rest? Apparently on the gratification of the higher feelings of our nature and on 'the standard of society.' That is, we must say, very weak and narrow ground for a moralist to take his stand upon; but to do Mr. Lecky no injustice, we will quote the passage we refer to:—

'The reader will now be in a position to perceive the utter futility of the objections which from the time of Locke have been continually brought against the theory of natural moral perceptions, upon the ground that some actions which were admitted as lawful in one age, have been regarded as immoral in another. All these become absolutely worthless when it is perceived that in every age virtue has consisted of the cultivation of the same feelings, though the standards of excellence attained have been different. The terms higher and lower, nobler or less noble, purer or less pure, represent moral facts with much greater fidelity than the terms right or wrong, or virtue or vice. There is a certain sense in which moral distinctions are absolute and immutable. There is another sense in which they are altogether relative and transient. There are some acts which are so manifestly and grossly opposed to our moral feelings, that they are regarded as wrong in the very earliest stages of the cultivation of these feelings. There are distinctions, such as that between truth and falsehood, which from their nature assume at once a sharpness of definition that separates them from mere virtues of degree, though even in these cases there are wide variations in the amount of scrupulosity that is in different periods required. But apart from positive commands, *the sole external rule enabling men to designate acts, not simply as better or worse, but as positively right or wrong, is, I conceive, the standard of society*; not an arbitrary standard like that which Mandeville imagined, but the level which society has attained in the cultivation of what our moral faculty tells us is the higher or virtuous part of our nature. He who falls below this is obstructing the tendency which is the essence of virtue. He who merely attains this, may not be justified in his own conscience, or in other words, by the standard of his own moral development, but as far as any external rule is concerned, he has done his duty. He who rises above this has entered into the region of things which it is virtuous to do, but not vicious to neglect —a region known among Catholic theologians by the name of "counsels of perfection." No discussions, I conceive, can be more

idle than whether slavery, or the slaughter of prisoners in war, or gladiatorial shows or polygamy are essentially wrong. They may be wrong now—they were not so once—and when an ancient countenanced by his example one or other of these, he was not committing a crime. The unchangeable proposition for which we contend is this—that benevolence is always a virtuous disposition—that the sensual part of our nature is always the lower part.'

We are at a loss to distinguish this test of the 'standard of 'society' from Mr. Bentham's own proposition, that public opinion does, after all, determine the morality of actions. The standard of society is of all tests the most variable and fallacious. In Ireland at this moment a large portion of the community are of opinion that it is consistent with morality to shoot a landlord from behind a hedge, and to combine for the purpose of robbing him of his property. Among the Aztecs it was held to be right and pious to fatten captives for sacrifice. The usages of New Zealand sanction cannibalism. In India obscenity enters largely into the authorised practices of religion. In Japan prostitution is honourable. In Catholic Spain it was laudable to burn Jews and heretics. A thousand similar instances might be adduced. Are we to hold that because the standard of society in these countries lends itself to these crimes and iniquities, they cease to be vicious? Is there no external rule but this to determine their true character? We should be sorry to suppose that Mr. Lecky shared this opinion; for it would be fatal to all objective morality whatever. We read the history of mankind by another light. It appears to us that these ferocious and brutal actions are in all places and at all times essentially wicked and evil. They are violations of the primal laws of morality and outrages on the dignity of human nature. The history of mankind shows that the tribes and nations guilty of such actions have, in the ordered course of events, been cut off and effaced from the ranks of humanity. For it is impossible to believe in the moral laws of God without also believing in the judgments which are its sanction. No doubt there have been in all ages and countries enormous deviations from the moral law of God, through ignorance, through superstition, through sensuality, through passion. But that law stands immutable, like the moral pole of our being to which the conscience points. The conception of absolute justice, truth, purity, and beneficence is not an idle dream of the human fancy, but a solemn reality—more real, more certain, more essential to the being of the universe than our own existence. And in spite of themselves and of the theories of the day, men do in truth judge

of right and wrong, virtue and vice, by a reference to higher principles than the doctrine of utility or the standard of society. Mr. Lecky says:—

'When moralists assert, that what we call virtue derives its reputation solely from its utility, and that the interest of the agent is the one motive to practise it, our first question is naturally how far this theory agrees with the feelings and with the language of mankind. But if tested by this criterion, there never was a doctrine more emphatically condemned than utilitarianism. In all its stages, and in all its assertions, it is in direct opposition to common language and to common sentiments. In all nations and in all ages, the ideas of interest and utility on the one hand and virtue on the other, have been regarded by the multitude as perfectly distinct, and all languages recognise the distinction. The terms honour, justice, rectitude or virtue, and their equivalents in every language, present to the mind ideas essentially and broadly differing from the terms prudence, sagacity, or interest. The two lines of conduct may coincide, but they are never confused, and we have not the slightest difficulty in imagining them antagonistic. When we say a man is governed by a high sense of honour, or by strong moral feeling, we do not mean that he is prudently pursuing either his own interests or the interests of society. The universal sentiment of mankind represents self-sacrifice as an essential element of a meritorious act, and means by self-sacrifice the deliberate adoption of the least pleasurable course without the prospect of any pleasure in return. A selfish act may be innocent, but cannot be virtuous, and to ascribe all good deeds to selfish motives, is not the distortion but the negation of virtue. No Epicurean could avow before a popular audience that the one end of his life was the pursuit of his own happiness without an outburst of indignation and contempt. No man could consciously make this—which according to the selfish theory is the only rational and indeed possible motive of action—the deliberate object of all his undertakings, without his character becoming despicable and degraded. Whether we look within ourselves or examine the conduct either of our enemies or of our friends or adjudicate upon the characters in history or in fiction, our feelings on these matters are the same. In exact proportion as we believe a desire for personal enjoyment to be the motive of a good act is the merit of the agent diminished. If we believe the motive to be wholly selfish the merit is altogether destroyed. If we believe it to be wholly disinterested the merit is altogether unalloyed. . . . In fact, however—and the consciousness of this lies, I conceive, at the root of the opinions of men upon the subject—the pleasure of virtue is one which can only be obtained on the express condition of its not being the object sought.'

Mr. Lecky ascribes the conversion of Rome, and the progress of the Christian faith, not to the evidence of the signs and wonders which accompanied it, for in that age historical

evidence was weak, and the credulity of mankind ascribed supernatural influences to every form of religious belief. 'Christianity floated into the Roman Empire on the wave of 'credulity that brought with it this long train of oriental super- 'stitions and legends. In this moral aspect it was broadly 'distinguished from the systems around it, but its miracles 'were accepted by both friend and foe as the ordinary accom- 'paniments of religious teaching.' Amongst the early Chris- tians themselves exorcism, dæmons, miraculous interventions, and all the delusions of religious enthusiasm played at least as large a part as the recorded facts of the ministry and death of their great Teacher. But it owed its growing influence and ultimate ascendency to very different causes, which are elo- quently described in the following passage:—

'In the midst of this movement, Christianity gained its ascendency, and we can be at no loss to discover the cause of its triumph. No other religion, under such circumstances, had ever combined so many distinct elements of power and attraction. Unlike the Jewish religion, it was bound by no local ties, and was equally adapted for every nation and for every class. Unlike Stoicism, it appealed in the strongest manner to the affections, and offered all the charm of a sympathetic worship. Unlike the Egyptian religions, it united with its distinctive teaching a pure and noble system of ethics, and proved itself capable of realising it in action. It proclaimed, amid a vast movement of social and national amalgamation, the universal brother- hood of mankind. Amid the softening influence of philosophy and civilisation, it taught the supreme sanctity of love. To the slave, who had never before exercised so large an influence over Roman religious life, it was the religion of the suffering and the oppressed. To the philosopher it was at once the echo of the highest ethics of the later Stoics, and the expansion of the best teaching of the school of Plato. To a world thirsting for prodigy, it offered a history replete with wonders more strange than those of Apollonius; while the Jew and the Chaldean could scarcely rival its exorcists, and the legends of continual miracles circulated among its followers. To a world deeply conscious of political dissolution, and prying eagerly and anxiously into the future, it proclaimed with a thrilling power the immediate destruction of the globe—the glory of all its friends, and the damnation of all its foes. To a world that had grown very weary gazing on the cold passionless grandeur which Cato realised, and which Lucan sung, it presented an ideal of compassion and of love—an ideal destined for centuries to draw around it all that was greatest, as well as all that was noblest upon earth—a Teacher who could weep by the sepulchre of His friend, who was touched with the feeling of our infirmities. To a world, in fine, distracted by hostile creeds and colliding philosophies, it taught its doctrines, not as human speculation, but as a Divine revelation, authenticated much less by reason than by faith. Like all great religions, it was

more concerned with modes of feeling than with modes of thought. The chief cause of its success was the congruity of its teaching with the spiritual nature of mankind. It was because it was true of the moral sentiments of the age, because it represented faithfully the supreme type of excellence to which men were then tending, because it corresponded with their religious wants, aims, and emotions, because the whole spiritual being could then expand and expatiate under its influence, that it planted its roots so deeply in the hearts of men.

'To all these elements of attraction, others of a different order must be added. Christianity was not merely a moral influence, or a system of opinions, or an historical record, or a collection of wonder-working men; it was an institution definitely, elaborately, and skilfully organised, possessing a weight and a stability which isolated or undisciplined teachers could never rival, and evoking, to a degree before unexampled in the world, an enthusiastic devotion to its corporate welfare, analogous to that which the patriot bears to his country. The many forms of Pagan worship were pliant in their nature. Each offered certain advantages or spiritual gratifications; but there was no reason why all should not exist together, and participation in one by no means implied disrespect to the others. But Christianity was emphatically exclusive; its adherent was bound to detest and abjure the faiths around him as the workmanship of dæmons, and to consider himself placed in the world to destroy them. Hence there sprang a stern, aggressive, and at the same time disciplined enthusiasm, wholly unlike any other that had been witnessed upon earth. The duties of public worship; the sacraments, which were represented as the oaths of the Christian warrior; the fasts and penances and commemorative days, which strengthened the Church feeling; the intervention of religion in the most solemn epochs of life, conspired to sustain it. Above all, the doctrine of salvation by belief, which then for the first time flashed upon the world; the persuasion, realised with all the vividness of novelty, that Christianity opened out to its votaries eternal happiness, while all beyond its pale were doomed to an eternity of torture, supplied a motive of action as powerful as it is perhaps possible to conceive. It struck alike the coarsest chords of hope and fear, and the finest chords of compassion and love. The Polytheist, admitting that Christianity might possibly be true, was led by a mere calculation of prudence to embrace it, and the fervent Christian would shrink from no suffering to draw those whom he loved within its pale. Nor were other inducements wanting. To the confessor was granted in the Church a great and venerable authority, such as the bishop could scarcely claim. To the martyr, besides the fruition of heaven, belonged the highest glory on earth. By winning that bloodstained crown, the meanest Christian slave might gain a reputation as glorious as that of a Decius or a Regulus. His body was laid to rest with a sumptuous splendour; his relics, embalmed or shrined, were venerated with an almost idolatrous homage. The anniversary of his birth into another life was commemorated in the Church, and before the great assembly of the saints his heroic sufferings were

recounted. How, indeed, should he not be envied? He had passed away into eternal bliss. He had left upon earth an abiding name. By the "baptism of blood" the sins of a life had been in a moment effaced.'

Mr. Lecky has devoted the second volume of his work to an estimate of the moral effects of Christianity on society, followed by an estimate of the causes by which those effects have been limited. Nothing is more extraordinary than the fact that the Christian doctrine, speaking with the authority and in the spirit which it professes, should nevertheless have proved so ineffectual, even in the eyes of the most fervent believer, to eradicate and control the passions and excesses of mankind. It must be said that the spirit of Christianity itself has rarely been described and taught with greater eloquence than by this philosophical writer.

'Christian virtue was described by St. Augustine as "the order of "love." Those who know how imperfectly the simple sense of duty can with most men resist the energy of the passions; who have observed how barren Mohammedanism has been in all the higher and more tender virtues, because its noble morality and its pure theism have been united with no living example; who, above all, have traced through the history of the Christian Church the influence of the love of Christ, will be at no loss to estimate the value of this purest and most distinctive source of Christian enthusiasm. In one respect we can scarcely realise its effects upon the early Church. The sense of the fixity of natural laws is now so deeply implanted in the minds of men, that no truly educated person, whatever may be his religious opinions, seriously believes that all the more startling phenomena around him—storms, earthquakes, invasions, or famines—are results of isolated acts of supernatural power, and are intended to affect some human interest. But by the early Christians all these things were directly traced to the Master they so dearly loved. The result of this conviction was a state of feeling we can now barely understand. A great poet, in lines which are among the noblest in English literature, has spoken of one who had died as united to the all-pervading soul of nature, the grandeur and the tenderness, the beauty and the passion of his being blending with the kindred elements of the universe, his voice heard in all its melodies, his spirit a presence to be felt and known, a part of the one plastic energy that permeates and animates the globe. Something of this kind, but of a far more vivid and real character, was the belief of the early Christian world. The universe, to them, was transfigured by love. All its phenomena, all its catastrophes were read in a new light, were endued with a new significance, acquired a religious sanctity. Christianity offered a deeper consolation than any prospect of endless life, or millennial glories. It taught the weary, the sorrowing, and the lonely to look up to heaven and to say, "Thou, God, carest for me."

'It is not surprising that a religious system, which made it a main object to inculcate moral excellence, and which, by its doctrine of future retribution, by its organisation, and by its capacity of producing a disinterested enthusiasm, acquired an unexampled supremacy over the human mind, should have raised its disciples to a very high condition of sanctity. There can indeed be little doubt that, for nearly two hundred years after its establishment in Europe, the Christian community exhibited a moral purity which, if it has been equalled, has never for any long period been surpassed. Completely separated from the Roman world that was around them, abstaining alike from political life, from appeals to the tribunals, and from military occupations; looking forward continually to the immediate advent of their Master, and the destruction of the empire in which they dwelt, and animated by all the fervour of a young religion, the Christians found within themselves a whole order of ideas and feelings sufficiently powerful to guard them from the contamination of their age. In their general bearing towards society, and in the nature and minuteness of their scruples, they probably bore a greater resemblance to the Quakers than to any other existing sect.'

The Christianity of those early ages was not yet regarded, even by its disciples, in any relation to its social and political consequences. It was pre-eminently the religion and light of the soul. The end of the world was believed to be at hand. The fervent believer watched and prayed for the coming of the Bridegroom, or even anticipated it in the ecstasy of martyrdom. The regeneration of society by the moral law of Christ was an indirect consequence, which ensued almost without the knowledge or design of those who were engaged in the work. But the work went on. It went on even in those ages after Constantine, which are represented to us as a period of general and scandalous vice. It went on through those ages of faith, when the most horrible crimes of brutality and ignorance were committed by the side of acts of child-like devotion and goodness. It went on, impelled as it were against the wind and tide of events, continually defeated in its conflict with the powers of this world, yet continually triumphant—broken but entire—outraged but invincible. The question Mr. Lecky proposes to himself is this, 'Why it was that a religion which 'was not more remarkable for the beauty of its moral teach- 'ing than for the power with which it acted upon mankind, 'and which during the last few centuries has been the source 'of countless blessings to the world, should have proved itself 'for so long a period, and under such a variety of conditions, 'altogether unable to regenerate Europe?' Strangely enough, Mr. Lecky imputes the revival which forms the starting point

of our modern civilisation to two influences, both entirely at variance with Christianity—'the Pagan literature of antiquity, 'and the Mohammedan schools of science were,' he thinks, 'the chief agencies in resuscitating the dormant energies of 'Christendom.' He overlooks the fact that whilst the influence of the Church of Rome had numbed and paralysed the whole intellect of Christian Europe, the revival, as he terms it, does in truth coincide with the restoration of the New Testament itself to the hands of men, its unlimited diffusion by the printing press, and the consequent knowledge and influence of its direct precepts. The Reformation, though it was no doubt a theological movement, and because it was a theological movement, had a good deal more to do with modern civilisation than Pagan literature or Mohammedan science; and in particular, the Bible did undoubtedly supply those positive rules of morality which have a more direct bearing on our present subject. If Mr. Lecky contented himself with asserting that the Church, in the ages of its most absolute power, did far less than she ought to have done for the moral government of society, and not unfrequently substituted false principles of action for real moral obligations, we agree with him. The diffusion of the Bible throughout the world has produced as great a change within the pale of the Church of Rome as it has done outside it; and however remote modern society still is from the Christian standard of morality, no one can now be allowed to plead ignorance of it.

Hence, then, ideas extremely unfamiliar to Pagan antiquity have gradually infiltered themselves into society. The fraternity of mankind, embracing all the children of the Universal Father; the respect due to human life, insomuch that even amongst the rudest of our population the existence of a defenceless infant is a sacred thing; the abolition of gladiatorial games, which consigned in antiquity tens of thousands of human beings to a frightful death 'to make a Roman 'holiday;' and the gradual progress of humanity and good feeling which may be traced in the contests and even in the diversions of the present age; the emphatic condemnation of suicide, a practice recommended by some of the Stoics, and more or less practised by the entire heathen world; the acknowledgment of the moral equality of the bondsman and the freeman, which was the inevitable prelude to the abolition of slavery, although 800 years elapsed after the reign of Constantine before slavery was abolished in Western Europe, and more than 1800 years from the birth of Christ before it was abolished in Russia and America; the foundation of establish-

ments of charity for the relief of disease, insanity, and indigence, dictated by that sympathy and consideration for the poor which is pre-eminently characteristic of the Jewish and Christian systems of morals and legislation—these topics are all discussed by Mr. Lecky in a most pleasing and instructive manner. They are none of them new. They are indeed so old that they have become the subject of every schoolboy's theme. But Mr. Lecky has found means by the great variety of his reading to illustrate them with fresh incidents, and to point them with judicious observations.

The doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, which were held to be most pleasing in the sight of God and most salutary to the eternal welfare of the soul, were those least calculated to raise the moral tone of society. A belief in the degradation and depravity of human nature, incapable of good works by unassisted efforts, whether it be preached by Augustine or by Calvin, offers no encouragement to the social virtues, though it impelled men to seek in solitude and self-inflicted tortures the redeeming efficacy of penance. Once launched on that track, there were no bounds to the excesses of misdirected devotion. The idea of pleasure was associated with the idea of vice. The relations of the sexes, even in their most innocent forms, were condemned as unholy. Continence and virginity were regarded as angelic virtues: concupiscence was the suggestion of dæmons. Men tore themselves away, under the fascination of this fierce creed, from all that renders human life tender and beautiful; and if their precepts had been universally followed, the human race itself would have come to an end. Armies of monks spread themselves over Europe to defend and enforce by their example these monstrous propositions; and the virtues which might have adorned and improved the world were sublimated in the mystical enthusiasm of the hermit's cell or buried within the walls of the cloister. Although Mr. Lecky is far enough from viewing these institutions with the credulous enthusiasm of Count Montalembert in his 'Monks of the West,' he speaks of them with his wonted tolerance and discrimination:—

'The habit of obedience was no new thing in the world, but the disposition of humility was pre-eminently and almost exclusively a Christian virtue; and there has probably never been any sphere in which it has been so largely and so successfully inculcated as in the monastery. The whole penitential discipline, the entire mode or tenor of the monastic life, was designed to tame every sentiment of pride, and to give humility a foremost place in the hierarchy of virtues. We have here one great source of the mollifying influence of Catholicism. The gentler virtues—benevolence and amiability—

may, and in an advanced civilisation often do, subsist in natures that are completely devoid of genuine humility; but on the other hand, it is scarcely possible for a nature to be pervaded by a deep sentiment of humility without this sentiment exercising a softening influence over the whole character. To transform a fierce warlike nature into a character of a gentler type, the first essential is to awaken this feeling. In the monasteries, the extinction of social and domestic feelings, the narrow corporate spirit, and, still more, the atrocious opinions that were prevalent concerning the guilt of heresy, produced in many minds an extreme and most active ferocity; but the practice of charity, and the ideal of humility, never failed to exercise some softening influence upon Christendom.

'But, however advantageous the temporary pre-eminence of this moral type may have been, it was obviously unsuited for a later stage of civilisation. Political liberty is almost impossible where the monastic system is supreme, not merely because the monasteries divert the energies of the nation from civic to ecclesiastical channels, but also because the monastic ideal is the very apotheosis of servitude. Catholicism has been admirably fitted at once to mitigate and to perpetuate despotism. When men have learnt to reverence a life of passive, unreasoning obedience as the highest type of perfection, the enthusiasm and passion of freedom necessarily decline. In this respect there is an analogy between the monastic and the military spirit, both of which promote and glorify passive obedience, and therefore prepare the minds of men for despotic rule; but on the whole, the monastic spirit is probably more hostile to freedom than the military spirit, for the obedience of the monk is based upon humility, while the obedience of the soldier coexists with pride. Now, a considerable measure of pride, or self-assertion, is an invariable characteristic of free communities.

'The ascendency which the monastic system gave to the virtue of humility has not continued. This virtue is indeed the crowning grace and beauty of the most perfect characters of the saintly type; but experience has shown that among common men humility is more apt to degenerate into servility than pride into arrogance; and modern moralists have appealed more successfully to the sense of dignity than to the opposite feeling. Two of the most important steps of later moral history have consisted of the creation of a sentiment of pride as the parent and the guardian of many virtues. The first of these encroachments on the monastic spirit was chivalry, which called into being a proud and jealous military honour that has never since been extinguished. The second was the creation of that feeling of self-respect which is one of the most remarkable characteristics that distinguish Protestant from most Catholic populations, and which has proved among the former an invaluable moral agent, forming frank and independent natures, and checking every servile habit and all mean and degrading vice. The peculiar vigour with which it has been developed in Protestant countries may be attributed to the suppression of monastic institutions and habits; to the stigma Protestantism has attached to mendicancy, which Catho-

licism has usually glorified and encouraged; and lastly, to the action of free political institutions, which have taken deepest root where the principles of the Reformation have been accepted.'

Mr. Lecky has reserved for the concluding chapter of his work an essay on the position of women in the classical and in the Christian ages, which is the most original portion of the volumes before us—not indeed that the subject is not continually presented by the incidents of life to the thoughts of mankind, but because there is none on which men and women are so little accustomed, from motives of delicacy, to express their thoughts. This reticence is, upon the whole, no evil to society, and, least of all, to women; and we very much doubt whether they will gain anything in the sympathy or respect of men by the attempts now made on their behalf to melt down their pre-eminence in the sphere of sentiment and influence by a more equal distribution of positive and political rights. But Mr. Lecky confines himself to the moral aspect of the question, and though we are not sure that we entirely agree with him, he has certainly approached this difficult branch of his subject with good feeling and good taste.

It is more especially in its moral legislation with reference to the relations of the sexes that Christianity differs from all other religions, and all other codes of law. On no other point of moral duty is the language of the New Testament and of Christ himself so positive and express. The Jewish dispensation admitted of concubinage, if not of polygamy, and it allowed divorce. In almost all the forms of heathenism, with the single exception of the earlier ages of Greece, monogamy was the exception rather than the rule of life; and even in Greece the slave-girl or the courtesan attracted more attention and exercised more influence than the domestic wife. Mr. Helps, in his thoughtful though fanciful tale of 'Realmah,' has drawn a not overstrained picture of what might be termed the natural subdivisions of polygamy, if we looked only to the usages of barbarous nations. Mohammedanism gave a legal sanction to polygamy, and the custom has reappeared even in our days among the people of Utah. To all these practices or sufferances Christianity has in all ages been sternly opposed; and although it has never been able to rigorously enforce a law which is opposed to some of the strongest feelings of human nature, the Christian Church in every form has never failed to assert these restrictions, and to reprobate with equal severity every infraction of them. It cannot be said, however, that either the practice of the Christian world or the judgment of

society has ever come up to the high standard of the Gospel and the Church on this subject.

'The fundamental truth, that the same act can never be at once venial for a man to demand, and infamous for a woman to accord, though nobly enforced by the early Christians, has not passed into the popular sentiment of Christendom. The mystical character, however, which the Church imparted to marriage has been extremely influential. Partly by raising marriage into a sacrament, and partly by representing it as, in some mysterious and not very definable sense, an image of the union of Christ with His Church, a feeling was fostered that a lifelong union of one man and one woman is, under all circumstances, the single form of intercourse between the sexes which is not illegitimate; and this conviction has acquired the force of a primal moral intuition.

'There can, I think, be little doubt that, in the stringency with which it is usually laid down, it rests not upon the law of nature, but upon positive law, although unassisted nature is sufficient to lead men many steps in its direction. Considering the subject simply in the light of unaided reason, two rules comprise the whole duty of man. He must abstain from whatever injures happiness or degrades character. Under the first head, he must include the more remote as well as the immediate consequences of his act. He must consider how his partner will be affected by the union, the light in which society will view the connexion, the probable position of the children to be born, the effect of these births, and also the effect of his example upon the well-being of society at large. Some of the elements of this calculation vary in different stages of society. Thus, public opinion in one age will reprobate, and therefore punish, connexions which, in another age, are fully sanctioned; and the probable position of the children, as well as the effect of the births upon society, will depend greatly upon particular and national circumstances.

'Under the second head is comprised the influence of this intercourse in clouding or developing the moral feelings, lowering or elevating the tone of character, exciting or allaying the aberrations of the imagination, incapacitating men for pure affections or extending their range, making the animal part of our nature more or less predominant. We know, by the intuition of our moral nature, that this predominance is always a degraded, though it is not always an unhappy condition. We also know that it is a law of our being, that powerful and beautiful affections, which had before been latent, are evoked in some particular forms of union, while other forms of union are peculiarly fitted to deaden the affections and to pervert the character.

'In these considerations we have ample grounds for maintaining that the lifelong union of one man and of one woman should be the normal or dominant type of intercourse between the sexes. We can prove that it is on the whole most conducive to the happiness, and also to the moral elevation, of all parties. But beyond this point it

would, I conceive, be impossible to advance, except by the assistance of a special revelation.'

The subject is encompassed with difficulties, which we cannot attempt to solve or to elucidate. On the one hand, it is impossible to hold, either on a religious, a moral, or a utilitarian ground, that a large portion of both sexes of civilised men and women must be condemned, as they virtually are in this country, to celibacy; on the other hand, experience and reason demonstrate that there can be no greater curse to society, in a densely peopled community living in an artificial condition, than imprudent and early marriages. Hence the abuses to which such a state of society inevitably gives rise. If we may venture to conclude with a speculation, not irrelevant to the moral condition of man, we should say that the pressure—the dreadful pressure—thus exercised by the members of an old community on one another is but a more distinct proof that the future destiny of our race is to expand from these holes and corners of the earth over its broad surface; that men will live most fitly and most happily where they can dwell in the condition best suited to their natural faculties and desires; and that the whole tendency of the moral laws of Christianity and civilisation is to raise the character of society and of individual man by a vast extension over the globe. Thus it is that even the vices and sufferings of mankind tend to bring about those beneficial results which are, as far as we can conceive them, the object of the moral government of the world. We cannot even judge of them by their immediate consequences. But we believe that all the perplexing conditions of physical existence are but accidents, subservient to the great design; and that the fulfilment of moral laws and purposes is the end, as it was the beginning, of the existence of man. To embrace these subjects as a whole demands a wider range of vision than Mr. Lecky has bestowed upon them in these volumes. He descends to the particular, instead of rising to the general. But every page in the history of society is a contribution to the great result, and we are indebted to him for a graphic survey of one of the moral revolutions of the world.

ART. III.—1. *Correspondance inédite de Victor Jacquemont avec sa famille et ses amis*, 1824–1832. Précédée d'une Notice biographique par VICTOR JACQUEMONT (neveu) et d'une Introduction par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Paris: 1867.

2. *Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont avec sa famille et ses amis pendant son Voyage dans l'Inde*, 1828–1832. Nouvelle Édition, augmentée de Lettres et de Fragments inédits. Paris: 1868.

THE first series of Jacquemont's familiar Letters, written during his travels in India, from 1828 to 1832, was published just thirty-six years ago. Since then numerous editions, and a continually renewed circle of readers, have established the deserved popularity of a work which, from the class it belonged to, seemed destined to command, under the best circumstances, only transient success. Mere books of travel, however cleverly written, can rarely aspire to outlive the decade in which they see the light. They are, so to speak, but likenesses of countries or societies, and they share the common lot of all portraits: the model fatally outgrows the resemblance which constituted the chief merit of the picture. A master's hand can alone save them from neglect. In the case of savage or untrodden lands, the early discoverer is soon followed by other explorers who, from the very fact that he has shown the way, efface the trace of his footsteps as they press on. His mistakes are rectified, his fortunate guesses are corroborated and turned into facts; but the higher the structure raised on his foundations, the more completely are they hidden from and forgotten by the public. In the case of civilised countries, the traveller must expect that his literary wares, if they are of a purely descriptive order, will still more rapidly grow out of date and out of favour. He may fairly be compared to the portrait-painter who, having represented some modern beauty in all the minuteness of the fashion of the day, sees his faithful presentment gradually metamorphosed, by the mere action of time, into a caricature. Books of travel, in a word, must be content, after their day of vogue and curiosity is over, to await in oblivion that resurrection which Time often brings, when some historian by skilful borrowings from their pictures of the Past may restore them to notice or even to honour.

But Jacquemont's letters, though they contain little else than a disconnected and inartificial narrative of his travels, addressed to his family and friends, cannot be classed among

mere books of travel. There is an individuality and an original flavour about them which imparts that sort of interest which we find in memoirs or biography. His was not a master's hand, nor, properly speaking, did he possess a master-mind; he shared many of the prejudices of his country and of his time; his views of men and things were often narrow, as was the liberalism of most Frenchmen at the period of Louis-Philippe's accession; his style, though natural and clear, presents no literary beauty of the highest order; and even the scientific observations, which formed the object of his travels, find but little place in his letters, for he recorded them in a separate journal, which was published after his death. Still, Jacquemont's Correspondence is, after a lapse of nearly forty years, delightful reading; and few will lay down the volumes without a feeling akin to friendship for the young Frenchman who wrote so brightly of our Indian Empire, and who lies in an untimely grave at Bombay, far from his country and his friends.

Those who are acquainted with the first series of Letters will scarcely require our recommendation to read the two new volumes which have been recently published; but if among our readers there be any who have no knowledge whatever of Jacquemont's Correspondence, we would advise them strongly to begin by the last series. Not only are some of the opening letters of a much older date than those previously given to the public, but the biographical sketch which serves as an introduction to the new volumes throws light upon many passages which would otherwise be obscure. Every collection of Letters should, in our opinion, be preceded by a memoir giving some account of the writer; but in the case of Jacquemont such an addition is particularly desirable, for, as we have already said, one of the chief charms of the Correspondence consists precisely in the fact that 'behind the author,' to use the words of Montaigne, 'we find the man,' and just the sort of man with whom one would wish to be better acquainted.

It is not easy to understand on what principle the selection of the first series of Letters was made, for in the two volumes which have now been given to the public, after an interval of so many years, there are several letters which are fully equal in interest to those which appeared in the former collection, and, being addressed to the same correspondents, they must have been, one would suppose, as easily attainable. In the new edition of the old Correspondence just published, certain passages relating to men and measures during the first months of the monarchy of July—which for obvious reasons had been

suppressed in 1833—have been restored, and add piquancy to many of the letters. On the whole, however, we regret that instead of the two publications with which we have headed this article, and which present not only many repetitions, but also a few discrepancies, M. Michel Lévy should not have given us an edition of Jacquemont's Correspondence, consisting of a selection from the letters of both series, beginning with the introductory biography now given, and ending with the last letter, so touching in its stoicism, which he wrote on his death-bed. Out of the four volumes now extant, three might be made which would be sure to keep their place on the book-shelves of every well-selected library. To the English reader they will always offer peculiar interest, for they contain a singularly vivid and on the whole not unfriendly picture—from a Frenchman's point of view—of a phasis of Anglo-Indian life which has now entirely passed away.

The introductory sketch by M. Mérimée—though clever and living, like all that comes from his pen—is very slight indeed; and even the biographical notice furnished by Victor Jacquemont's nephew contains a mere outline; but by the help of the Correspondence it is easy to fill up all that is missing, or at least so much of it as can be interesting to the general reader.

In truth the principal, not to say the only, event of Jacquemont's life was that scientific expedition to India, undertaken by order of the Directors of the Museum of Paris (Jardin des Plantes), which lasted three years and a half, and terminated in his death at the age of thirty-one. And even this would scarcely have been included by a prudent astrologer in his horoscope, for Victor Jacquemont belonged by birth to that most sedentary of all castes, the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, and seemed destined to live and die within the zone of the Boulevards. 'You will have found out by this time,' he writes in one of his letters, 'that I am thoroughly and radically a 'Parisian.' Nothing could be more true. He was a Parisian too at a period when Paris—to borrow one of his own expressions—was 'a country,' a country with a genius, a life and manners of its own, and not the common garish caravansary into which it has been improved under the Second Empire. It is this characteristic which imparts a peculiar flavour to his letters, for if French travellers are comparatively rare, a Parisian traveller in India is almost an unique specimen. He was a Parisian by his airy, easy style, which is in fact but written conversation; by the untutored elegance of his pen, which attained literary excellence—if epistolary composition is a

branch of literature—without one instant's literary care; by a certain good-natured *bonhomie,* which did not exclude a comfortable amount of self-satisfaction; by his physical courage, his enjoyment of simple pleasures, his cheerful endurance of privations, and by a hidden fund of graceful sensibility which, under the mask of levity, knew how to appreciate and to acknowledge kindness from whatever quarter it came.

He was a Parisian too by his universal scepticism, by the light and often irreverent tone in which he handled the gravest matters, by his ill-disguised contempt for those branches of knowledge to which he was himself a stranger—as, for instance, the study of Sanscrit and of Oriental literature—and by the looseness of his political creed—a sort of disconnected liberalism, composed of opinions rather than of principles, in which equality held a far greater place than liberty.

But above all he was a Parisian in his intense hatred of bores, and his wholesome fear of being wearisome himself. His friend, Henry Beyle (Stendhal), who was as intolerant as most people on such matters, used sometimes to remonstrate with him for losing all patience with stupid and especially with silly people. 'Do you think they do it on purpose?' he would say. 'How can I know?' Jacquemont would answer almost fiercely. M. Mérimée attributes to this impatience of dulness the very different characters which have been given of Jacquemont; some writers representing him as haughty and sullen, while others speak of his open gracious manner, and depict him as the most agreeable of *causeurs.* He is inclined to think that those who gave an unfavourable account of Jacquemont's powers of pleasing must have bored him and seen too clearly that they did so. Be that as it may, Jacquemont was entirely free from the failing which he endured so impatiently in others. He was never dull, never prosy, never pedantic. His letters, dashed off under the most trying circumstances, often after a fatiguing march and a long day's work—the work of a geologist and a botanist beneath an Indian sun—are written in a legible hand on every species of paper, from the regular English foolscap up to the immense gold-bespangled sheets of Cashmere, and may rank among the best specimens of spirited familiar writing in a language and in a country which has produced the best letter-writers of the world.

Victor Jacquemont's father—a voluminous and facile writer on metaphysics—had played an honourable part in politics. He had been a member of the Tribunate, a colleague of Benjamin Constant, Say, Daunou, Andrieux, and Laromiguière, and had, like them, been excluded from that Assembly on account

of his opposition to Bonaparte. In 1809 he was, on some suspicion of conspiracy, thrown into a prison, from which he was released at the expiration of a twelvemonth, only to be sent, without any trial, into exile. That exile lasted till the fall of the Empire. From such a father it is not surprising that Victor Jacquemont should have inherited, with the love of study, an intense hatred for the Imperial tyranny. In one of his letters he says, speaking of Napoleon's sufferings at St. Helena:— 'Channing's opinion of Bonaparte is mine. He had acted all 'his life out of every law. He had made himself an outlaw; 'he was not to be protected by any law.' And soon after the Revolution of 1830, when the Bonapartists, who had played their part in the liberal opposition during the Restoration, were claiming their share of favours and places, he exclaims with prophetic disgust: 'I suppose we shall soon see the ashes 'of the great man deposited under the monument of his 'victims.'

Jacquemont was indebted to his father for something more than intellectual tastes and political antipathies—he owed to his affection a sound and liberal education. He does not appear to have felt any particular vocation for natural sciences, but one of those accidents which so often acquire strange importance when they occur on the very threshold of life decided his fate. While he was engaged on an experiment in the laboratory of Thénard, the eminent chemist, an explosion took place, which not only endangered his life at the time, but so far injured his health that he was ordered to live for many months as much as possible in the open air. During the long and often solitary wanderings which, in accordance with this prescription, he undertook in the mountains of France and of Switzerland, his active mind naturally turned to those pursuits that his altered mode of life had left within his reach, such as geology, botany and zoology, and he acquired not only the knowledge but also the hardihood of mind and body and the cheerful self-reliance which some years later did him such good service during his lonely journeyings in the Himalayas. At the time we are speaking of, however, no thought of expatriation had crossed his mind. When he returned to Paris in renovated health he studied medicine. His friends were numerous and belonged to the most enlightened and, in some respects, the most influential circles. Among them were the Lafayettes, de Tracys, Mérimée, Beyle (Stendhal), Cloquet, and Élie de Beaumont. Jacquemont's career of usefulness—he could not understand life without usefulness—seemed chalked out as a professor. He shared the geological opinions, and he might

naturally be expected to follow in the steps, of M. Élie de Beaumont.

Diderot it was, we think, who said that under every man's life there stands a hidden barrel of gunpowder, and in the hand of unseen Fate an ever-lighted match; in Jacquemont's case the match was applied. An accident, which—though it belonged to quite another order of facts than the one which had nearly destroyed his life in Baron Thénard's laboratory—might also be termed an explosion, suddenly scattered to the winds all his plans. In spite of an appearance of ironical stoicism, which was one of the favourite affectations of his day, he possessed a loving heart, as his affectionate and ever tender letters to his family abundantly prove, and, in his twenty-fifth year, he gave himself up to an absorbing and, as it would appear, misplaced attachment. It matters little how he was deceived or disappointed, it is sufficient to say that when he was waked roughly from his love-dream, he found Paris insupportable. To use an expressive French phrase, he had been *mordu au cœur,* and it seemed to him that so long as he remained in France he would feel the fangs that had once fastened on his heart. In the autumn of 1826 he set sail for New York and Hayti (where one of his brothers was settled) without giving notice of his departure to any of his friends. His father and his elder brother Porphyre were alone in the secret. Like thousands who have gone before, and thousands who have followed after him, Jacquemont proved the efficacy of that wonderful specific —travel—against the sickness of the soul. He soon recovered a healthy tone of mind, his love of science, and his ardour for work. Nevertheless, many years afterwards, writing from Delhi, he admitted that those early sorrows 'had made him old 'before his time.' It is a singular coincidence that another French traveller, destined to far greater eminence than Jacquemont, M. de Tocqueville, should also, at about the same time, have left his country for the United States, with the same design of forgetting an unhappy love.

This trip across the Atlantic holds no place in the first collection of Letters, which only begins with Jacquemont's scientific mission to India in 1828, but the new series (*Correspondance inédite*) contains some curious letters on American manners. One very long letter especially, addressed to M. Victor de Tracy, is full of shrewd and judicious remarks, and will be read with interest after a lapse of more than forty years. M. de Tracy belonged to the Lafayette and Lasteyrie set; and Jacquemont's particular object in writing to him seems to have been to cure him of the Americo-mania which was one of the

characteristics of that circle. Jacquemont was not only an unfriendly critic, he was necessarily a superficial observer of the United States, for he only remained there five months in all; nevertheless, the principal touches of his sketch are given with great spirit, and are true to this day; indeed some of the traits of character he indicates have with time become still more deeply marked. His antipathy for Americans, which blinded him to their good qualities, did not impair his power of accurately discerning faults, and his strictures, though very severe, are rarely without foundation. On his first arrival he declines to describe what appears to him thoroughly uninteresting:—

'Take Claude Lorraine, put him in a cab and drive him to the plain of Montrouge; set him down there and say to him: "Make "me a beautiful picture out of this." He will send you to the rightabout, or if you happen to have two gendarmes with you, and can oblige him to paint, he will never be able to find in the plain of Montrouge, and consequently to represent, anything but a straight line with here and there a windmill, or a public house, by way of variety. American society is in its kind what the plain of Montrouge is, and I am no Claude. . . .'

Jacquemont thoroughly disliked Americans—like a great many Frenchmen at heart. It is very much the fashion, especially among democratic writers in France, to speak of the sympathy of 'les fils de Lafayette pour les fils de Washington,' but the feeling, we are afraid, will not stand the test of scrutiny. In the first place the Frenchmen of the present day are in no sense the sons of Lafayette; and as to the sons or rather the great-grandsons of Washington, they resemble him in manners and modes of thought far less than he resembled an Englishman. There is in truth no reason why those Frenchmen who do not like England—and, as a rule, French democrats do not like her—should be fond of America. The chief characteristics of Americans belong to the race, and being only rather more salient and somewhat magnified in our Transatlantic cousins, are not likely to be less distasteful to foreigners in them than in us. As regards social matters, this rule applies with still greater force. Whenever an opportunity has offered of analysing the sympathy so often expressed by our neighbours for America, we have generally found it to consist of three elements:—a common jealousy of England; a vague notion—universally prevalent among Frenchmen—that the United States owe their existence to France; and last, not least, the fact that American women in Paris follow French fashions as devotedly, if not quite as successfully, as Parisians. In the *culte du*

chiffon, they indeed often go far beyond Frenchwomen—they out-Herod Herod we would say, if the expression did not seem too stern for such a subject. They possess in respect of all the outward trickeries and adornments of French life a faculty of 'assimilation'—a faculty prized above all others by the French (for what can poor Anglo-Saxons do better than try to assimilate?), which British maids and matrons vainly strive to emulate. But the gift, great as it is, cannot be expected to command indulgence for their male compatriots, and the fact is that one democratic Frenchman after another sets out on his travels full of theoretical admiration for the institutions of the United States, and on his return gives forth his impressions to the world in a book beside which Mr. Dickens's 'Notes' seem friendly. M. Laboulaye is, we believe, the only French writer who has given unmixed satisfaction on the other side of the Atlantic by his pictures of American manners; but, strange to say, he never set foot in the United States, and, in fact, when he wrote his famous 'Paris en Amérique,' he was only depicting America in Paris.

We are no Americanizers, and with Mr. Reverdy Johnson's example before our eyes we know the danger of getting snubbed for over-affectionateness, but truth compels us to state as our firm conviction, that, little as America and England may seem to love each other, they still love each other better than any continental nation loves either of them. We are not, we fear, a 'sympathetic' race in any of our branches, and must make up our minds to the fact. Brother Jonathan may look all over Europe and proffer his sympathy from Archangel to Crete, he will find no one to understand him better in the long run than John Bull, and, taking it all in all, to show more indulgence for the family failings.

We must return to Jacquemont. After a time, he discovered that there were some things about these odious Yankees, '*ces animaux au-dessous de la critique*,' as he calls them at first, which might be worth censuring for the enlightenment of Europe.* His letter to M. de Tracy, written at sea on his

* Years went by, leaving his dislike and his curiosity unchanged. In 1832, when his friends in Paris could dispose of place and powers, he writes from India that the only post he would covet on his return is that of French Minister at Washington. He would like, he says, to remain four or five years in the United States, in order thoroughly to learn the mechanism of that singular society and its national habits, so as to trace a faithful figure of it for the governments and the governed of Europe. 'Cet ouvrage serait très-utile. Certe, 'ce n'est pas pour le plaisir que j'attends du séjour de Washington,

return to Europe, fills more than forty pages, and touches on every topic connected with American society. As this part of the Correspondence is more new than the Indian letters, we are tempted to borrow largely from it:—

'Almost everywhere in Europe government is merely a system of oppression exercised by the few against the many, leaning for support on an armed force, and maintained by fear and by inertia. It would not be fair, therefore, in such cases, to say that a nation makes its own government, nor to reproach the people with the vices and corruption of their rulers. The people in Europe do not make governments, they only allow them to be made, which is quite another thing. . . .

'In the United States this is not the case. There, and there only, one may fairly impute to the nation the vices of the Government, because the nation governs itself. American law is really the embodiment of the general will among Americans. Government with them is necessarily the expression of the opinions and manners of society. Some centuries hence a collection of the American laws of the present day will show far better than any number of novels or comedies what was the general spirit of American manners in our time. In France how completely mistaken would our descendants be if they judged of our tendencies by similar documents. Would they not suppose, for instance, that Frenchmen in 1825 and 1826 were full of zeal for religious interests and theological matters?

'It is a truism with us to say that our society is better than our government. In the United States, government being in fact society itself, is no better and no worse than society. In a way, however, it is somewhat better, and for this reason: changes in legislation do not follow immediately on changes in manners, and where manners decay, so long as legislation has not been modified and deteriorated in a corresponding measure, it may be said that in some respects government is better than society.

'. . . There is, in fact, a State religion in the United States. Instead of being the Catholic communion as in France, or the Episcopal as in England, it is the Christian religion in the widest acceptation of the word; but that matters little. Here, as elsewhere, the religion of the greater number lays down the law for the minority, and oppresses it. Moreover in Europe—at least in France—these absurd and tyrannical laws have no other defenders than a few officials who at heart despise them; whereas in the United States, the greater part of the population, from zeal or from hypocrisy, sees to their observance.

'. . . In a country where the majority is religious, and where that majority disposes of all official appointments, any man who

---

'non plus que pour le plaisir de la bonne odeur que je dissèque
'quelquefois une charogne, et pourtant la dissection de cette
'charogne m'intéresse excessivement.'

has political ambition is obliged to seem religious. Every career would be closed to an honest man if he were a philosopher—or as they call it here an *infidel.* Such is the execrable hypocrisy which poisons this society that the name of Franklin is scarcely ever mentioned because Franklin was an *infidel*! However, these odious and absurd prejudices, being instilled into children from the earliest age, regulate the sincere religious opinions of the masses, and make them religious. Perhaps you may fancy that American society is better on that account? Indeed it is not. What I have seen in the United States has made me relinquish an opinion which you, I believe, hold: that religious ideas may be useful instruments for moralising mankind. I have long been disposed to think so myself, but I have ceased to think so now. . . . In America, in this religious country, the mob believes in the gallows, just as at home, without any religion, it believes in the guillotine. Such has always been the foundation upon which the morality of a great portion of the human race rests. A sad but an incontrovertible truth!'

It seems strange that Jacquemont, in his zeal for complete liberty of conscience, should have overlooked the fact that partial toleration is, at any rate, a relative blessing. America admits all Christian communions on an equal footing; but 'that matters little' in his eyes; and he pronounces her intolerant and fanatical no more nor less than if he were speaking of Spain under Philip II. Yet he himself, we suspect, would not have objected to a country from which Jesuits, let us say, were excluded; and would certainly not have placed it on the same level as one in which no man was tolerated who was not a Jesuit. The fact is, he was a thorough Frenchman; and what he instinctively disliked in America was precisely the numberless sects to which religious liberty naturally gives rise. We have quoted enough to show that he was a freethinker, who did not even give religion credit for a moralising influence; and we have done so especially to give more point to our next quotation from the very same letter. It is very characteristic, and expresses the feelings of thousands of Frenchmen in the present day. It furnishes the key to one of the great puzzles of modern French politics; the existence of the so-called clerico-liberal party, composed of freethinkers and 'philosophers'—both spiritualists and materialists—who are nevertheless the firm upholders of the Papacy. True it is that they are Papists chiefly because they are Orleanists, and that they are the friends of the Pope because the Emperor is supposed to be the friend of Italy; but the effort to them is not so great as it may seem to Englishmen; and we have heard many 'philosophers' speak in almost the very words we now borrow from Jacquemont:—

'I leave this country completely cured of any wish for Protestantism in France, and convinced that we should gain nothing by the change. A multiplicity of religious sects in a country only stimulates the zeal of each. The intolerance of those which hold exclusive doctrines is excited, divisions are created, and society is made dull without being rendered more moral. Setting aside utility, and considering them merely as intellectual conceptions, I have a great contempt for the reformed communions. An appeal to the judgment, to free inquiry, and to reason in respect of the truth of a religious belief, seems to me the height of absurdity. Every religion which calls itself enlightened, or which claims to be reasonable, is a narrow and false conception. There is something finer and grander in our intractable, uncompromising (*impraticable*) Catholicism; at any rate it despises human reason, denies its competence, and appeals to the heart.'

We are tempted here to indulge in a short digression on what may pedantically be called ethnological religion. Catholicism, the religion of authority and of unity, is a religion of race in France, and it often survives and lingers unsuspected in the blood of sceptics and of philosophers. Frenchmen may be the sons of Voltaire, but they are the sons of Voltaire by the eldest daughter of the Church, and the filiation on both sides can be traced very oddly now and then. Jacquemont, in fact, was a Roman Catholic infidel—to borrow the word he thought so obnoxious—like the majority of so-called Roman Catholics in France. French Protestants, however patriotic, scarcely appear thoroughly French; and the exotic modes of thought produced by their religion often seem to denationalise even their style. Prince Albert de Broglie, reviewing in a recent number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' the third volume of M. Guizot's 'Méditations sur la Religion chrétienne,' observes that, although everyone knows that M. Guizot is not a Catholic, yet, judging by *le tour des idées*, most readers would incline to think that neither was he a Protestant, and adds: 'Sans 'offenser une fraction nombreuse et digne d'estime de nos com-'patriotes, il est permis de dire que M. Guizot est trop français 'pour être protestant.' It may be said that the Prince de Broglie is very Catholic, and is not sorry to be rude, in a literary way, to Protestants; but M. John Lemoinne, writing from an entirely opposite camp in the 'Journal des Débats,' has admitted almost as much: 'Les journaux religieux ont 'raison de dire que sur les milliers de lecteurs qui dévorent 'régulièrement les journaux incrédules, les trois quarts sont 'catholiques sans le savoir. Il est sûr qu'ils ne s'en doutent 'guère, parce qu'en effet c'est dans leur constitution, dans leur 'tempérament héréditaire, dans leur sang historique. Si para-

'doxal que cela paraisse, la France de '89 est également la 'France du Syllabus . . .'

Perhaps if we were to look closely at what is going on around us we would find very much the same kind of ethnological influences at work in another direction much nearer home. Our English Catholics are, on the whole, a very inquiring, uneasy, reasoning set of people for a religion of submission and blind faith; it is just possible that M. J. Lemoinne would say they were Protestants *sans s'en douter*, and that M. de Broglie would pronounce them too English to be Catholics. But, we are loosing sight of Jacquemont and his American notes, from which we will extract a few more passages without comment:—

'School education in America is even worse than with us. At sixteen or seventeen youths leave school with a small stock of Latin and Greek, nothing more. The greater number are then apprenticed to trades, and bid an eternal farewell to letters, or indeed to all habits of study. Others study law or physic; and lastly, a very few are content to spend in a senseless manner the fortune their parents have amassed. At the end of a few years everyone has made himself a place, good or bad, in his particular field of industry, all are married, and all live pretty much in the same way, whatever may be their profession. They are too overburdened with work not to consider idleness of mind as the most delightful use to which they can put their scanty leisure. . . . The pleasure of study for its own sake is almost unknown in America. . . . . People here are very laborious, but are very unstudious. The intellectual habits, the tastes of a physician, are in every respect the same as those of a broker. . . . Nowhere are men so ready to combine for work or for the pursuit of gain, and so ready to separate for purposes of enjoyment. In no country is the spirit of association stronger, in no country is there less sociability.

'. . . Intrigue is not less necessary in America to acquire popularity than it is in Europe to gain favour with the great; indeed it may be said to be of a baser, or at least of a coarser sort. . . . It would be impossible to find in 1827, within the limits of the twenty-four States of the Union, an assembly of men like those who signed the Declaration of July 4th, 1776. The superior intellects which towered so high above the common level exist no longer. The generation to which Washington, Jefferson, and others belonged has died out, and the learning, the talents, which distinguished them has died out likewise. Though many of them were born and bred twelve hundred leagues off from Europe, their country was at that time European, and the men of 1776 were, in fact, Englishmen.

'The superiority of a small knot of men does not constitute the bright side of things here in the present day. There is no aristocracy of learning in the United States; but foreigners, on the contrary, must be struck with the equality of instruction among all classes of society. The enormous distance between man and man which exists at home

is unknown here. How can laws be at once liberal and equal in a country whose inhabitants by their different degree of enlightenment, and consequently by their greater or less desire for liberty, belong, so to speak, to different ages of civilisation? Such is the case in France, and still more in Italy and Spain. How can the liberty of the press, for instance, be a question of national interest in a country where the people do not know how to read and write?

'Whatever may be the pretensions of wealth to found an aristocracy, America in manners is entirely democratic. The working classes are so well off materially that they are brought near to the most opulent The two are placed still more on a common level by the amount of instruction which all possess. That amount is small enough among the workers, but it is not very great among the rich.

'Besides the Bible, there is only one kind of reading in the United States, but it is common to all; I allude to the newspapers. Their number is prodigious; every great town of the coast publishes twenty or thirty, every village has one. When it is so difficult to have two or three good papers in Paris or London, what can the thirty which are published in New York and Philadelphia be? These numberless journals diffuse in every direction a little light, and spread imperfect knowledge; they instruct to a certain degree the mass of the nation, but they hinder the more enlightened portion of it from learning more, for they occupy every evening an hour or so which would be better employed in reading Adam Smith, Montesquieu, or some good political work.'

This was written forty years ago; and since then the newspapers have increased, and no doubt improved greatly in America as elsewhere, but the remark on the levelling effect of a too exclusive course of newspaper-reading is worth noting. The daily fare furnished to all alike, and necessarily adapted to average minds, may be very strengthening for the weak, while it debilitates those who, with a little effort, could digest and assimilate far more nutritious intellectual food.

While at St. Domingo Jacquemont received proposals from the Directors of the Museum of Natural History (*Jardin des Plantes*) in Paris, to undertake on their account a scientific expedition to India; and he at once accepted them, partly from his love of science and of travel, and partly from a feeling that change of scene was still necessary for his peace of mind. Yet the offers were certainly not tempting, and might well lead any one to suppose that the *savans* who made them had literally passed all their lives in a 'Garden of Plants,' as their title indicated, without communication with the outer world.

Six thousand francs (240*l.*) a-year was the sum they offered their representative, not only to travel through British India, but also to collect, prepare, pack, and expedite specimens of animals, plants, and stones for the Museum! It is quite piti-

able to see how Jacquemont was hampered throughout his travels by want of means, and the frequent letters he had to write, appealing first to one ministerial department and then to another, to obtain additions to his resources. The sum first fixed was doubled before the close of the second year; and afterwards—thanks to the accession to power of his political friends in 1830—raised, first to 600*l.*, then to 800*l.*; but not before the unfortunate traveller had been obliged to hint that, if he were left in India without the means of returning to France, he must reluctantly, and as a last resource, dispose of his collections to the British Government.

Jacquemont is very severe, and not without some reason, on the luxury of Anglo-Indian life; and he contrasts with great complacency his penurious and simple habits with the wastefulness and self-indulgence of his English hosts; but it never seemed to occur to him that if Indian officials had been as parsimoniously remunerated for their services as he was himself, the unreserved hospitality they extended to him would have been impossible. The escorts, the messengers he found so convenient, the respect he met with from the natives simply because he was a European; the fear which made his life secure, the comforts of civilisation which recruited his strength, were all parts of a system of which he only saw at first the faults. If the representatives of England in the East, from the Governor-General down to the youngest cadet, had, all in their different spheres, been intent on solving the great problem of 'how to make the two ends meet,' our great Indian empire would never have been founded. Even as regards the baths, the tiffins, the good dinners, and the cool drinks, Jacquemont is obliged to admit, after two months' exploration in the mountains with all its attendant hardships, that to recover his health he finds a 'Capua' absolutely necessary now and then. When he had been in India some time, he began to perceive, moreover, that the determination to live more comfortably, at whatever cost, which distinguishes Englishmen in all countries and in all situations, has its good side. After describing the many luxuries which made up the life of even a young subaltern in those days, he writes:—

'Unless he has all this, a raw schoolboy who comes out here with a commission, thinks himself wretched, complains loudly, and finally believes that he has been defranded of his rights. In spite of *half-batta* he might still have it all without running into debt, if he had order. But order is thought mean and ignoble here. It is the very reverse of that grandeur which seems to them the peculiar attribute of a gentleman. So say all those young men, and such in truth,

with one or two exceptions, is the opinion of the Englishmen of all ages whom I have met. They consider that to leave their country and come out here is an immense sacrifice which entitles them to all kinds of compensations. A young cadet just landed, who knows not one word of Hindostani, who has never handled a musket, and who would not know how to command four men, is thoroughly convinced of the validity of his right to live in opulence in India.

'This unfounded pride, this unjustified ambition, quite bewilders me. At one time it conveys to me the impression of the most consummate folly and impertinence; at another I discern in it a cause of success and progress. An Englishman considers himself wretched in many situations which would satisfy the mediocrity of our tastes; and in order to rise to a higher condition, he will work and take trouble, whereas we, being content with the point we have attained, remain idle. I do not think their system the best for individual happiness, but it is extremely favourable to the development of the power and strength of the nation.'

It is interesting, too, to note how gradually Jacquemont became impressed with the magnitude of that most wonderful fact in all history—British rule in India. The clumsy contrivance for government known as the old East India Company would naturally excite, *à priori*, the contempt of a Frenchman trained to admire symmetrical and clearly written constitutions; and some time was required before he came to understand that able and energetic men are far more necessary than the most skilfully devised institutions for the success of any political undertaking. The rough machinery by means of which the Crown and Company jointly pulled through innumerable difficulties, while apparently dragging different ways, cannot be defended theoretically, and as it becomes more and more a thing of the past, the wonder will increase that it ever should have accomplished such great results. Few persons in the present day—save, perhaps, some survivor of the old Board of Directors—will be found to regret the transfer of power to the Crown, which, when it was effected, had become not only a politic but a necessary act; nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the prestige that the foundation and consolidation of our Indian Empire has conferred on the English race in the eyes of foreigners and of posterity, would have been as great had the miracle been accomplished by means less obviously disproportionate. The rude tools of our Indian Government were wielded by an uninterrupted succession of the most wonderfully efficient and willing workmen that the world has ever seen; and we may well rest satisfied if the ingenious and nicely-balanced machinery by which they have been superseded works as well as far as results are concerned.

Jacquemont, when he was in America, had shown himself somewhat sentimental on the subject of oppressed races, and had regretted more than once that the Red Indian was doomed to destruction by the mere contact with a civilisation he was too weak to repel and to ignorant to adopt; but in India, even when speaking of one of the noblest of Eastern races, the Sikhs, he sided with the European conqueror. He had been travelling in the Punjab—at that time an independent State under the rule of Runjeet-Singh—and writes:—

'One must have travelled through the Punjab to know what an immense benefit to mankind English rule in India has been! How much misery it spares eighty millions of men! A numerous class of the population in the Punjab lives by the gun. It is perhaps a most wretched class, but in strict justice it has no right to anything except to be hanged. I cannot witness the horrible evils of such a system without heartily wishing that the English may carry their frontier from the Sutlej to the Indus, and that the Russians may occupy the other bank. It is generally believed that a terrible collision between these two great Powers will some day or the other decide the fate of Asia; but I am inclined to think that then, and then only, peace will reign in these vast territories. European civilisation *deserves* to invade the universe. In default of the *civilisation* the *domination* of the West is an immense benefit for the peoples of all the other parts of the world; and it is probably the only boon that the religious institutions of the East will allow us to confer.'

Even in those days there was a Central-Asia question appearing as a distant spot on the political horizon, but Jacquemont, to do him justice, repeatedly declared that if any immediate danger was to be apprehended for British rule it was from within and not from without, and that an Indian mutiny was far more probable than a Russian invasion.

When he landed in India in 1828 Lord William Bentinck reigned in Calcutta; Runjeet-Singh ruled over the land of the 'Five Rivers' and the Vale of Cashmere, and the Company was as yet supreme. It was only beginning to feel itself threatened in its monopolies, and in consequence to impose retrenchment on its servants. Anglo-Indian society was still rich, wasteful, luxurious and arrogant; but it was also, and above all, hospitable. Jacquemont brought with him some letters of introduction to the leading official personages, thanks to which he was enabled to remain a whole twelvemonth in Calcutta free of expense, letting his scanty means accumulate so as to start on his travels with two years' income in hand. To the kindness of Lord and Lady William Bentinck and to the hospitality of his numerous English friends he does ample justice; but he had started from France with certain deep-

rooted prejudices concerning English coldness and *morgue,* and rather than give them up he evidently preferred to think that some special miracle had been permitted in his favour. He wonders with some *naïveté* 'to which of his merits' he owes the favour he meets with on all hands, and he never seems to remember that courtesy and kindness are quite as often measured by the good feelings of the giver as by the deserts of the receiver. 'Que ma fortune est bizarre avec les Anglais!' he writes on one occasion; 'ces hommes qui paraissent si impas-'sibles, et qui entre eux demeurent toujours si froids, mon 'abandon les détend aussitôt; ils deviennent caressants et pour 'la première fois de leur vie.' 'Pour la première fois' is rather harsh; let us hope at least it was not for the last time, and that the fortunate circumstance of having met once in their life with a Frenchman had not only a beneficial but a lasting influence.

All Jacquemont's French biographers have shared his surprise in this respect, and it is amusing to see them one after another record the astounding fact that, in spite of the frigidity and respect for wealth which are the acknowledged characteristics of Englishmen, the young and unknown foreigner, with his slender purse and ill-stocked wardrobe, was received with honour and kindness by the best society of Calcutta. 'Had I 'possessed millions,' Jacquemont wrote, 'I could not have re-'ceived greater civility or enjoyed one pleasure more.' In truth he is somewhat ostentatious in his poverty, and takes no pains to disguise his contempt for the comforts and self-indulgence which he could not afford. Nevertheless he was a favourite, says his nephew and biographer, with 'cette société anglaise 'dont la glace venait se fondre à son affectueuse sensibilité.' M. Cuvillier-Fleury in his Preface to the first Letters goes further, and offers an explanation of the phenomenon. 'C'est 'ici que nous allons commencer à nous admirer, toute modestie 'à part, dans les prodiges de cet esprit français dont Victor 'Jacquemont est un modèle si achevé. Le premier miracle 'qu'opéra l'esprit français de Victor Jacquemont fut de rendre 'les Anglais aimables!'

Jacquemont had in Calcutta one friend, a Spaniard named Hezeta, who, from the fortunate circumstance that he belonged to one of the Latin races, may be supposed to have been endowed with sensibility. To this friend he now and then imparted his ideas concerning English manners.

'I have been fated like you to live for many years among men of this nation; they possess merely equity or benevolence, they are devoid of sympathy. But I have this advantage over you, that I

do not want them in any way, and that I can look forward, at no great distance of time, to living much more with things, than with men. I feel nevertheless how hard it is to be without a single being who can inspire tender feelings.

'Try, my friend, and conquer your sadness; compare the situation of the people who surround you to your own; it is not better in that particular respect which affects you most deeply; though they are bound together by a common nationality they do not love each other the better for that.'

Jacquemont, it will be seen, does not even credit Englishmen with following that limited commandment which a French satirist once gave to literary men, urging them to show brotherly love at any rate to their fellow-writers: 'Aimez-vous 'les uns les autres . . . car qui diable vous aimerait?' Englishmen, he thinks, do not even love one another. How should they?

Jacquemont, in fact, when he went out to India was a thorough Frenchman, full of national prejudices and conceits, personally self-sufficient withal; unduly contemptuous of his predecessors and of his rivals in the particular field of research he had chosen; ironical when he did not believe, supercilious when he did not understand, and thoroughly convinced that he could succeed where all others had failed. Even in respect of health—and his untimely end gives a melancholy interest to this particular boast—he is persuaded that Englishmen in India only die because they do not know how to live. But with all this, Jacquemont had great intellectual and moral qualities, and a very improvable mind. Never were the beneficial effects of travel more clearly shown than in his case. His remarks on English society, severe as they are, are far more tolerant, for instance, than those in which he indulged some years before in respect of the Americans; and it is interesting to note the gradual improvement in the tone of his letters and the broader view he takes of all subjects as time goes on. Long before he died he had found the key to English hearts and English characters. Had he lived to revisit the United States, he might have learned to like Americans.

From the very first he possessed as a writer some of the best qualities which belong more especially to his nation. Not only was he very intelligent, but, like most Frenchmen, he was always intelligible; his remarks are clear, bright, and pointed. His wit, though too often irreverent and even indecorous, is not bitter, and there is an underlying fund of general good temper which is rarely found to the same degree in—let us say—insular natures. A touch here and there, a

mere dash of the pen—scarcely more than the written equivalent of a shrug of the shoulders—are made to produce a vivid, although of course incomplete, picture of men and things. Many an erudite, well-digested volume of travels has failed to achieve as much.

Jacquemont's Letters, if they are estimated according to the information they afford, in the present day are almost valueless; and, having indicated the peculiar kind of charm they possess, we have no intention of dwelling at length on the detail of his Indian travels. The new letters carry us over the same ground as those published in 1833. Forty years have gone by since Jacquemont traversed India from Calcutta to Cashmere, and from thence to Bombay. Places which were at that time mysterious or dimly poetical—Delhi, Lahore, and Cashmere—have been laid bare and described over and over again, and much is now known that was not even suspected then by far less superficial judges of Indian matters than Jacquemont. His scientific observations—of which we will say a few words presently—hold no place in his familiar letters, being, as we have said before, related in another work with which we are not dealing at present. In a word, his Letters, addressed chiefly to his father and brother, are merely 'impressions of 'travel,' to use a French phrase, but as such they are incomparable.

The most prominent incidents of his stay in India were undoubtedly his residence at the Court of Runjeet-Singh and his expedition to Cashmere. M. Allard in 1831 was high in favour with Runjeet-Singh and commanded his cavalry. Having heard that Jacquemont was travelling through British India, he wrote to him as a compatriot to offer his good services and his protection at the court of Lahore. Jacquemont gratefully accepted the offer, for he hoped ultimately to obtain permission to visit the province of Cashmere, from which English travellers at that time were jealously excluded. Runjeet-Singh, as far back as 1831, had probably studied that map of India which, it is said, first made him aware of the fatal connexion between politics and geography. He had noticed how his dominions were surrounded and overlapped by British provinces, and had dimly foreseen his fate. Our traveller became a favourite with the Maharajah, although now and then a suspicion would arise that the French naturalist might be a disguised emissary of the British Government. It was difficult for an Eastern despot to comprehend that a man should leave his country and encounter danger and privations in order

merely to pick up stones or make acquaintance with new plants.

Jacquemont has pithily described Runjeet-Singh as a man '*sans peur, sans foi ni loi*;' and in another place he adds this crowning stroke, '*avec les plus mauvaises mœurs du monde.*' Nevertheless they get on very well together. Jacquemont's experiences had hitherto been with European authorities, and eastern flattery was new, and to a certain point agreeable. It was very ridiculous, no doubt, but still not absolutely unpleasant, to hear oneself called for the first time the 'Plato of the 'age,' the 'Socrates of the day;' and it was neither unpleasant nor ridiculous to have a bag of rupees sent to one every morning. The bags were not very large, but to our Parisian traveller Runjeet's gifts seemed munificent, and he more than once expresses a hope that he may be able to bring back his little fortune intact to Paris. An extract from a letter written in English, and addressed from Cashmere to Sir Alexander Johnston, will give an idea of the progress Jacquemont had by this time made in our language:—

'I have seen much of Runjeet; and, being a private individual, I have seen him, and conversed with him with all the freedom of private relations. I have been, upon the whole, pleased with him. He is extremely intelligent, and, to use a familiar English expression, he is very much of a good fellow. I have not experienced that it was so difficult (and many say it is even impossible) to make these people *entendre raison.*

'Of course, the Maharajah did not at first understand very satisfactorily my character—it is too far from the whole system of Eastern civilisation; and he expressed some surprise at seeing me carried so far from my country, for the mere and self-interested love of ٮر. I told him: "You have made a desperate, dubious, and "expensive war for the possession of a horse (alluding to his latter "expedition against Peshawur); do you believe my بر is not worth "a horse, and all the horses in your stables?" and I am satisfied that he does no more entertain the least suspicion about me. I feel perfectly free: indeed I have more than freedom; the well-known partiality of the Rajah towards me gives me real power. I go wherever I please. I have but a desire to intimate, and everything in the way of escorts, conveyance, supplies, &c., is in readiness. Men do their best to please me, that I may speak favourably of them to the Rajah in my correspondence. Runjeet has an extremely inquisitive turn of mind; he is very quick. The dull, slow, big phrases of official intercourse are death to him. He asks me about the air, the water, the earth of the countries I visit. Curiously prejudiced by some scanty notions of Arabic, *id est* of Greek natural philosophy, I indulge him in these theories, and so we go on, some-

thing like Seneca, in his *questiones naturales*—a book full of wit and non—sense.'

Runjeet-Singh's liking for his French friend became indeed so great that he ended by proposing to appoint him Governor of the province of Cashmere. Notwithstanding the temptation held out by a salary of two laks of rupees, Jacquemont declined the honour, telling the Maharajah laughingly that functions of such a kind would be derogatory to a Plato and a Socrates. 'The Viceroy of Cashmere has too many noses and 'ears to cut off—not to speak of heads,' he writes to a friend; and in another letter he sums up his impressions of the Punjab in the following lines:—

'Quels coquins, grand Dieu! que ces gens d'outre Sutle! Et au delà de l'Indus, que je n'ai pas passé, c'est pis encore! Que de têtes, de nez, d'oreilles et de mains coupés en un an! que de femmes prises de force, dans leur jeunesse, pour des vieillards impuissants, et jetées au feu à la mort de leur maître! que de perfidies, de lâchetés, de cruautés! Malgré mon amitié pour Runjeet-Singh, j'ai hâte qu'il meure ou que les Russes avancent, pour voir les Anglais mettre le hola à ces abominations!'

What would Jacquemont have said, could he have seen in a prophetic vision the recently-published Report of Babu Bhudeb Mukhopadhay, Government-Inspector of Schools for the North-Western Provinces?

On one subject the 'Correspondance inédite' contains some interesting letters which could not well have been published in 1833.* Before Jacquemont crossed the Sutlej, he had learned

* We are ready to admit that some of Jacquemont's remarks on men and measures during the first months of Louis-Philippe's reign might have made mischief had they been printed in the first edition of the *Correspondance.* But many of the letters have been tampered with in other respects for which the same excuse cannot be offered. We will take as an example a very interesting letter, on the probable spread of Christianity and civilisation among the natives of India, addressed to M. de Tracy. By some oversight this letter figures in both series. It is the sixty-first in the new edition of the *Correspondance*, and the seventy-eighth in the *Correspondance inédite.* Not only is this letter much curtailed in the *Correspondance inédite*, but the sense of many passages is absolutely altered. In the old letters we read:—'Les mœurs domestiques de l'Inde, qui y sont la 'plus grande source de misère, ne me semblent susceptibles d'aucune 'amélioration tant que ce pays gardera ses institutions religieuses 'actuelles; *mais peut-être croit-on celles-ci trop inébranlables.*' In the new letters we find: 'En ces vastes contrées, la condition 'humaine ne me paraît susceptible d'aucune amélioration, d'aucun 'changement, tant que les idées religieuses y resteront les mêmes *et*

the Revolution which had taken place in Paris in July 1830. His first impression was one of unmixed triumph and delight; and his Anglo-Indian friends appear to have shared his enthusiasm. He is proud of being a Frenchman, and France has 'regained her place among nations.' How often have we heard that same phrase repeated since then! 'I could go from Simla 'to Cape Comorin,' he writes, 'with no other recommendation 'than my nationality, and be received everywhere with respect

---

'*l'indouisme paraît immuable.*' According to the first version, Jacquemont goes on to say:—'Toutes tentatives directes de conver-'sions religieuses faites par les Anglais, dans le Bengale surtout, 'ont échoué complétement. *Les Indiens, tâtés partout, n'ont voulu 'nulle part changer Mahomet ou Brahma pour Jésus-Christ ou 'la Trinité; mais, depuis quelques années,* le gouvernement, *avec 'sagesse (et avec courage aussi, car il en faut à la Compagnie des 'Indes pour provoquer la colère bête ou hypocrite du Parlement),* a 'retiré son appui aux missionnaires, et a ouvert à Calcutta, à 'Bénarès et à Delhi, des écoles gratuites, où il attire, par tous les 'moyens d'influence qui sont en son pouvoir, des enfants de la classe 'moyenne, pour les instruire dans les langues et les sciences de 'l'Europe, *sans leur parler jamais de nos sottises.*' All the passages we have italicized are suppressed in the new version. It would appear that religious scruples had dictated these changes, and such scruples are no doubt entitled to respect; but as the letters, after all, are Jacquemont's, we confess we should have preferred his irreligion to the piety of the unknown editor. An emendation far less easy to explain had struck out the following lively passage, which is now reinstated:—'On m'a demandé quelquefois ce qui adviendra 'de la domination anglaise dans l'Inde, lorsque les lumières de 'l'Europe s'y seront assez répandues pour permettre aux Indiens de 'se gouverner eux-mêmes.—Que vous importe? répondais-je. Vous 'et vos enfants, vous serez morts alors depuis longtemps, et votre 'domination anglaise aura cessé d'être utile à ce pays.' In its stead this bit of commonplace has been inserted:—'Il ne manque pas 'd'esprits et de cœurs étroits, ennemis de ce projet généreux; mais 'je ne doute pas qu'il ne soit adopté avant bien peu d'années par le 'gouvernement. Il répandra partout dans ce pays les lumières de 'l'Europe, et le qualifiera pour se gouverner un jour lui-même.' Even remarks which could give offence, one would fancy, to no one, have undergone revision. This same letter to M. de Tracy in one version concludes thus:—'Je me réfugie dans l'étude; mais de tristes 'pensées viennent quelquefois m'en distraire;' in the other, we read:—'Si l'étude me laissait quelques loisirs, de tristes conjectures 'viendraient les occuper habituellement; je lui rends grâce de ne 'm'en laisser aucun.' It is a great pity that letters so full of life and spontaneity should not be printed in all their native originality and freshness, at the risk of some trifling inelegancy, or even impropriety.

'and honour.' He foresees a complete change in the political relations of all European States. Where envy and hatred have reigned hitherto, amity and good faith are in future to preside. Universal peace will be established, but, like most Frenchmen, Jacquemont has on this subject a reservation: Italy and Poland must be liberated first. The French newspapers that Lord William Bentinck forwarded to him regularly from Calcutta, kept him informed of all that was going on in France; and his shrewd and often prophetic criticisms carry us back with singular vividness to men and things which are now well-nigh forgotten.

His distance from the scene of action rendered him both clear-sighted and impartial, and it is curious to watch his enthusiasm gradually dwindling away. His friends, the victors of July, belonged to the advanced party. After a while, they are designated in his most intimate letters as '*mes amis* '*les enragés*.' The 'glorious days' are disrespectfully alluded to as the 'July row' (*la bagarre de juillet*). He who at first seemed to consider a monarchy, even when 'surrounded with 'republican institutions,' as a concession to practicability, declares himself, after a time, willing to adjourn the republic to such time as 'everybody in France shall be a little *décrassé*,' or even to the more distant day when all the peasants of Auvergne will know how to read and write. In a word, under the influence of the atmosphere which surrounded him, with the spectacle of practical politics constantly before his eyes, the French democrat gradually and unconsciously slid into liberalism of the English type. As a study of character and of the workings of a singularly lucid mind, this part of the Correspondence is very interesting. The reader will be inclined to regret that Jacquemont was never destined to indulge the secret ambition of his heart, and to take a place in the representative assemblies of his country. He would certainly have returned to France not only a wiser but a better man. 'My 'inner self' (*mon moi*), he writes to a dearly-loved female cousin, 'has been greatly modified and improved since my trip 'to the United States. There is now a greater fund of good-'ness in me. I can show to strangers an indulgence, a good 'will, and an art of persuasion which formerly no one would 'have thought me capable of.' The change must no doubt be attributed in great measure to that 'uninterrupted chain of 'good will and kindness which supported and guided him 'during four years,' and to which he alludes in the same letter. Good offices and kindnesses, received at the hands of those upon whom we have no claim, constitute an obligation not only

towards them but towards the general body of society. It is a liability unconsciously incurred, and often scarcely acknowledged, but it acts nevertheless like a secret bond, and truly honest men, however little inclined by nature to gentleness, will rarely repudiate the claim when the day comes that they can repay to strangers a stranger's debt.

The place-hunting mania, which never raged more furiously in any country or in any time than it did in France after the Revolution of July, inspired Jacquemont with peculiar disgust; and he repeatedly congratulated himself on being far away in India, when he might have been tempted, by the vain hope of being useful, to join in the chase, and exchange the patient joys of study for the turmoil and disappointments of office. Yet as time wore on his heart yearned towards his country and his family, and he indulged more frequently in pleasant visions of home. There is a letter written, about six months before his death, to his brother Porphyre, which strikes us as one of the most charming of homely pictures. If there be such a thing as a *poésie bourgeoise*, here it is. It would be a great pity to spoil it by translation:—

'Oh! qu'il sera charmant de nous retrouver tous ensemble après tant d'années d'absence et pour moi d'isolement! Quelles délices de dîner tous les trois, et mieux tous les quatre, à notre petite table ronde, aux lumières; de manger un potage et de boire du vin rouge de France, et de ne bouger de là que pour aller dans ta chambre, ou dans celle de notre père, laissant les autres chercher du plaisir hors de leur maison, et, nous, restant dans la nôtre, autour du feu, à nous conter les accidents de notre séparation les uns des autres! J'aurai mangé seul, et seul bu de l'eau pendant si longtemps! Quel plaisir de vivre dans une maison après tant d'années passées en plein air, ou sous une toile légère, perméable à la pluie, au vent, au soleil! Quel plaisir de coucher sur un matelas! La larme me vient à l'œil en pensant à ces joies. Si je me rappelle bien, cher ami, nous nous sommes embrassés pour la dernière fois sans pleurer, et c'était mieux comme cela; mais la première fois que nous nous embrasserons nous laisserons là nature faire à sa guise. Ce ne sera que du bonheur qu'elle pourra nous donner. Et notre père, comme il sera heureux! Surtout si nous sommes là tous les trois près de lui! Quel tour j'aurai fait! . . . . . . Londres, Philadelphie, Haïti, le Niagara, une forêt du Brésil, l'hiver boréal des États-Unis, le pic de Ténériffe, le mont Blanc, tous les lacs des Alpes, la Méditerranée, la Montagne de la Table au cap d'Afrique, un ouragan à Bourbon, le Gange à Bénarès! Delhi et le Grand Mogol, la source de la Jumna, une des sources de l'Indus, les Lamas! Des Chinois, Cachemire enfin; les plus hautes montagnes du monde! . . . . . . Mon Dieu! Porphyre! quand nous serons réunis dans ta petite

chambre, que tout cela me paraîtra extraordinaire! Je douterai peut-être de mon identité!

'Écoute, mon ami, tu te fais vieux, et, d'ailleurs, tu es resté trop pauvre pour le mariage, qui est une triste chose sans argent. Je ne serai pas non plus des plus jeunes quand je te reviendrai, et serai sans doute des plus pauvres; de sorte donc que la probabilité, pour tous deux, est de rester garçons. Eh bien! nous ferons de notre mieux pour vivre ensemble. Quand nous serons vieux, nous ferons notre promenade, notre trictrac ensemble, et ensemble, de loin en loin, nous irons entendre de la bonne musique. Il vaudrait bien mieux que l'un ou l'autre trouvât une femme bonne et riche, qui fût la femme de l'un et la sœur de l'autre. Nous verrons . . . après tout, pourquoi pas? . . . .

'Adieu, mon ami; il va sans dire que ce tendre et ridicule bavardage est pour toi seul et notre père.'

These visions of a happy return were not to be realised; Jacquemont was never to take his seat again at the family table, and pledge his old father in the 'red wine of France.' In spite of his longings for home, he had resolved to prolong his stay in the East, and to complete his task. His plan was to start from Delhi on his return from the Punjab in the beginning of 1832, and to go in the first instance to Bombay, visiting on his way the Rajpootan and the Mahratta country. Leaving Bombay at the end of the rainy season, his intention was to explore, as a geologist, the western slopes of the Ghatte Mountains; then to follow the Malabar coast, and to stop only at the extreme point of the Indian peninsula, Cape Comorin. From thence he meant to gain the table-lands of Mysore, and after spending the summer of 1833 in the Blue Mountains (Nilgherries), to embark at Pondichery for France. Such, to use his own expressions, are the proposals he makes to Providence:—'Car Dieu dispose et nous n'avons sur l'a-'venir qu'un mince pouvoir de proposition.' No fear of failing health seems to have troubled him. He had confidence in his strength, and no less confidence in his prudence and medical skill. 'We Parisians,' he says, gaily, 'should always look to 'Père Lachaise, and never hurry on the road to it.'

He executed faithfully the first part of his programme, but while at Poonah he received a communication from M. Arago, giving an account of some geological researches made by his friend, M. Élie de Beaumont. Jacquemont became impressed with the idea that by careful inspection of the mountains of the western coast of Hindostan, he might be able to furnish convincing testimony of the truth of his friend's scientific theories. He therefore resolved to explore the interior of the island of Salsette—at best an unhealthy spot, and doubly so at the

time of year Jacquemont chose. Fatigue and exposure to an Indian sun brought on inflammation, which terminated in an abscess of the liver. After lingering some time at Tannah, Jacquemont was removed to Bombay, where he died on the 7th December, 1832. He met death with great fortitude, his chief anxiety being for the safety of his manuscripts and collections. His dying words were: 'I am well here, but I will 'be better in my grave.' An extract from a last letter written on his death-bed to his brother, will prove that the stoicism he showed in respect of his own sufferings was quite compatible with tender and deep feeling for others:—

'. . . Ce qu'il y a, cher Porphyre, de plus cruel dans la pensée de ceux que nous aimons, mourant dans des contrées lointaines, c'est l'idée de l'isolement et de l'abandon dans lesquels peuvent s'être passées les dernières heures de leur existence. Eh bien, mon ami! tu devras trouver quelque consolation dans l'assurance que je te donne, que, depuis mon arrivée ici, je n'ai cessé d'être comblé des attentions les plus affectueuses et les plus touchantes d'une quantité d'hommes bons et aimables. Ils me viennent voir sans cesse, caressent mes caprices de malade, préviennent toutes mes fantaisies. . . .

'Mes souffrances ont été bien grandes d'abord; mais depuis longtemps, je suis réduit à un état de faiblesse qui en est presque exempt. Le pis est que, depuis trente et un jours, je n'ai pas dormi en tout une heure. Cependant, ces nuits sans sommeil sont très-calmes, et elles ne sont pas désespérément longues

'La maladie heureusement tire à sa fin, qui peut n'être pas fatale, quoique ce soit plus probable ainsi. . . . . . Ma fin, si c'est élle qui s'approche, est douce et tranquille. Si tu étais là, assis sur le bord de mon lit, avec notre père et Frédéric, j'aurais l'âme brisée, et je ne verrais pas venir la mort avec cette résignation et cette sérénité.—Console-toi, console notre père: consolez-vous mutuellement, mes amis.

'Mais je suis épuisé par cet effort d'écrire. Il faut vous dire adieu!—Adieu! Oh! que vous êtes aimés de votre pauvre Victor! Adieu pour la dernière fois!'

We would scarcely be justified in parting from Victor Jacquemont without saying a few words on the subject of his scientific legacy to his country. His collections and papers were duly forwarded to the Directors of the Paris Museum of Natural History through the care of his English friends; and his account of his travels in India, and a description of his colléctions, were, under the auspices of M. Guizot, ultimately published.* Jacquemont's journal was printed without alteration, as he had

* 'Voyage dans l'Inde.' Six volumes in 4to. (four volumes of letter-press and two volumes of figures and maps). Firmin Didot. 1841–1844.

written it; but the task of describing his specimens of Natural History was confided (according to the class to which they belonged) respectively to MM. Isidore Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, Milne Edwards, Blanchard, and Cambassèdes, the botanist of Geneva. There can be no doubt that the work was ably done, but it is no less certain that the number of years which were suffered to elapse before the publication took place, robbed it of much of its interest. During the ten years which followed the death of Jacquemont, many German and English travellers went over the same ground with greater facilities, and, in several instances, with greater success. To give but one example. Jacquemont's ornithological collection might fairly be considered a good one, but long before it was made known to the public, Mr. Gould, in his 'Century of Birds from the 'Himalaya Mountains,' had described the rarest and most valuable specimens to be found in the collection of the French naturalist.

It was most unfortunate also for Jacquemont's reputation that he was not spared to put in order and work up himself the notes he had accumulated. He more than once had written to his friends that the only result of his travels had been a mass of rough materials, and that he looked forward to two or three years of hard work in Paris before he could 'open his Indian 'fire upon the public.' M. Isidore Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, in his report, states that the specimens of Mammalia sent home by Jacquemont had merely hasty and unfinished notes appended to them, and that they were often so concise as to leave the sense obscure.* Jacquemont's journal conveys the impression of having been written by a very well-informed witty man of the world, rather than by a professional *savant.* It gives, however, a full account of his geological researches; but on this subject we are not competent to give a personal opinion. It will be sufficient to say that the principal object of Jacquemont's labours was to support the geological theories of his friend and patron M. Élie de Beaumont, and we may perhaps venture to add that these have, to a certain degree, lost favour in the present day with the learned. The geographical portion of the 'Voyage dans l'Inde' was undoubtedly the most

* Jacquemont's limited resources and the difficulty of finding safe means of conveyance did not admit of his forming a large collection of this order. Nevertheless, M. Geoffroy St.-Hilaire points out two new species: a cat (*felis Jacquemontii*) and a long-tailed marmot (*Arctomys caudatus*). Jacquemont's herbals were far more complete in their kind.

interesting when the book was first published; but with this, too, time has done its work. The subsequent labours of MM. Vigne, Baron von Hügel, Montgomery, and others, but more especially those of the commission for the trigonometrical survey of India, have rendered Jacquemont's geographical observations valueless.

As it is, if Jacquemont is known to posterity—and he deserves to be remembered—it will be by his letters. They are well worth reading, in more than one respect. Not only are they excellent specimens of French wit and easy gaiety, but Jacquemont himself is interesting as a representative of the society he lived in. He is a good sample of the young Frenchman of the time of the Restoration, clever, ardent, and sceptical, exhibiting a singular mixture of romance and levity, of earnestness and irony. It was a period of great splendour in science, literature, and art. When Jacquemont left France in 1826, Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot taught in the Sorbonne; Manuel and Foy filled the Tribune; Benjamin Constant was writing the theory of free government; Cuvier was in his prime; Chateaubriand was declining, but the verses of Lamartine and Hugo were fresh and young; and Delacroix's fame as a painter was at its height. Rossini's operas were new, and Pasta sang them. Those were bright and hopeful days. Yet a few more funerals—splendid or solitary, according as popularity has lingered around or departed from the once famous dead; yet a few more vacancies in the French Academy, with the eulogiums consequent thereon, and the brilliant and highly-gifted generation which applauded the Revolution of 1830 will have passed away, as completely as the philosophers and the pleasant suppers of the 18th century. One of the chief charms of Jacquemont's letters is that they carry the mind back to a society which in France, up to the present day, has found no worthy successor.

ART. IV.—1. *The Works of William Shakespeare.* The Text Revised by the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. In 9 vols. Second Edition. 1865.

2. *The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by HOWARD STAUNTON. With copious Notes, Glossary, Life, &c. In 8 vols. 1869.

3. *The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; and WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College.

IT is to us a matter of sincere regret that the observations we have now to make on this important edition of the works of Shakspeare should have been unavoidably postponed until death has removed the amiable and accomplished editor, Mr. Dyce, beyond the reach of human applause or criticism. We have been engaged for some time in a careful examination of his work, and we had hoped to pay him on this occasion the tribute due to so much learning, candour, and ingenuity. That tribute can now only be offered to his memory; but few names are more honourably connected with our older literature, and especially with Shakspearian criticism, than that of Alexander Dyce. In his second edition of the plays of our great dramatist, the corruptions which infest the earlier folios are to a great extent purged away, and though in some passages what Shakspeare actually wrote still remains an unsolved, if not an insoluble problem, his dramas are vindicated in the main from the reproaches which careless stage-transcribers and blundering player-editors had brought upon them. Mr. Dyce has given in the best form the best results of three great schools of critics and commentators, and he has made many valuable additions to their labours which will be discovered by diligent students on a careful examination of the text. He was a master of all the learning essential to the correction and illustration of Shakspeare, and combined with this wide and exact knowledge what is at least as important to an editor, sound judgment and rare critical sagacity. The text of the new edition illustrates the editor's fine discriminative sense, while the notes and glossary, to which we shall presently refer, bear ample testimony to his varied and accurate learning. In all these respects the new work is a great advance on Mr. Dyce's earlier edition of Shakspeare. In that edition, as Mr. Dyce himself felt, he

dealt far too timidly with the text, admitting only a very few even of the best conjectural emendations, and retaining readings that were obviously doubtful and in many instances corrupt. In the last edition he followed the wiser plan of exercising his own judgment freely, and giving in every doubtful passage the best emendation criticism has suggested. In some of the more difficult passages his own knowledge of Shakspeare's language and the literature of the Elizabethan age enabled him to supply a better reading than any previous critic had proposed. The result is the best text of Shakspeare yet produced.

The only recent editions that challenge attention with Mr. Dyce's are those of Mr. Staunton and Messrs. Clarke and Wright, the Cambridge editors. So far as excellence of text is concerned, there is, however, hardly any comparison between these editions and that of Mr. Dyce. Mr. Staunton avowedly retains a number of doubtful readings, many of the better conjectural emendations being relegated to the notes. But his wide reading in the literature of Shakspeare's time has enabled him to throw some light on doubtful passages and to assist in clearing up some obscure allusions. With regard to the Cambridge text, Mr. Dyce's is so incomparably superior that it is hardly fair to compare them. Considering the circumstances of its publication and the learning and critical accomplishments of the editors, it is a kind of literary problem indeed how it comes to pass that the text of this edition is so extremely defective. It may perhaps be that the business of continually collecting and arranging what may be called the raw materials of criticism has the unhappy effect of confusing and temporarily paralysing the critical faculty. Whatever the cause may be, however, the result is unfortunate, the edition being in many important respects a scholarly and useful one. The prefaces are written with great care, and the collection and orderly exhibition of the various readings so exhaustive and complete as to render the work almost indispensable to critical students of Shakspeare. But the text in many passages is either disfigured by the blunders of the early folios or weakened by the selection of comparatively worthless emendations. We should like to show this by a detailed examination of various passages, but space forbids. All we can do is to give an illustration or two in passing. In Sir Richard Vernon's spirited description of Prince Hal and his martial comrades setting out on the campaign against Hotspur and Douglas, Mr. Dyce reads, according to the best emendation of a corrupt line, as follows:—

'All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that *wing* the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.'

The reading of the folio is:—

'All plum'd like estridges, that *with* the wind,'

which makes no sense at all. The Cambridge editors, however, retain this manifest corruption of the passage, rejecting Rowe's emendation of *wing*, and Mr. Dyce's justification of it, on the following grounds:—'The phrase "wing the wind" 'seems to apply to ostriches (for such is unquestionably the 'meaning of "estridges") less than to any other birds. Mr. 'Dyce quotes a passage from Claudian ("In Eutropium," ii. '310–313), to justify it:

'Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli, sinuatis flamine pennis,
Pulverulenta volat.'

'But this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail 'bellying with the wind—a different thing from "winging the '"wind."' To this weak reasoning Mr. Dyce replies:—

'The Cambridge editors, in expounding the lines of Claudian, take no notice of the important word "volat," by which he means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies along the ground* (though she does not mount into the air); and I still continue to think that the whole description answers very sufficiently to that of her "*winging the wind.*" Let me add, that the late Samuel Rogers ("a name" to me "for ever dear") has applied the verb "*wing*" to the flight of the ostrich; and it must be allowed that, whatever the deficiencies of his poetry in some respects, he justly prided himself on never violating propriety of expression:—

'"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
Who course *the ostrich, as away she wings;*
Sons of the desert, who delight to dwell
'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well."
Columbus, canto viii."'

Mr. Dyce's reply is more than sufficient to meet the slender objection of the Cambridge editors. But that they should have deliberately rejected an emendation so happy as to be almost certainly a restoration of the text on such trivial and merely pedantic grounds, throws some discredit on their critical judgment. The truth is that in almost any description of the

ostrich Shakspeare might have read, two facts would be specially emphasized—its extreme swiftness and the motion of the wings in running. Every account would explain that the wings, while unable to lift the bird into the air, were always used in its flight, and the volant motion combined with the extreme pedestrian rapidity would make the ruffled plumes of the scudding bird a sufficiently apt simile for crested and nodding helms. This is indeed the ground of the comparison of the moving ostrich wings to the sails of a ship, which is a common one not only with the poets but with the writers on civil and natural history. Thus Herodian in his 'Life of the 'Emperor Commodus' says, that he was so admirable a marksman that, using crescent-headed arrows, he would repeatedly at the height of their speed cut off the heads of Mauritanian ostriches, which were extremely swift of foot, their plumage bellying out like sails in their flight. And Ælian—to quote Gesner's version—gives the same general description in greater detail. 'Avis est densa pennis, sed in 'altum volare non potest: currit tamen celerrime, et utrinque 'in alas ingruens ventus, tanquam vela eas extendit et sinuat.' No doubt it is still open to the Cambridge editors to reply that in this case it is the wind that wings the ostrich, not the ostrich that wings the wind, but, as a serious criticism, this is about on a level with the celebrated question, why the dog wags his tail, as a serious problem in natural history.

We can only notice one other passage which will enable us to bring the three recent editions together—the conclusion of Hamlet's speech referring to the Danish custom of carousal more honoured in the breach than in the observance:—

> 'So, oft it chances in particular men,
> That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
> As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
> Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
> By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
> Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
> Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
> The form of plausive manners; that these men,
> Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
> Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
> Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
> As infinite as man may undergo,)
> Shall in the general censure take corruption
> From that particular fault: The dram of eale
> Doth all the noble substance of a dout,
> To his own scandal.'

This, the folio reading of the last three lines, is evidently

corrupt, as it conveys no sense at all. But, unmeaning as it is, the passage is retained both by Mr. Staunton and the Cambridge editors, although more than one plausible emendation has been suggested. Knight and Collier read:—

'The dram of *ill*
Doth all the noble substance often *dout*
To his own scandal.'

The objection to *dout* is obvious, for, if that were the reading, the concluding clause, *to his own scandal*, would be altogether superfluous. Mr. Dyce, on the natural supposition that the original reference was to the little leaven leavening the whole lump, reads:—

'The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance oft debase
To his own scandal,'

which appears to us the best emendation of this doubtful and corrupt passage yet suggested.

The ample glossary which fills the last volume of the work is, next to the superior character of the text, the most important and original feature of Mr. Dyce's new edition. For ordinary readers indeed, as well as for critical students, it is a most welcome novelty. Not that a Shakspearian glossary is in itself anything new. Almost every edition of any mark has a glossary more or less extensive. But these glossaries are at best little more than lists of archaic and unusual terms with a single meaning attached, but without literary examples or philological illustration of any kind. They just enable the reader to attach some meaning to an unknown word without throwing any light on its form, origin, shades of meaning or contemporary use. This might be a satisfactory plan enough in dealing with a minor poet, or with a writer of only secondary interest and value belonging to the same period. But it is hardly sufficient when Shakspeare's characteristic diction, his niceties of language, the rarer elements of his vocabulary, and his finer shades of meaning are the subject of illustration. In most critical editions many of the rarer and more expressive archaic terms and phrases are explained in the notes, and this does away with the necessity of detailed illustration in the glossary. But making due allowance for the partial and scattered interpretation of critical words and phrases, it must be confessed that, excepting Mr. Dyce's, all the Shakspearian glossaries hitherto published are singularly meagre and imperfect. Most of them are seriously defective even as lists of words, many are vague and even inaccurate in the exhibition

of meanings, and none attempt anything like literary or philological illustration. As a mere list the 'Glossarial Index' of the Variorum edition is one of the fullest, but it is at once much more and much less than a glossary proper. It is an index to the notes which contain references to phrases, persons, places, and customs, as well as to the obscurer archaic, provincial, and technical words to be found in Shakspeare.

Of recent glossaries those of Mr. Staunton and the Globe edition are tolerably full and accurate as far as they go, but they are formed on the narrow type of their predecessors and share their manifold imperfections. Even Mr. Dyce's ample glossary, as we shall presently see, is by no means perfect. Both in plan and execution, however, it comes far nearer to what a complete Shakspearian Glossary ought to be than anything previously attempted. In range and comprehensiveness, indeed, the plan is all that could be desired. Mr. Dyce includes the explanation, not only of all unusual words, but of common words used in unusual senses, or with shades of meaning at all different from their present signification. His plan also includes the explanation of phrases as well as words, of proverbial sayings, of obsolete customs and obscure allusions, the latter almost always, however, embodying some word that requires special elucidation. Some critics may perhaps be disposed to regard the plan as too extensive, but this is an error in the right direction. The Shakspearian glossarist can hardly take too wide a view of his duty, or be too careful and minute in its execution, so that he keeps himself to the work in hand. The English of Shakspeare and his time—in other words, what is known as the Elizabethan era—pre-eminently deserves to be carefully studied and thoroughly known. At present, however, this is very far from being the case. There are still difficulties connected with Shakspeare's phraseology which require to be explained, and after a century and a half of critical research the language of the Elizabethan era as a whole is even yet only very imperfectly known. This fact is in itself a striking testimony to the importance of the period in a philological point of view—the almost inexhaustible wealth of its linguistic resources. It is, as every critical student of the language knows, by far the most important period in its history, the era of its fullest spontaneous development, when its hidden stores of vigorous diction were brought into general use, and its latent powers of reflective, emotional, and imaginative expressiveness were for the first time called freely into play. It is moreover the organ of the noblest literature of any age or country, of the profoundest feelings, most preg-

nant thoughts, tenderest fancies, and richest imaginative conceptions ever clothed in human language. On both grounds therefore, as the well-head of our mother tongue, and the instrument of its noblest literature, the language of this period ought still to engage the attention of English critics, and if farther stimulus were needed there are other reasons of a more practical kind in favour of the study. It has a direct connexion with the living wants and growing requirements of our widely diffused English tongue. We are every day borrowing, or rather reclaiming, nervous, apt, and picturesque expressions from the poets and thinkers of that early period; and if this process is to go on—the only one by which the language can be permanently purified and enriched—it is of the first importance that we should know the Elizabethan speech as intimately as possible. To help in its elucidation is, in fact, for the present the most important philological task to which the English critic can devote himself.

We are far, therefore, from thinking Mr. Dyce has exceeded his duty as an expositor in devoting a volume of five hundred pages to the explanation of Shakspeare's language—to the words and phrases, meanings and allusions, that require or admit illustrative notes and comments. Indeed, considering the mass of varied material at his disposal for this purpose, he must have exercised an amount of self-control somewhat rare in a Shakspearian commentator, to have brought his expository learning within so comparatively moderate a compass. These materials including the critical labours of the long line of editors from Rowe in 1709 to Staunton in 1859, and the numerous volumes of illustrative comments published by the miscellaneous critics who were not also editors, constitute a vast library of Shakspearian literature. Mr. Dyce has the contents of this library at his finger-ends, and that he should have used them so sparingly is an additional proof of his sound judgment and critical self-control. With few exceptions he gives what may be called the necessaries of exposition, the most useful and essential points in the explanation of words and phrases, without indulging in the luxury of multiplied literary examples and extended critical comment. In some places, indeed, he seems to us to have carried this abstinence too far, as, for instance, in not appending to the more important archaic words at least one example of their actual use. The execution of Mr. Dyce's plan is indeed open to criticism on one or two other points, and we propose devoting the rest of our space to a somewhat detailed examination of the slight imperfections still attaching to his valuable glossary.

The vocabulary is the first point, and from what we have already said it will be seen that as a mere list of words Mr. Dyce's glossary is a great advance on any previous attempt of the kind. This advance may be farther estimated by comparing it with the two fullest recent glossaries formed on the old type—those of Mr. Staunton and the Globe Shakspeare. On a rough calculation the Globe Glossary contains about two thousand words. Mr. Staunton's about two thousand five hundred, while Mr. Dyce's largely exceeds double this number. The large increase is due in part to the explanation of doubtful passages and obscure phrases and allusions, and in part to the large number of common words used with shades of meaning slightly different from their ordinary signification which Mr. Dyce has for the first time collected and inserted. His aim is not only to give a full account of every uncommon word, but to include every term used by Shakspeare with the slightest shade of special meaning. This department of the work is indeed carried to some excess as we have such entries as *dumps,* low spirited; *crab,* a wild apple; *close,* secret; *bold,* confident; *fearful,* timid; *farrow,* a litter of pigs; *leech,* a physician; *merit,* reward; *unprised,* not valued; *unreconcilable,* irreconcilable; *trenchant,* cutting, sharp; and a number more of the same kind. Nevertheless Mr. Dyce has overlooked several unusual words, and omitted or given very imperfectly a considerable number of special significations. In attempting to supply some of these omissions we hope to contribute something towards the more perfect interpretation of Shakspeare's language.

We may begin the list of omitted words by an example or two from 'Hamlet.' In the first scene of the second act towards the close of the very characteristic conversation Polonius has with his servant Reynaldo as to the finding out what Laertes is doing in Paris by cautious and distant questioning among his acquaintance, Polonius says:—

> 'See you now;
> Your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth:
> And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
> With *windlaces,* and with assays of bias,
> By indirections find deductions out.'

The word *windlace* used in this passage is a somewhat rare and curious one, requiring special illustration far more than numbers Mr. Dyce has included in his list. But so far as we are aware, it has never yet been noticed by any Shakspearian critic or commentator. The only way of accounting for this strange omission is by supposing that, if noticed at all, it must have

been taken for windlass in the modern sense as designating a wheel and axle for raising weights, the only form and meaning in which the word is now known. But it is difficult to imagine this as it is at variance with the context, and destroys the special meaning of the passage. No doubt the word in both cases is radically the same, but we have retained it only in the secondary signification of a mechanical instrument. In Shakspeare's day, however, *windlace*, literally a winding, was used to express taking a circuitous course, fetching a compass, making an indirect advance, or more colloquially beating about the bush instead of going directly to a place or object, and in this sense it exactly harmonises with the other phrase used by Polonius to express the same thing—'assays 'of bias'—attempts in which, instead of going straight to the object, we seek to reach it by a curved or winding course, the bias gradually bringing the ball round to the jack. It was the more necessary and important for the Shakspeare critics to bring this meaning fully out, as both word and meaning have been overlooked or misunderstood even by our best lexicographers. Todd mistakes the meaning altogether, and quoting this very example from Shakspeare, defines it 'a 'handle by which anything is turned,' although he had close at hand instances of the verb formed from the noun to guide him aright. Richardson, again, is ignorant of the special noun, and amidst a multitude of literary illustrations of its cognates has only one example of its use. It occurs, however, not unfrequently in books with which Shakspeare was familiar. Thus, in Golding's Ovid, we have the following:—

'By chance the very selfe same day the virgins of the towne,
Of old and ancient custom, bear in baskets on their crowne,
Beset with garlands fresh and gay, and stowde with flowers sweete,
To Pallas tower such sacrifice as which was of custom meet.
The winged God beholding them returning in a troupe,
Continued not directly forth but gan me down to stoupe,
And fetched a *windlasse* round about. And as the hungry kite,
Beholding unto sacrifice a bullock ready dight,
Doth soar about his wished prey desirous for to snatch,
But that he dareth not for such as stand about and watch;
So Mercury with nimble wings doth keep a lower gate
About Minervas lofty towers in *round and wheeling* rate.'

The original of which the sixth and seventh lines are the translation is:—

'Inde revertentes Deus adspicit ales: iterque
Non agit in rectum, sed in orbem curvat eundem.'

The seventh book supplies us with another example as follows:—

'There was not farre fro thence,
About the middle of the lannd, a rising ground, from whence
A man might overlook the fields. I gat me to the knap
Of this same hill, and there beheld of this strange course the hap,
In which the beast seems one while caught, and ere a man would think
Doth quickly give the grewnd the slip, and from his biting shrink.
And like a wiley fox he runs not forth directly out,
Nor makes a *windlas* over all the champion fields about;
But doubling and indenting still avoids his enemies lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheel he whips
To disappoint the snatch.'

These examples make the meaning of the word as used by Shakspeare quite clear, and they help to bring fully out the sense of a very significant line which must hitherto have perplexed most readers who have thought at all about it.

Another word overlooked by Mr. Dyce occurs in the fifth scene of the fourth act, at the meeting between the wildered Ophelia and Laertes on his return to Elsinore:—

'*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

'*Laertes.* A *document* in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.'

The word *document* is here used in its earlier and etymological sense of instruction, lesson, teaching. This early signification is well illustrated in the following stanzas from the 'Faery 'Queene':—

'Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire Una gan Fidelia faire request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her words divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

'And that her sacred booke, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whit,
And heavenly *documents* thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach;
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart that she did thrill.'

The word was habitually used in this sense in Shakspeare's day and for about a century later, but has now wholly lost its primitive signification, being restricted to the secondary sense of written precepts, instructions, and evidences. It ought therefore to have found a place in Mr. Dyce's glossary, but we believe, as in the case of windlass, it has never yet been noticed by any critic or commentator.

In Ophelia's next speech also occurs a phrase which has not been explained by the commentators, and on which Mr. Dyce throws no light. In distributing her sprigs and flowers Ophelia, according to the common interpretation, gives to the King fennel and columbines as emblems of cajolery and ingratitude, and to the Queen rue, of which she also takes some herself, adding, 'You may wear your rue with a difference.' The phrase bearing a difference is a well-known one in heraldry, but what the difference in this case is has not been indicated beyond a suggestion, that with Ophelia rue means simply sorrow, but that as worn by the Queen it should denote contrition as well as sorrow. But this at best is a cold and abstract fancy out of harmony with the 'document' of Ophelia's other gifts. There is an obvious method in her madness, her nothings being, as Laertes says, 'more than matter' in their direct and pathetic significance. The difference in the Queen's case ought, moreover, to be some quality of rue emblematic of her character as shown in her conduct, and portrayed in Hamlet's bitter denunciations. This quality or difference may probably be found indicated in the following extract from Cogan's 'Haven of Health':—'The second property is that rue abateth carnal lust, which is also confirmed 'by Galen. . . . Yet *schola Salerni* in this point maketh a 'difference between men and women, for they say,

'"Ruta viris coitum minuit, mulieribus auget."

'Because the nature of the woman is waterish and cold, rue 'heateth and drieth, therefore (they say) it stirreth them 'more to carnal lust; but it diminisheth the nature of men, 'which is of temperature like unto the air hot and moist.' In this case the difference would be emblematic of the Queen's hasty return to the nuptial state, and a severe reflection on her indecent marriage. Each of Ophelia's gifts would then be 'documentary;' thoughts and remembrance to the faithful lover, ingratitude and guile to the faithless King, and eager sensual pleasure to the luxurious Queen.

Mr. Dyce of course notices the word *crants* occurring in the priest's speech to Laertes at Ophelia's burial, but he does not

illustrate in any detail the history of the word, or the custom it represents. He says, '*crants*, a crown, a chaplet, a garland;' and after giving a short etymological quotation from Jamieson's dictionary, he refers the reader to a note on the word at the end of the drama. The substance of the note is a quotation from one of the latest critics, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, and that such an extract should contain a summary and expansion of previous commentaries on the passage shows how little, in some cases, has been done to illustrate the special form and meaning of many of Shakspeare's characteristic terms and allusions. Mr. Lettsom says, 'Most of the editors explain *crants* 'by garlands; but the German *kranz* is singular, and the singular seems indispensable here. From a note to Prior's 'Danish ballads it would seem that young unmarried Danish 'ladies wear, or wore, chaplets of pearls; at least, fair Elsy is 'described as wearing one; and the translator says that this is 'the same as the virgin *crant* (sic) of Ophelia.' That *crants* should have been considered plural in Johnson's day is perhaps natural enough, as the good doctor himself was dependent on an anonymous correspondent for the inaccurate information that '*kranz* is the German word for garlands.' But that any modern editor should have fallen into such a mistake is, to say the least, surprising. *Crants* is singular not only in German, but in the Scandinavian and Teutonic dialects generally, including Lowland Scotch. Thus Killian gives '*krants*, corona, 'corolla, sertum,' and Haldorson '*krans*, sertum, corona,' while in Lowland Scotch the singular is *crance* and the plural *crancis*.

With regard to the custom of maidens wearing a virgin crants or garland, and having it laid on their bier at interment, all that Shakspearian critics know of the matter appears to be summed up in Mr. Lettsom's cautious statement that 'it 'would seem that young unmarried Danish maidens wear, or 'wore, chaplets of pearl.' But this custom, which was at one time almost universal in Europe, still prevails throughout the North, and is fully explained by Weber in his introduction and notes to the ballad of Child Axelvold:—

'As one of the most affecting passages (where Child Axelvold's mother takes off her coronet) derives its beauty entirely from fashions and usages little thought of in this country, it may not be improper here to subjoin some such account of them as may tend to illustrate the text.

'The maiden coronet, or tire for the head, although of various forms and qualities, according to the taste or condition of the wearer, was uniformly put at the top; and no one covered her head

till she had forfeited her right to wear the coronet, chaplet, garland, or bandeau. This was the case in many parts of Scotland, till within the last twenty or thirty years. The ballads and songs of the northern nations, as will be seen by the specimen we have produced, abound with allusions to this very ancient usage; and everybody in Scotland knows

'"The lassie lost her silken snood
A-puing o' the bracken."'

'Of the coronets worn by the peasant girls in Livonia, Courland, Esthonia, Lithuania, &c., a curious assortment has been sent me by my learned friend, the Reverend Gustar von Bergmann, pastor of Ruien, in Livonia; and some of them are very picturesque and elegant. The older ones, worn by brides on their wedding-day, are simple bandeaus of dyed horse-hair, curiously plaited, diversified, and figured, which will be referred to elsewhere. The others are cloth, silk, velvet, &c., tastefully ornamented with beads, spangles, gold and silver embroidery, precious stones, artificial emblematic flowers, &c., and some raised before in form of a retroverted crescent, and tyed with a ribbon behind.'

Then after noticing the prevalence of the custom both in ancient and modern times, especially amongst the Pagan Gothic tribes of the North, he adds:—

'Among Christians, our Lady the Queen of Heaven was the successor of the Gothic Freija, and to our Lady the maidens continued to dedicate their virgin garlands as they had formerly done to her predecessor. This has in a great measure been done away with by the zeal, whether discreet or otherwise, of the clergy. But a usage of so long standing had too fast a hold on the prejudices of the people to be easily abolished, and the walls of the country churches in Livonia and Courland still display multitudes of garlands, and white chaplets of flowers, evergreens, and aromatic herbs, which after having been carried to the grave on the coffin of the deceased, have been nailed up there by the parents, relatives, or lovers of maidens who have died in the parish.'

It will be seen from this extract that the burial of a northern maiden is still appropriately marked, as in the case of Ophelia, by the presence of her 'virgin crants, and maiden strewments.'

We may next select a more general example or two from 'Macbeth.' In the soliloquy in the beginning of the third act, in which the motives for the murder of Banquo are reviewed, Macbeth says,—

'There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My *genius* is rebuk'd; as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.'

Again in the closing scene of the play, Macduff says,—

'Despair thy charm;
And let the *angel* whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.'

And in the passage from 'Antony and Cleopatra' parallel with the first,—

'*Ant.* Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
'*Sooth.* Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy *demon* (that's thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy *angel*
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.'

Mr. Dyce makes no reference to the special sense in which Shakspeare uses the term 'genius' and 'angel' in these and other similar passages. He ought, surely, to have explained that these terms refer to the spirit, the ruling intellectual power, the higher psychical energy, the rational soul as opposed to the irascible nature. According to the physiology and psychology of the time, the soul was regarded as essentially a spiritual nature temporarily united with mortal faculties and a mortal frame which it wields as instruments. While perfectly distinct from these instruments and sometimes at war with them, the rational soul during the earthly life is still moved by their perturbations, and shares to a certain extent in their vicissitudes. But at all times it has an existence of its own apart from the body which it leaves naturally at death, and may do so exceptionally during life, appearing for a moment in a visible shape as a wraith or shadow, the spectral counterpart of the living man. In mediæval theology, indeed, the rational soul is an angel, the lowest in the hierarchy for being clothed for a time in the perishing vesture of the body. But it is not necessarily an angel of light. It may be a good or evil genius, a guardian angel or a fallen spirit, a demon of light or darkness. But whatever its nature, it rules, guards, keeps and controls the man, wielding the lower powers as instruments to its own issues. The poetical representations of this common view approach at times the more objective conception of the Greek or Socratic demon and the Roman genius, as well as the theological notion of distinct guardian or ruling spirits. And in the second passage from 'Macbeth' the term may probably have, with the ordinary meaning, an objective reference of this kind. In Shakspeare, however, the terms angel and genius are

usually employed to denote the higher nature of man, the rational guiding soul or spirit, which in connexion with the mortal instruments determines his character and fate. In Macbeth this spirit is that of insatiable and guilty ambition. It is this aspiring lawless genius that Banquo's innate loyalty of heart and rectitude of purpose silently rebuked. This was the angel he still had served, whose evil whisperings had prepared him for the dark suggestions of the weird sisters, and inclined him to trust their fatal incantations. But this may be easily misunderstood without some definite knowledge of the sense in which the term angel is used. Even so intelligent a student of Shakspeare as Mrs. Fanny Kemble is led away by associations connected with the word into a somewhat irrelevant and erroneous panegyric. In a paper on the character of Macbeth recently contributed to one of the monthly periodicals, she exclaims, referring to Macduff's speech already quoted:— 'Noteworthy, in no small degree, is this word "angel" here 'used by Macduff. Who but Shakspeare would not have written '"devil"? But what a tremendous vision of terrible splendour 'the word evokes. What a visible presence of gloomy glory '(even as of the great prince of pride, ambition, and rebellion) 'seems to rise in lurid majesty, and overshadow the figure of 'the baffled votary of evil!'

Mr. Dyce makes no attempt to explain either of these words except by quoting a sentence from the late Professor Craik on the well-known speech of Brutus:—

> 'Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
> I have not slept.
> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
> The *genius* and the *mortal instruments*
> Are then in council; and the state of a man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.'

In reference to this Professor Craik, as quoted by Mr. Dyce, remarks, 'Apparently by the *genius* we are to understand the 'contriving and immortal mind, and most probably the *mortal* '*instruments* are the earthly passions.' But to anyone familiar with the physics and psychology of the time it would be at once evident that the *genius* is the reasonable soul or angel, and the *mortal instruments* the bodily powers through which it works, in particular the vital and animal spirits which are the medium of sensation and motion, and the physical organs of memory, imagination and discourse, which according to the

current physiology were three several chambers in the brain. The acute Spanish physician Huarte, in his 'Examination of 'Men's Wits,' an English translation of which was published in 1594, gives a full account of the whole theory of the genius or soul and its mortal instruments. The following extract will show that Shakspeare's allusions to the connexion of body and soul, and the very language in which they are couched, represent the common doctrine on the subject:—

'The reasonable soul making abode in the body, it is impossible that the same can performe contrary and different operations, if for each of them it use not a particular instrument. This is plainly seen in the power of the soule, which performeth divers operations in the outward senses, for every one hath his particular composition: the eyes have one, the ears have another, the smelling another, and the feeling another; and if it were not so, there should be no more but one sort of operations, and that should all be seeing, tasting or feeling, for the instrument determines and rules the power for one action, and for no more.

'By this so plain and manifest a matter which passeth through the outward senses, we may gather what that is in the inward. With this selfe power of the soule we understand, imagine, and remember. But if it be true, that every worke requires a particular instrument, it behooveth of necessitie, that within the braine there be one instrument for the understanding, one for the imagination, and another different from them for the memorie. For if all the brain were instrumentalised after one selfe manner, either the whole should be memorie, or the whole understanding, or the whole imagination. But we see that these are very different operations, and therefore it is of force that there be also a varietie in the instruments.'

Being physically conditioned, the soul, though immortal, is disturbed by the perturbations of the lower faculties, especially of the senses and imagination. The purer energies of the soul are for a time paralysed, as it were, by any strong and sudden shock, sensuous or imaginative, 'function being smothered in 'surmise,' and the whole internal kingdom thrown into a state of commotion until the disturbed and scattered powers are rallied and united for action. The same drama affords other examples of angel used in much the same sense. Mark Antony in his address to the Roman crowd says,

'For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's *angel.*'

That is to say, the two were knit so close in friendship, were so identified in mutual regard, that Brutus was, as it were, Cæsar's soul, his *alter ego.* And when this close relationship is darkened by the assassination, the soul of Brutus is troubled

and the unbodied Cæsar naturally becomes, according to the midnight visit in the tent, his evil spirit:—

> 'How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
> I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
> That shapes this monstrous apparition.
> It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
> Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
> That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
> Speak to me what thou art.
> *Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.'

There is another passage in 'Macbeth' which has given the commentators considerable trouble, which has proved, in fact, an insoluble problem, where the right interpretation of a single verb removes all difficulty. It *is* the speech of Lennox referring to the rumour Macbeth diligently circulated that Duncan had been murdered by his sons:—

> 'Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
> It was for Malcolm and Donalbain
> To kill their gracious father?'

Mr. Dyce's note on this is:—"The sense requires, Who can 'want the thought, &c. Yet I believe the text is not corrupt. 'Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these minutiæ.' Malone, i.e. 'Who cannot but think.' Collier—Mr. Knightley ('Notes and Queries' for August 15, 1863, p. 122) proposes to read, 'We cannot,' &c., putting a period instead of an interrogation point at the end of the sentence. Mr. Staunton simply points out the difficulty with Malone's attempted explanation of it. Mr. Grant White, who in his 'Shakspeare 'Scholar' has discussed the passage at considerable length, proposes to get over the difficulty as follows:—'May we not 'remove the point after the last "late" and read thus, making 'the passage declarative instead of interrogative?—

> '"The right valiant Banquo walked too late;
> Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed;
> For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late
> Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
> It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
> To kill their gracious father."'

That is, men, who will think that the alleged murder of Duncan by his sons is a crime too monstrous for belief, must be careful not to walk too late. But no alteration whatever is needed. The passage as it stands is perfectly good sense and perfectly good English of Shakspeare's day, as it still remains perfectly good Northern English or Lowland Scotch of our

own day. In these dialects the verb want, especially when construed with negative particles, has precisely the meaning which the critics insist the sense requires. If a farmer in the North of England or the Scotch Lowlands sent to borrow a neighbour's horse and received a negative reply, it would probably be conveyed in some such form as 'he says he cannot 'want the horse to day,' i.e. he cannot do without the horse; he must have the horse for his own use. In the same way if an Edinburgh porter said to his comrade, 'I'll no want a gill 'of whiskey the morn,' he would express in a strong form his determination to have one. This use of the verb was not uncommon amongst English writers in Shakspeare's day. Thus in 'The Country Farm,' a work translated from the French and published in 1600, we have in reference to a section insisting on the necessity of a country householder or farmer being practically acquainted with agricultural work—'Ploughing, an art that a householder cannot *want.*' And Markham, speaking of the herb *purslane,* says, 'They are apt to shed 'their seed, whence it comes that a ground once possessed by 'them will seldom *want* them.' Many words and phrases now peculiar to the Scotch Lowlands were common to both countries in Shakspeare's day, and every one of the so-called Scotticisms to be found in his dramas is used by contemporary English writers. As a mere English writer, therefore, Shakspeare was entitled to use this verb in what is now the Northern signification of it; and he appears to have done so in other passages besides the present one. Though used in literature it might, however, then as now be characteristic of the North where alone it has survived, and it would thus naturally find a place in 'Macbeth,' the only one of Shakspeare's plays founded on a Scotch subject and which contains other Scotticisms, such as *loon* for example. This meaning gives to the passage exactly the sense required, and ought therefore to be discriminated under the verb Want in a Shakspearian Glossary.

Again, there is a much controverted passage in 'Troilus 'and Cressida' where, as it seems to us, the difficulty may be considerably relieved by assigning to a single word a sense it habitually had in Shakspeare's day, but of the very existence of which neither the critics nor the lexicographers seem to be in the least aware. It is the speech of Calchas asking a reward from the Grecian chiefs for his sacrifices on their behalf:—

'*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,

That, through the *sight* I bear in things to Jove,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.'

With regard to the fourth line, where the difficulty chiefly lies, there is a real ambiguity in the folio, as it is impossible to say whether the reading is 'in things to love' or 'in things 'to Jove,' but the sense decides in favour of the latter reading, which Mr. Dyce adopts. The main difficulty is one of interpretation. Taking *sight* in the sense of *foresight*, Calchas seems to say that through his certain knowledge the Greeks would prove victorious he had deserted the Trojans, and deserved special recompense for his timely ratting. Some shadow of this difficulty will probably attach to any explanation of the passage that may be given. But it is certainly softened by taking *sight* not in the usual and special sense of prescience, but in the general sense of acquaintance, skill, technical knowledge, professional conversancy, a meaning by no means unusual in Shakspeare's day. Both the noun *sight* and the verb *see* were constantly used to express professional skill and proficiency, the verb by Shakspeare himself in the 'Taming 'the Shrew':—

'Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well *seen* in music, to instruct Bianca.'

A dozen examples both of verb and noun might easily be given from contemporary authors with whose writings Shakspeare was familiar, but a few examples of the noun, as it is unnoticed by our best lexicographers, must suffice. In a popular manual of conversation and polite behaviour, which from internal evidence Shakspeare must have well known, we have, with regard to the quality and accomplishments of a gentlewoman, the question 'what the many things be she ought to 'have a *sight* in;' and after recounting in detail the accomplishments of a gentleman, 'neither it is possible for him that

'must have a *sight* in so many things to be very young.' In another work of the same character, referring to the qualifications of a Prince, and the necessity of his having a general knowledge of many things, we have, 'That is a most commend-'able course for a Prince to take, whom perchance it better 'becometh to have superficial *sight* in divers languages and 'sciences, than to be *deeply seen* in one only.' Udal again, in illustrating the point that general directions ought not to be carried to extremes, says:—'As for example, if one being adver-'tised that it is a thing not unprofitable to take a taste and 'have a little *sight* in logic, do bestow all the days of his life 'on that study.' Again:—'Philip, when it was come to his ear 'that his son Alexander had in a certain place showed himself 'to be a cunning musician, graciously and courteously chid 'him for it, saying, "Art thou not ashamed of thyself to have '"so good *sight* in music?" signifying that other arts than 'music were more meet and seemly for a king.' Taking *sight* in this sense, the speech of Calchas would mean, 'through the 'general skill I have in things pertaining to Jove, in the 'exercise of my higher functions, in my character as a priest, 'I have left Troy, abandoned my house, possessions, and friends, 'and cast in my lot with you, to do you what service I can.' The higher powers of Olympus were notoriously divided in their sympathies with the rival combatants, but Calchas as their priest and representative had decided on the whole to join the Greeks even at considerable self-sacrifice. With this explanation, the construction, though still harsh, is not harsher than many to be found in Shakspeare, and it yields, we think, a much better meaning than the common interpretation.

Amongst other omissions, Mr. Dyce has overlooked the verb *cheapen*, used by Benedick in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' While including in his Glossary a number of words whose meaning is perfectly well known and obvious—such as *don*, to put on; *doff*, to put off; *tell*, to count; *inherit*, to possess; *kindle*, to incite; *impawn*, to pawn or pledge; and a multitude of others used by Shakspeare in the sense they still bear, Mr. Dyce ought surely to have noticed the verb to *cheapen*, which, in Shakspeare's sense, is now virtually obsolete; or if still occasionally used in its older sense by a modern writer, the meaning can only be gathered from the context by the majority of ordinary readers. To cheapen at present means to reduce in value, to make cheap. But in Shakspeare's day, and indeed down to a recent period, it meant, as it still does provincially, to look at or examine a thing with a view to buying it; to inquire the price, think of purchasing, attempt to purchase or bargain

for. This is the sense in which it is used by Benedick in his soliloquy against love and lovers:—

'May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never *cheapen* her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.'

Benedick's meaning of course is that the lady must be virtuous, or he will not think of her—will not make any inquiries about her, become a suitor for her hand, or attempt in any way to try his chances of success as a lover. The word was used in the same sense down at least to the middle of the last century, as the following extract from a letter in the 'Rambler,' on the changes produced by loss of fortune, will show:—'I have always thought the clamours of women un-'reasonable, who imagine themselves injured because the men 'who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, 'reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have 'never known any lady who did not think wealth a title to 'stipulations in her favour, and surely what is claimed by the 'possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that 'has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance 'of fortune; and when she cannot show pecuniary merit, why 'should she think her *cheapener* obliged to purchase.'

We may next give some examples of words noticed by Mr. Dyce, but of which his explanations are either imperfect or altogether erroneous. The first, from 'Lear,' is one of the most delicate, significant, and original compound-epithets to be found in Shakspeare. The poor old King, after having been dismissed with a frown by Goneril, comes, in hope of comfort, sympathy, and tender care, to Regan, and in reply to her exclamation at his vehement curses of Goneril that in his rash moods he would curse her as well, says:—

'No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy *tender-hefted* nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

> Against my coming in: thou better knowest
> The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
> Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.'

Nothing could more pathetically express the clinging, passionate desire of the old man for loving reverential tendance than the epithet *tender-hefted.* The sympathetic nature, the tenderness of heart, he yearned for and hoped to find, is expressed in a homely sensuous image founded on the universally accepted law that mind and body harmonise, that the delicate soul is delicately housed, and the finer organisation the index of the gentler mind. *Heft* is a well-known older English word for handle, that which holds or contains, and tender-hefted is simply delicately-housed, daintily-bodied, finely-sheathed. *Heft* was in this way applied proverbially to the body, and Howel has a phrase quoted by Halliwell, which is a good example of its graphic use—'loose 'in the heft,' to designate an ill habit of body, a person of dissipated ways. In this case, instead of upholding the body and guiding it with a firm hand, the mind abandons all control and allows it to become the instrument of sensual gratification, and sink into a slack and rickety condition. Shakspeare's compound is quite in harmony with this popular use of the word *heft*, as well as with current notions of the relation between mind and body, and their radical harmony of nature and function. In the work already quoted from as belonging to Shakspeare's library, one of the interlocutors in the dialogue says, 'Do you not know that this principle is held in philo- 'sophy, Whoso is tender of flesh is apt of mind? Therefore, 'there is no doubt, that women being tenderer of flesh are also 'apter of mind, and of a more inclined wit to musings and 'speculations than men.' *Tender-hefted* is therefore simply tender-bodied, delicately-organised, or, more literally, finely-fleshed. But Mr. Dyce, in common with his predecessors, is ignorant of this meaning. He follows the ruck of commentators in adopting Steevens's far-fetched conjecture, 'Hefted seems 'to mean the same as heaved. Tender-hefted, i.e. whose bosom 'is agitated by tender passions.'

The words in Mr. Dyce's glossary of which the explanation is imperfect are naturally more numerous than those whose explanations are altogether erroneous. From a number of insufficient and unsatisfactory explanations that might be instanced, we may select as illustrations of the class the words *besonian*, *balk*, *lurch*, *hilding*, and *zany*. On *besonian* Mr. Dyce has a long and learned dissertation tracing the origin and use of the term in Italian and Spanish, but after all he makes hardly any approach to the special meaning of the word

as used by Shakspeare. The meanings that Mr. Dyce gives are in order, a beggar, a raw or needy soldier, and more generally a knave or scoundrel; but the drift of the explanation as a whole is to fix attention on the second meaning, that of a needy and disbanded soldier, as the central conception of the word. He quotes with approval from Mr. Bolton Corney an account of the history and etymology of *besonian* supporting this view. Mr. Corney and his authorities are evidently altogether wrong as to the etymology of the word. But however this may be, both Mr. Dyce and Mr. Corney insist on giving the word a sense the very opposite of that in which it is commonly used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. Instead of designating a soldier by the term *besonian* the Elizabethan writers generally use it for a peasant, a rustic, for the low-born and rudely-nurtured as sharply contrasted with the gentle and noble—with all that is cultured, spirited, and generous, and especially with the conditions of courtly and military life. It denotes essentially the clown or churl as opposed to the noble, the courtier, and the soldier. Thus to take the more distinctive of the two instances in which Shakspeare uses the term—the scene in which the swaggering Pistol suddenly appears at Justice Shallow's gate, big with the glorious news that Henry IV. was dead and Prince Hal King:—

'*Davy.* If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John! save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

* * * * *

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings.*]
And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.
Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.
Pist. Why, then, lament, therefore.
Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.
Pist. Under which king, *besonian?* speak or die.
Shal. Under king Harry.
Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?
Shal. Harry the fourth.
Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth.'

Here the term *besonian* is obviously used by Pistol to emphasise Shallow's rustic ignorance, to contrast the humdrum country justice plunged in provincial obscurity, and vegetating on his paternal acres, with the dashing big-worded marshalist fresh from town, with the latest intelligence from the court. Clearly none of the meanings to which Mr. Dyce gives prominence suit the context. Pistol could not mean to suggest that Shallow was either a beggar, a needy soldier, a knave, or a scoundrel. He uses *besonian* simply as a thrasonical phrase of martial contempt for the bucolic mind, an intimation that Shallow, Justice of the Peace though he may be, and 'under the king in some authority,' is after all no better than a peasant. The word is used by Nash, and other contemporary poets and dramatists, in exactly the same sense, to designate the lower class of labourers, boors and rustics. And Markham, a contemporary writer, and a good authority on such a question, gives peasant as the generic meaning of the word. At the outset of his work on the 'English Husbandmen,' he says,—'First, therefore, let every man understand, that this title of 'Husbandman is not tyed onely to the ordinarie tillers of the 'earth, such as we cal husbandmen; in France, peasants; in 'Spaine, *Besonyans,* and generall the clout-shoo: no they are 'creatures of a better creation, for as Adam was the first 'husbandman, so all the sonnes of Adam (even from the crown to 'the collage; how excellent so ever if they be excellent indeed) 'cannot assume a greater, a better, or richer title, than to be a 'good husband.' As an habitual designation of the lowest class of churls and labourers, the term no doubt carried with it a shade of contemptuous meaning, and it was at times not unnaturally applied to those who were low in character as well as those who were low in social position, the abandoned and the criminal, the idler, the thief, and the vagabond, as

well as to the hind and the clown. This meaning attaches to the second case in which Shakspeare uses the word, where Suffolk on the eve of his violent death, says that noble, brave, and illustrious men have often met their death at the hands of the base-born, the ill-conditioned, and the obscure, the term *besonian* being applied to these classes. The primitive meaning of the term, however, is that of peasant, and it is etymologically (*besoin, bisogno*) connected with the hard condition, the chronic poverty and oppression of the agricultural labourer's lot in every country of Europe. That the term should have been applied to raw and needy recruits hastily pressed into the ranks in time of war and as hastily disbanded is natural enough, since having little opportunity for regular training they would be little better than peasants and rustics in spite of their martial uniform and name.

Mr. Dyce can hardly be blamed for not having explained the verb *balk* in the peculiar phrase 'balk logic,' which has perplexed the commentators so much in the 'Taming of the 'Shrew.' He could scarcely have succeeded in such an attempt without devoting more attention to the inquiry than can well be given to single words in the compilation of a voluminous glossary. The verb *balk* is one of the great difficulties of Shakspearian critics, and it has not hitherto, so far as we are aware, received the smallest elucidation beyond a vague and unsupported conjecture as to its probable meaning. Mr. Dyce in fact sums up the net result of all previous criticism in the brief entry: '*balk logic*, according to some chop logic, 'wrangle logically; according to others, give the go-by to logic.' The phrase occurs in the beginning of the play, in the dialogue between Lucentio and Tranio, where the young student, having newly arrived at Padua to pursue 'a course of learning 'and ingenious studies,' asks his servant Tranio to tell him his mind on the subject:

'*Tra. Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en; —
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'

This phrase 'balk logic' has so puzzled the editors that several even of the most critical, being unable to assign any appropriate sense to the verb, have proposed various conjectural emendations, such as *talk, hack, chop.* But the ordinary text is undoubtedly correct. No change whatever is needed, as Shakspeare simply uses a well-established English verb in its primitive, literal, and appropriate sense. The primary meaning of the noun *balk* is separation, from Anglo-Saxon *balca,* a division ridge or furrow, rafter or beam. The word was habitually used in this general sense in Shakspeare's day. In North's 'Plutarch' it is said of Solon for example, 'He 'glorieth and breaketh forth in his verses that he had taken 'away all *bawkes* and marks that separated mens lands through 'the county of Attica, and that now he had set at liberty that 'which before was in bondage.' Again, in the 'Book of 'Homilies' we have, 'marks which of ancient time were laid 'for the division of meres, and *balks* in the fields to bring the 'owners to their right.' In Golding's 'Ovid' the term is applied in a similar sense to the Isthmus of Corinth:

'And now was Thesey pressed,
Unknowne unto his father yet, who by his knightly force
Had set from robbers cleare the *balke* that makes the streight
divorce
Betweene the seas Ionian and Aegean.'

And Cotgrave, following the earlier definition of Palsgrave, gives *separaison* 'a balk or division between two lands.' In early times land would usually be divided either by a ditch or mound, either by a dyke or dividing line cut below the surface, or by a ridge heaped above it, and *balk* accordingly was used to designate both kinds of division; just as *dyke* is still used in different senses in different parts of the country—in the midland and southern counties of England for a dividing trench or gutter, while in the north it is applied to any kind of boundary or enclosure, including hedges and stone walls, 'stone dykes,' as they are called, being common in almost every part of Scotland. Thus Barret, after describing *balk* as 'a ridge 'of land between two furrows, a bank of earth raised or stand'ing up,' gives as the French equivalent *un seillon,* which Cotgrave interprets 'a ridge or a high furrow, also the gutter 'or hollow furrow made by the plough in turning it up.' In this way *balk* is sometimes used by early writers for the

deep rut made by a cart-wheel in passing through miry ways. More usually, however, it denotes the ridge of earth between two furrows. In this sense it is used by Chaucer and Langland, by Spenser and the Elizabethan writers, by descriptive poets of a later date down to a comparatively recent period, and it still exists provincially over a considerable area. Again, in large open fields held by different proprietors *balk* was very naturally applied to the broad strip of sward left in ploughing to divide the separate holdings. On coming to these green *balks*, as they were sometimes called, the plough instead of going straight on would have to turn aside, or be lifted over them, and hence the secondary meaning of *balk*, both noun and verb, as a check or obstacle, something that arrests your course and makes you swerve aside. This secondary signification would, however, in any case, naturally follow from the primitive meaning of the word.

Again, in houses, especially in early times, when they were mainly built of wood, beams and rafters would constitute the chief divisions, and they are accordingly called *balks.* Thus Fletcher in the 'Purple Island,' says,—

> 'This third the merry Diazome we call,
> A border city these two coasts removing,
> Which like a *balk* with his cross-builded wall
> Disparts the terms of anger and of loving.'

In cottages, and also in farm-houses, the lower rooms were frequently not ceiled, and the *balks*, or open beams, were extensively used as cupboards by means of shelves and pegs. And even when ceiled the larger *balks*, or separating beams, were allowed to project below the ceiling for purposes both of strength and convenience. Numerous references to *balk* in this sense occur in our early writers, and indeed in almost every period of our literature. From never having seized the radical meaning of the word, our lexicographers are, however, all at sea with regard to the two meanings of *balk*, as a ridge or furrow, and as a rafter or beam. For the most part they regard them as distinct words, place them under separate heads, and refer them to different roots. In a few cases they attempt to derive the one from the other, and these attempts are sometimes amusing enough. Mr. Wedgewood, after Junius, says for example, 'from the resemblance in shape of 'a balk in a ploughed field the term is applied to a hewn beam.' He might almost as pertinently have said from its resemblance to a gutter or broad path of green sward, for as we have seen *balk* applies to these as well as to a ridge. The truth is of

course that in both cases the word is exactly the same, and carries with it the same notion, expressing respectively a common purpose or end in different and widely dissimilar objects.

From the noun comes the verb to *balk*, to divide, to separate into ridges and furrows. Minshew gives the verb in a sense of making ridges or divisions in the ploughing of land, and in a secondary application it would be used generally for raising into mounds or heaps, as by Shakspeare himself in the First Part of Henry IV. Halliwell again gives an example of the verb employed in its generic and primitive meaning, 'balk 'the way,' as equivalent to divide the crowd, make a path or lane, in a word clear or open the road. *Balk* logic is therefore exactly equivalent to chop logic, meaning divide, separate, distinguish with your companions in a logical manner, according to the forms and rules of logic. Both words chop and balk signalise the processes of definition and division, of sharp analytic distinction, in which the essence of logic consists, and the mental value of which is represented in the saying of Socrates, that if he could find a man able skilfully to divide he would follow his steps and admire him as a god. It may be noted that Spenser uses the verb *balk* twice at least in a sense similar to that of Shakspeare, and the passages in which it occurs have naturally proved a source of considerable trouble and perplexity to the editors. Todd gets over the difficulty by stigmatising the meanings as arbitrary, while other critics attempt to explain them away. It need scarcely be said, however, that there is no real difficulty in the passages, their meaning being clear enough, when the primitive and central signification of the verb is understood.

The verb *lurch* in the peculiar sense it bears in 'Coriolanus' is not of very common occurrence, and well deserves a little special illustration. Mr. Dyce, however, simply quotes from Malone a short account of its meaning and use which seems to us both imperfect and erroneous. The verb occurs in the speech of Cominius in the Capitol celebrating the valiant deeds of Coriolanus:—

'He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He *lurch'd* all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward

Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem.'

Here Malone, after giving from Cotgrave an example of lurch in the sense of purloin, adds 'but in Shakspeare's time to lurch 'meant to win a maiden set at cards,' and he accordingly interprets Shakspeare's employment of the word in the light of this usage, Mr. Dyce approving of the interpretation. But although the noun is found in this technical sense in most European languages, there is no proof that the verb existed in English, nor, if it did, would it suit the context. Shakspeare evidently uses the English verb *lurch* literally to devour eagerly, 'ravin up,' gulp down, and in the secondary sense to seize violently upon, rob, engross, absorb. Both noun and verb were in use among the Elizabethan writers in the sense of seizure, robbery, and it is the more important to illustrate this meaning as the noun is wholly unknown to our lexicographers. An example of its use occurs, however, in the poems prefixed to 'Coryat's Crudities,' where one of the author's friends commemorates his achievements abroad, and amongst others the robbery of a waxen image from the Virgin's shrine in a church at Brixia.

'Briefly for trial of a religious *lurch*
Thou nimbd'st an image out of Brixias church.'

Again, the verb is used more than once, in precisely the same sense, by Warner; and an example or two will sufficiently bring out its special meaning. In reference to the rage of the vulgar wealthy for titles and territorial distinction, he says:—

'Hence citizens with courtiers do so vayne-it for the time,
That with their paper ladders they even stately castles climb,
Then proudly prick the mounted sirs, the heralds are to blame,
Will they, nill they, urging fees to gentilise their name.
Hence country louts *land-lurch* their lords, and courtiers prize the same.'

And again, referring to the grasping ambition of Spain as the nominal champion of the Romish Church:—

'For these, elsewhere, and ever Spayne when Spayne would sceptres *lurch*,
Concludes for Spayne, though ever Spayne begins for Holy Church.'

In the sense of engrossing, of seizing and carrying off with a high hand, *lurch* is also used amongst others by Bacon and Milton. To *lurch* all swords of the garland, means therefore

not only to rob all swords of the garland, but to carry it away from them with an easy and victorious swoop.

Mr. Dyce throws no fresh light on the word *hilding* left by his predecessors in a state of the most uncritical vagueness and obscurity. In dealing with it indeed he falls into much the same kind of mistake as in dealing with *besonian*. As besonian is described generally a knave, a scoundrel, so the whole explanation of *hilding* is, 'a low degenerate wretch, a term applied 'to both sexes.' This, though brief and extreme enough, is in the highest degree unsatisfactory, giving no explanation of the word that might not be hastily gathered from the context by the most careless reader. Instead of a picture of the word's real meaning it is a blot or blur, at most a *silhouette*, the rude and darkened outline of the word's worst meaning without any of its characteristic features or expression. The term is in common use with the Elizabethan writers, and it is no doubt employed with considerable latitude of meaning. But it has nevertheless two leading significations which are closely connected with each other and with the root. *Hilding* comes from the Saxon *healdan*, semi-Saxon *haelden*, to hold, keep, rule, thus meaning originally one who is held or kept, like *hireling* from hire, *starveling* from starve, and many others, the earlier form of the word being *hilderling* or *hildling*. The central idea of the word is thus one of subjection, the *hilding* being essentially one in a state of servitude, a thrall or slave, and this explains the emphasis of degradation and contempt attached to the word. But as there are two contrasted forms or conditions of servitude, so there are two kinds of hildings. The hilding may be a rustic or a menial, may as a dependant subserve the pleasures and minister to the personal gratification, or be engaged on the estate of the superior, may be, that is, in Shakspeare's language, a 'hilding for a livery' or a hind, a churl,—

'Some *hilding* fellow that had stole
The horse he rode on.'

The hilding may thus lead a life of more or less profligate, insolent and pampered idleness, or pass his days in an abject slough of extreme and hopeless toil. As Mr. Dyce says, the term is used of both sexes, but it is in the former sense that it is commonly applied to women, thus carrying with it a sense not only of degradation but disgrace. An illustration of its use in this sense occurs in Mercutio's jesting at Romeo's love-sickness—

'Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love

to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, *hildings* and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.'

And further on in the play old Capulet in his rage at Juliet's obstinacy applies the opprobrious term to her. Again, in the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' the word is applied in angry depreciation to a proud village maiden who flaunted abroad dressed more gaily than her companions, and had virtually disdained them by failing to appear at a rustic gathering. The word was used in the same sense for at least a century later. In Rowe's tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' Gloster at the close of an interview with the unhappy woman, in which he applies other and coarser epithets to her position and past way of life, says to Ratcliff—

> 'This idle toy, this *hilding*, scorns my power
> And sets us all at nought.'

When applied to men, on the other hand, it usually emphasises the sordid characteristics and degrading associations connected with the servile state. As everything generous, spirited, and noble is identified with freedom, so all that is abject, mean, and base is associated with slavery. The term *hilding*, thus sharply contrasts the churl and churlish ways with the opposite state of gentle-birth training and way of life. The term, moreover, not unfrequently expresses low moral qualities as well as hard material conditions. The servile state naturally tends to produce brutish manners, and the slavish mind, and becomes associated with them. In this way we reach Mr. Dyce's solitary description, a 'low degenerate 'wretch.' A serf or rustic slave is thus stigmatised as base, perfidious, cowardly, cold-blooded, and the like. This natural association of qualities is seen in Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy, beginning—

> 'O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I,'

as well as in a number of other passages. The term *hilding* is in fact a compendious embodiment of all that is contained in Hamlet's epithets of self-reproach. The word was not only applied to men but to domestic animals, especially to horses, as from their different conditions of blood and training, they are almost as sharply contrasted as their owners. The sleek and high-mettled barb, the swift and fiery courser, differ as widely from the overwrought drudge of the glebe and mill as the noble from the peasant. The term *hilding* is also applied to animals left to run at large for a time, to colts unbroken and steers not yet fit for the yoke. In this case the idle life and

coarse conditions of the animal, his want of care and tendance, training, and regular occupation, explain and justify the application of the term.

Mr. Dyce's explanation of *zany* is 'a buffoon, a merry-'andrew, a mimic.' This, while true as far as it goes, is, like many of his descriptions, so vague and general as to miss altogether the distinctive meaning of an expressive word used habitually in a precise and technical sense, by some of our greatest writers, especially of the Elizabethan age. But in this he is not singular. In spite of all that has been written by the commentators on Shakspeare's fools and clowns, including Mr. Douce's special dissertation on the subject, no critic has yet explained what *zany* really means, or pointed out the special relevancy of Shakspeare's allusions to the character. The *zany* in Shakspeare's day was not so much a buffoon and mimic, as the obsequious follower of a buffoon, and the attenuated mime of a mimic. He was the vice, servant, or attendant of the professional clown or fool, who, dressed like his master, accompanied him on the stage or in the ring, following his movements, attempting to imitate his tricks, and adding to the general merriment by his ludicrous failures and comic imbecility. It is this characteristic not merely of mimicry, but of weak and abortive mimicry, that gives its distinctive meaning to the word, and colours it with a special tinge of contempt. The professional clown or fool might be clever and accomplished in his business, a skilful tumbler and mountebank, doing what he undertook to do thoroughly and well. But this was never the case with the zany. He was always slight and thin, well-meaning, but comparatively helpless, full of readiness, grimace, and alacrity, but also of incompetence, eagerly trying to imitate his superior, but ending in failure and absurdity. This feature of the early stage has descended to our own times, and may still occasionally be found in all its vigour in the performances of the circus. We have ourselves seen the clown and the zany in the ring together, the clown doing clever tricks, the zany provoking immense laughter by his ludicrous failures in attempting to imitate them. Where there is only a single clown, he often combines both characters, doing skilful tumbling on his own account, and playing the zany to the riders.

The Elizabethan dramatists usually refer to the *zany* in connexion with the clown or fool as Shakspeare himself does. In 'Twelfth Night,' Malvolio, the real fool, envious of the notice the domestic clown attracted, says that he regards those wise men who delight in and encourage fools, as 'no better

'than the fool's zanies,' that is no better than their foils and vices, their imbecile admirers and imitators. From the apish vanity, officiousness, and imbecility attaching to the character of the zany the term is often applied in a secondary and metaphoric sense to the whole tribe of superserviceable triflers, parasites, and fribbles that infest society, and seek to attach themselves to the wealthy and the great by affecting their tastes and ministering to their less worthy amusements. Thus Biron in 'Love's Labour Lost,' when their plan is discovered and frustrated, says—

'I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some *slight zany*,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd—
Told our intents before.'

And Ben Jonson in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' draws an elaborate picture of the social zany:—

'*Maci.* Alas, the poor fantastic! he's scarce known
To my lady there; and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know;
Deride and play upon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate
The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies' pumps,
Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits,
And servilely observing every one
May do them pleasure; fearful to be seen
With any man, though he be ne'er so worthy,
That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.
Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits;
But sets no such a sightly carriage
Upon their vanities, as they themselves;
And therefore they despise him: for indeed
He's like the *zany* to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.'

Often, however, the term zany is used by itself without any direct reference to the clown or fool. But in these cases it still retains its distinctive meaning, carrying with it the notion not only of mimicry, but of apish and abortive mimicry. This usage both of noun and verb might be easily illustrated from the literature of at least two centuries, from Milton, Dryden, and their contemporaries, as well as from the pages of the Elizabethan poets and prose writers.

These examples might easily be multiplied. In going through

Mr. Dyce's glossary we have marked a considerable number of imperfect explanations, and some few defective references. But any notice of these must be left for the present, our space being already exhausted. Some sections of the glossary are moreover altogether weak, such as the explanation of Shakspeare's references to plants and flowers. But for these Mr. Dyce relies for the most part on Mr. Beisly, who has written a special work on the subject, but who, judging from the extracts, cannot be a very safe guide. Mr. Dyce also carries to some excess the questionable plan of illustrating the meaning of important archaic words from later dictionaries instead of from the literature of the time. Apart from these slight drawbacks, the glossary as a whole is exceeding well executed, and will prove most useful to students of Shakspeare. Good as it is, however, what we have said will serve to show that something better may still be produced. Notwithstanding the prolonged and industrious labours of the critics in the wide field of Shakspearian literature, there is still a scantling of valuable grain for gleaners following in the wake of the early reapers who have gathered in the main harvest.

ART. V.—1. *The Alpine Guide.* By JOHN BALL. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1866–1868.

2. *The Alpine Regions of Switzerland and the neighbouring Countries; A Pedestrian's Notes of their Physical Features, Scenery, and Natural History.* By T. G. BONNEY, M.A. 8vo. London: 1868.

3. *Scientific Guide to Switzerland.* By J. R. MORELL. 8vo. London: 1867.

4. *The Valpelline, the Valtournanche, and the Southern Valleys of the Chain of Monte Rosa. From an Actual Survey made in* 1865–6. By A. ADAMS-REILLY. London: 1869.

5. *The Alpine Journal; A Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation by Members of the Alpine Club.* 3 vols. London: 1864–1867.

6. *Die Heilquellen und Kurorte der Schweiz.* Von Dr. MEYER-AHRENS. Zurich: 1867.

7. *Cadore or Titian's Country.* By JOSIAH GILBERT, one of the authors of 'The Dolomite Mountains.' London: 1869.

THE Alpine regions of Switzerland and Savoy have been appropriately styled the playground of Europe. Such, indeed, they now really are, or rather a mountain Palæstra, in

which the strongest and boldest of our young men annually exercise themselves with alpenstocks and Alpine ropes—oftentimes performing hazardous feats for the mere delight of daring, and sometimes hazarding life and limb, without warrant and without appreciable reward. In the midst of the excitement of a fine Alpine season, when hotels are full, parties active and adventurous, guides in continual employment, valley roads traversed by English companies, and the less-frequented tracks dotted over with groups of travelling foreigners of all conditions and ages, and of both sexes, it is curious to remember how recent is all this mountain madness—the creation of about half a century, and a consequence of peace, modern cultivation, and curiosity.

Entire indifference and even aversion to Alpine scenery prevailed for ages. Classical writers allude to the Alps as objects of terror, and even our old English travellers avoided these regions and dreaded them as full of unknown horrors and perils. In 1723, James Scheuchzer, a professor at Zurich, published his 'Itinera Alpina' in four quarto volumes, often bound in one, a work which may now be consulted as curious alike for its ignorance of the regions named, and its exposition of several interesting facts in rural economy and botany, together with some exact observations in topography and physics. The illustrations are often absurdly incorrect and grotesque, but some of the engravings were made at the expense of members of our Royal Society, and, singularly enough, one which represents the Devil's Bridge, is said in the text to be engraved 'sumptibus D. Isaaci Newtoni, equitis aurati. Societatis Regalis 'præsidis.'

When our countrymen Pococke and Windham visited Chamouni, they travelled as if through an enemy's country, and the æsthetic sentiment seems to have first manifested itself in the famous De Saussure, whose 'Travels in the Alps' are well known, and even now are read by lovers of this kind of literature. Although he is generally subdued in tone, yet he occasionally indulges in sentiment and description, and one of the most interesting little books on the Alps is a small volume of selections from his large work which was published at Paris in 1852 under the title of 'Partie pittoresque des ouvrages de 'H. B. de Saussure.' De Saussure's æsthetic emotions appear to have been most excited by his two ascents of the Cramont, that lofty mountain which rises so precipitously above Cormayeur. He declares that the six hours which he spent upon its summit were the happiest six hours of his life; and no one can fail to echo this sentiment who is fortunate enough to enjoy

as many hours of clear view from this almost unsurpassed mountain observatory.

Since the visit of De Saussure to the group of Monte Rosa mountains in 1789, it long remained almost entirely neglected, except by a few natives who partly explored the southern slope. Scarcely ~~twenty-five years~~ ago the Swiss savans Désor, Studer, Agassiz, and Ulrich explored that unknown and unfrequented region. More recently still the adventurous brothers Schlagintweit attained the summits and mapped a part of the range. Their volume and map formed a conspicuous and commendable mark of progress, and may even now be consulted with advantage. To the crowd of tourists this magnificent Alpine group can only be said to have become really known within a very few years; and even now the southern valleys are but rarely explored. The Val Tournanche, indeed, has become a highway for traversers of the Col St. Théodule; but many of the fine adjacent valleys seldom see more than a few stray British tourists in a summer month.

When the late eminent naturalist, Dr. J. D. Forbes, began to explore the High Alps, he in effect took up the unfinished work of De Saussure, and extended it by his careful and important investigations in glacial phenomena. His recent and premature death is much to be deplored, and leads us to pay at least a passing tribute to a philosopher who, though he became engaged in glacial disputes, and was vigorously combated on questions relating to his viscous theory by active and rather unmerciful opponents, nevertheless merited and obtained the gratitude of all Alpine enthusiasts. Dr. Forbes was certainly the Scotch De Saussure, and no one can read his works or follow in his footsteps without delighting to do him honour. He was a valorous pioneer in some mountains and passes which in his day were strange and unknown, but which we now climb with familiar footsteps and with experienced guides. Dr. Forbes's map of the Mer de Glace is a trophy of individual and unaided enterprise, and his name and his labours should never be forgotten. There is a small volume by him on the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa ranges,* which deserves reprinting, with additions of information subsequently obtained, and which would then form a very convenient pedestrian's companion, for it would be fuller and minuter than guidebooks, and if properly edited might embrace many scattered particulars relating to the vicinity of the two western Alpine monarchs.

The Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, Edinburgh, 1855.

The formation of the Alpine Club was the natural result of the great modern irruption of choice and daring spirits into the magnificent regions which have now become familiar to English mountaineers; and that this society should be founded in London, and should consist of British adventurers, was equally natural and reasonable. There are gentlemen in London and in the provinces at this day who are better acquainted with the high Alps than most men born under their shadow; and, as Swiss guides have confessed, the natives would never have climbed the highest peaks or dared the most perilous passes except in company with our countrymen, and fired with their enthusiasm. The very flower of British strength and manhood has disported itself in these exploits; and were it not that Alpine feats have latterly been somewhat vulgarised, our nation would retain its high credit of adventurous superiority even amongst the strong and hardy guides of the Pennine and Oberland Alps. Alpine Clubs in imitation of our own have been founded in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; and the exploits of the Swiss, more especially, rival those of our own countrymen. We think it was in the course of last summer that Professor Tyndall had the good fortune to meet a brother professor from Zurich on the summit of the Matterhorn, which these two learned and adventurous persons had reached by different routes.

Naturally and concurrently with the active and increasing exploration of the Alps by our countrymen, there has sprung up a guide-book literature, which in great part has been a measure of British achievement. As Alpine human guides are entirely a modern invention, so also are guide-books and maps; and it is our present purpose to notice, as indications of Alpine enterprise, some of the best and latest of these publications. Of the human and living guides we need say little, although they form a bold and remarkable class, amongst whom are some notable specimens of daring humanity and thorough trustworthiness. We could name not a few peasants whose Alpine companionship is of the highest value, and whose personal qualities are deserving of all commendation. Such men become almost friends to mountaineers by reason of community of peril and long-tested fidelity. They are the obscure ornaments of mountain humanity. There are some few guides with whom we have trusted, and would cheerfully trust, our lives and our purses. Although amongst this class there are scamps and greedy deceivers, there are also reliable and faithful men, who would do credit to the most exalted station.

The early guide-books to Switzerland were very few and very meagre, and are now only to be noted in Alpine bibliography. Ebel, however, deserves praise as an industrious pioneer, and his manual has formed an unacknowledged platform for later superstructures. His 'Voyage pittoresque dans le Canton des Grisons' is much less known, but is equally commendable for his time. In our day national preference shows itself in the selection of a guide-book for Switzerland. The British tourist generally carries his 'Murray's Handbook,' the Frenchman his 'Joanne,' and the German his 'Baedeker.' Latterly the German takes his choice between 'Baedeker' and 'Berlepsch.' Each of these books has its particular merits, and all of them have much in common. It is amusing to see foreigners comparing their bills with the prices specified for the several inns by the editor of 'Baedeker,' and discovering. by the unwelcome difference between book and bill, that books may be stereotyped, while prices have frequent corrections and additions. Much and varied information on matters of detail is comprised in 'Baedeker,' and also in 'Berlepsch;' but a little guide-book. by Tschudi, is even more remarkable for being a *multum in parvo.* Last year we found a new French 'Diamond Guide,' which is the least of all in size, but by no means the least in merit.

To the great bulk of leisurely and luxurious tourists, 'Murray' or 'Joanne,' or other of the aforesaid volumes, will afford sufficient information; but it became apparent some years ago that a very different work, and with much ampler detail on mountains and mountaineering, was needful for climbers and peak-and-pass pedestrians, who sneer at lowland and valley tourists, and whose hopes and haunts are above the snow-line. Mr. John Ball, the first president of the Alpine Club, and himself an ardent mountaineer, conceived the idea of forming and publishing such a guide-book, and was promised the assistance of his old friends and of the new aspirants for Alpine honours. With praiseworthy industry and unfailing perseverance he has now brought his task to a successful termination, and has recently issued the third and concluding volume of a work which. although mainly a mountaineer's guide, merits a warmer welcome from Alpine travellers, and even mere valley tourists, than it has yet received. We have ourselves so frequently made it our companion, and have so often read the pages of the first two volumes on wet days in lonely inns, that we are prompted to commend it to public attention, alike from experiment and Alpine gratitude. This duty we also discharge the more readily since we know that Mr. Ball has persevered in his

labour of love under many discouragements and during bodily illness.

Mr. Ball's guide is, in some respects, to be regarded as that of the Alpine Club, since, although he has acted as the superintending editor and compiler of all available materials, he has been materially aided by many of the more enterprising and experienced English mountaineers who either are members of the Club or its friends. The distinguishing features of this publication are that it comprises a brief and orderly arrangement of nearly all that, up to its date, has been successfully performed in the high Alps by the best and boldest explorers; and a careful and conscientious supervision of the several communications addressed to Mr. Ball has rendered the work additionally complete. Space fails us to follow in minute detail the many excellent characteristics of the three volumes before us; but we may note a few things which have occurred to our mind when holding the first or second in our hands in some of the mountains and valleys which they describe.

The first volume embraces the Western Alps, and, commencing with the Maritime Alps, proceeds to a description of the Dauphiné Alps, which at present are little visited, by reason of the lack of any kind of decent accommodation for travellers. A man must indeed have an ardent passion for mountaineering who can endure the discomfort, the starvation, and the vermin which pedestrians amongst those mountains have up to this time encountered. Many grand scenes are to be witnessed from roadside inns; but a thorough exploration of the Dauphiné range will in all probability be the entertainment of the next generation. Qualified guides may then spring up, decent inns may be built, and some infallible insecticide powder may be discovered which shall be as proof to vermin as our armour-plated ships profess to be to an enemy's guns.

The Pennine range of mountains, which comprehends Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, is well described in this first volume, and yet not exhaustively, nor could it be so described without allotting disproportionate space to favourite and famous localities. Mr. Ball always preserves his proportions, even at the cost of a mountaineer's tastes. How small, for instance, is the space he has given to that most delightful and impressive of Alpine haunts—Cormayeur! In a few columns he dismisses the whole of that grand region! If Cormayeur were readily accessible to our countrymen, which it certainly is not, it would speedily divide mountain honours with Chamouni, to which it is in Mr. Ball's, as well as in our opinion, decidedly superior. The town or village is a nonentity, but

the walks in the Allée Blanche for miles in each direction, the views from the Cramont, the Col de Chécruit, the Mont de la Saxe, and from other heights towards the St. Bernard, are wonderfully fine, while the grand prospect from the summit ridge of the Col du Géant when seen at daybreak, as we have seen it, is grand beyond verbal expression. Then even for mere valley pedestrians there are exquisite combinations of dark rock and vegetable verdure, together with the supereminent snows of Mont Blanc, to be seen from Pré St. Didier. Hardly one in a thousand of the annual visitors to Chamouni dreams of crossing by the Col du Géant, or going round to Cormayeur on the other side; and that beautiful vicinity is at present chiefly frequented by Italian valetudinarians for the sake of the mineral waters. 'Ah!' exclaimed a Turinese invalid doctor to an Englishman who two years ago was descending from the Cramont, on the summit of which he had spent some hours, 'what would I give for your legs of iron! 'No Italian would dream of following you as you scaled 'the apparently inaccessible side of the Cramont from Cor- 'mayeur this morning. Ah for your legs of iron!'

Whether we take up this volume at Aosta, on the Italian side of Monte Rosa, or at Zermatt, on the Swiss side; when again we open it at the St. Bernard or the Evolena district on the one side, or at Macugnaga and the Val Anzasca in the opposite direction, we at once perceive a fulness of information which displays considerable personal knowledge as well as careful compilation. In the last-named quarter Mr. Ball once allows himself to express unwonted enthusiasm. Referring to the astonishing scene beheld towards the head of the Macugnaga Glacier, he says: 'The usual limit of the excursion is near 'to a waterfall, fed by the snowslopes that cling here and there 'to the face of the precipice, which disappears in a chasm 'in the ice. The monotonous roar of the cataract is broken 'from time to time by the thunder of avalanches. Language 'is incompetent to give any idea of the grandeur of the 'scene.' *

And he is quite justified in this expression. We beheld the same view last summer, and despite of those veiling mists which so persistently haunt the Italian side of Monte Rosa, we were occasionally permitted to gaze on that enormous series of ice-precipices with admiration and awe. It is truly a scene which language is totally inadequate to depict—even pictorial art must fail under it. The only way is to see it and be silent.

* Western Alps, p. 339.

If seen in solitude, excepting only the presence of a guide, no man having a receptive and reflective capacity will ever forget it. It would be foolish to compare it with the similar view of Mont Blanc from the Allée Blanche. Both are so unspeakably grand that comparison is defied, and natural rivalry is impossible. Nevertheless, not so much for grandeur as for picturesque effect, the view of the precipices of Monte Rosa from the inn at Ponte Grande, about half-way down the Val Anzasca, beheld at sunrise on any clear morning, is more artistically pleasing, and perhaps it is hardly to be matched in the world.

It is surprising that British tourists do not more fully and frequently explore this unsurpassed Alpine district, where we have Italian verdure alternating with Swiss grandeur. Crossing by a high ridge from Ponte Grande to Fobello, we are charmed with the near scenery of one of the most beautiful mountain nooks even in this beautiful country, and a bold inscription on the side of a rough house assures us that it is the 'Albergo d'Italia' and 'Italy's Hotel.' Here the peasants wear the most graceful costume we have ever seen among the poor; here are secluded lateral valleys with little streams and scanty runnels, around which cluster abundant ferns; here are picturesque old churches perched upon high wooded clumps, and sometimes flanked by a Calvary—that is, a series of Stations of the Cross—running along smooth bright green swarded mountain slopes; and yonder, in the fields in due season, are the gracefully-costumed women making hay under a scorching sun, who, if some good-humoured English pedestrian sings to them a homely song, will laugh aloud with simple glee, and demand an *encore*. Here, in short, is a favoured spot where eye and heart are gladdened. To crown all, walk slowly down the Val Mastalone to Varallo, and then say if ever mountain river was more like liquid beryl; if ever translucent stream was more richly tinted; if rocks were ever more impressively and menacingly piled than in the gorge of La Gula; say, indeed, if this walk can be matched in any mountain country.

For making the tour round Monte Rosa the pedestrian will find a good compendium of directions in this volume. The course by the so-called Middle Passes is very interesting, and can be traversed without difficulty. At Alagna, where there is a good and pleasant mountain inn, a halt of some days might be made with advantage. The pass to Gressonay, by the Col d'Ollen, though long and laborious, is well worth taking, and the view from a rock named the Gemstein, which lies within

an hour's climb from the summit of the pass, is not likely to be forgotten by anyone who obtains it. After the exquisite pictures which the tourist may have enjoyed in the winding Italian valleys in coming hither from Varallo, he will be struck with the great contrast, and the exchange of soft lowland beauty and sweeping streams for vast and bare or snowy mountains. In proceeding from Gressonay to Zermatt, he may end his first day of seven hours' travel at the little inn newly opened at Fiéry, and from thence he may the next morning make for the Col de St. Théodule, by the Cimes Blanches, by which approach, though it is much harder than that from Breuil, he will enjoy far grander views.

All the guide-books are necessarily deficient respecting the recent successful attempts to ascend the famous Matterhorn. Three days after the fatal accident to Mr. Whymper's party on July 15, 1865, four men from the Val Tournanche, availing themselves of a rope left by Dr. Tyndall, and detecting a ledge which he had not observed, accomplished the ascent from Breuil on the Italian side. Subsequently trials were made, and it was found that by erecting a hut on that side of the mountain, and sleeping there a night, the remainder of the ascent may be performed the next morning in favourable weather without considerable risk. In difficult places ropes have been fixed by iron stanchions to afford hand-holding to climbers, and thus a hazardous course has been rendered comparatively practicable, and certainly more safe. The dwellers and guides on the Zermatt side now felt the impulse of jealousy and the fear of rivalry; whereupon M. Seiler, the enterprising innkeeper at Zermatt, who is now literally the monarch of all the hotels he surveys from his village, erected a hut on a ledge of the mountain on his side, and the particularly dangerous slope having been rendered less perilous by a rope attached to holdfasts, the ascent from Zermatt became practicable for experienced mountaineers. It is at present, and will for some years continue to be, the popular Alpine feat for ardent climbers. Last September we learnt that of this famous mountain eight or nine successful ascents had been made, and that Dr. Tyndall had arrived at the summit of his Alpine aspirations by reaching the summit of the Matterhorn, and by crossing the mountain from the Italian to the Zermatt side. While we stood at its base in traversing the St. Théodule Pass, we discovered three or four black moving specks on the lofty rocks, and, as we subsequently ascertained, these were an English party making the ascent. Having conversed with one of these gentlemen on his return, we learnt

that the second day's climb is exceedingly difficult, though not dangerous to experts in good training. None but experts should attempt the ascent, otherwise this mountain will again acquire a melancholy celebrity. From all our inquiries we inferred that the ascent from Zermatt is the easier and the finer. Whether the success is worth the risk and toil, the volunteers must judge for themselves. Our reply would be a decided negative, for the bitter cold north wind which often sweeps the summit is beyond human endurance for any length of time; and as our informant could only remain there from ten to fifteen minutes, and even during that brief period was pierced through with cold, it is difficult to discover the compensation for two days' toil and exposure, and a not trifling outlay for guides and accessories. Many moderate heights afford far more tempting views, and permit far easier and longer contemplation. In truth, the view of the Matterhorn itself from many points in its vicinity must rival any view to be gained from its summit, where its own magnitude is beneath the feet, and every wise tourist will prefer to go round it with pleasure and at leisure than up it with pain and difficulty. The partial ascent of this mountain so high as the huts may indeed prove a popular excursion; and we are told that from the hut on the Italian side there is a very fine and extensive view.

Now that the railway down the Rhone Valley has been extended from Sion to Sierre, it is to be hoped that pedestrians will more frequently visit, from the latter town, the neighbouring Val d'Anniviers, which has been strangely neglected. When we were attracted by Mr. Ball's eulogy * to explore it, and carried his volume with us, we were deeply impressed with the grandeur of the views at the head of that valley. He affords particulars which we have verified, though declining both the arduous passes over the lofty ridges to Zermatt on the other side. All, however, who climb to the Arpitetta Alp, to the Alp de la Lée, or with far more toil manage to mount the isolated peak named Diablons, will admit that they have been richly rewarded, if only they see the views and are not starved at the little inn where we some years ago slept in a box and fared like the Prodigal Son in a far country. In returning down

---

* 'Very few valleys in the Alps can boast such beautiful and 'varied scenery as the Val d'Anniviers (Germ. *Einfisch Thal*), or 'offer passes so singular and so grand as those leading thence to 'Zermatt.' And again: 'There are few finer defiles in the Alps than that through which the Navisanche has cut its way to join the Rhone.' (*Western Alps*, p. 295.)

the valley let the pedestrian diverge to St. Luc, and after sleeping at the comfortable little inn there, early mount to the Bella Tola, upon which easily-accessible ridge we hope he may be so fortunate as to have a clear sky for the enjoyment of a remarkable panorama. Either from Zinal or St. Luc the pedestrian can make several fine excursions.

Here we diverge for one moment to commend to the notice of tourists the two excellent maps respectively of the chain of Mont Blanc and of the southern valleys of the chain of Monte Rosa lately published by Mr. Adams-Reilly. With reference to the chain of Mont Blanc it was strange that it should be the most frequently visited and at the same time nearly the worst mapped range in the Alps. 'No district,' says Mr. Reilly, 'has been more worried by all sorts and 'conditions of men from De Saussure to Albert Smith, actuated 'by all sorts and conditions of motives, from gaining health to 'gathering infusoria. Yet the maps of this district have up 'to the present time stood pre-eminently forth as untrust-'worthy, and contradicted each other on most points in a 'direct, not to say vituperative manner.' We have now the accurate map of Mr. Reilly, and one rather more showy, and we believe equally accurate, by the French Survey. What the French Survey did officially Mr. Reilly performed privately, and as an amateur orographer. He brought his theodolite and determined the position of about two hundred points, with a degree of accuracy, which, as Mr. Ball observes, appears marvellous, when the difficulty of the undertaking is considered, and when it is remembered that the only reliable materials previously existing were the excellent map of the Mer de Glace made by Principal Forbes, and the small portion of the range lying in Swiss territory, and included in one of the sheets of the Federal Map. We must refrain from further details, and will only add that Mr. Reilly's coloured map of the Chain of Mont Blanc from his own actual survey in 1863 4, is a work of which he may justifiably be proud, and for which the glacier-loving pedestrian ought to be deeply grateful.

The same may be said of his very recent map, from his own actual survey, of the Valpelline, the Val Tournanche, and the southern valleys of the chain of Monte Rosa, and it will be specially serviceable for the Valpelline, hitherto unknown to all but a few hardy adventurers. This valley contains, according to Mr. Ball, scenery of the first order; but nearly all tourists have been deterred from exploring it by reason of the lack of inns and indeed of any decent accommodation and sus-

tenance. One or two curés receive wayfarers; but all men who have had the misfortune to accept and pay for their hospitality in remote valleys must have saddening recollections of their suppers. It is to be hoped that all these good ecclesiastics will die in the odour of sanctity, as certainly they do not live in that of cleanliness. Three toilsome days up a foodless and friendless valley are scarcely compensated by grand scenery and ecclesiastical hospitality, the bread being as hard and the parsonages as bare as the mountains themselves.

In his second volume, entitled 'The Central Alps,' Mr. Ball describes for the most part much more familiar ground than in the main portions of his first. It comprehends the much-visited Bernese Oberland and all Switzerland excepting the neighbourhood of Monte Rosa and the Great St. Bernard, with Lombardy and the adjoining portion of Tyrol. So far as we have tested it, we have found it to be a well-arranged digest of existing knowledge. Although the country included is too vast and varied for one volume, the pedestrian will discover in this book much detail which he would not have expected; and it will indicate rambles and passes of which, unless an Alpine man, he may be quite ignorant. How many, for example, visit Lauterbrunnen without exploring or even conceiving of the grand scenery along and at the head of the deep trench which forms that many-streamed valley. Only walk for a few hours to the foot of the Schmadribach waterfall, and up to the hut on the Steinberg Alp, and you obtain a wonderful amphitheatric expanse of brown and red rock rising right up to the summit of the Jungfrau. Here is its rock-side, and its snowless aspect; and here Mr. Ball describes, from a German mountaineer, the particular summits and ranges. This generally unknown and imposing view from the Steinberg Alp alone is worth a pilgrimage from London.

Of the less familiar but desirable resorts adverted to in this volume, the Upper Engadine, in the Canton Grisons, in the east of Switzerland, is at present the most noteworthy. The medicinal virtues of the celebrated springs bubbling up at St. Moritz have been known in part even from the time of Paracelsus; and it is probable that the continually augmenting numbers who frequent St. Moritz and drink its pleasant and curative waters, have directed attention to the imposing scenery of the adjoining Bernina mountains. During recent years tourists have flocked to Samaden and to Pontresina—the latter lying in the heart of grand glacial regions—not as valetudinarians, but as excursionists and mountaineers. Artists and photographers have followed, and views in the Engadine are

now acceptable in London exhibitions of pictures. Hence many have felt a curiosity to visit and explore this newly-known Alpine locality; and so soon as medical men recommended its very bracing air, the combination of a highly tonic climate with a singularly impressive range of snow peaks rendered Pontresina too popular for its existing measure of accommodation. Mine host of the Krone, the principal though poor inn of Pontresina, suddenly discovered that dozens of English people desired his quarters, and Herr Gradig, at no time too courteous, was filled with a sense of his own importance and of the supreme attractions of Pontresina. A fortnight at his house has convinced us that his self-estimate is fallacious, while his opinion of the neighbourhood is well-founded. Herr Gradig is too prudent to scale peaks and traverse glaciers, but there is no better local habitation than his for those who do.

Mr. Ball is not too detailed upon the Engadine, and there remains to be learned much which is not in his pages. A little German book by Lechner * is the best local guide; but an ample and accurate account of the entire district is still a desideratum. Alpine journals, English and foreign, contain papers which should be methodised and collected in a portable volume. Mrs. Freshfield likewise has published a pleasing volume on this district.† Here we only briefly note a few particulars from personal recollection.

The frequented and inhabited valleys are so high above the sea-level that the visitor is already on a platform of from five to six thousand feet even in his inn. Hence he starts from a 'coign of vantage' for ascents, and is invigorated by sleeping in the purest and keenest air. He must not be surprised to see snow falling in the middle of July, or to experience a cutting blast after sunset which would do no discredit to December in Britain. We have been well-nigh chilled to death on an August evening while gazing at the Norwegian-looking lake

---

* Ernst Lechner's 'Piz Languard und die Bernina-Gruppe bei 'Pontresina, Ober-Engadin,' Leipzig, 1828. This contains a correct small outline sketch of the mountains seen from the Piz Languard, of which the similar panoramic view in Mr. Ball's volume appears to be an enlarged copy. Baedeker has a more detailed and numerously named panorama. One taken from Georgy's unfinished picture is sold in the locality and is the best. The first account of St. Moritz which drew public attention to its waters was published some years ago, in the 'Bibliothèque Universelle' of Geneva, by Mr. John Binet, himself a veteran mountaineer.

† A Summer Tour in the Grisons and Italian Valleys of the Bernina, 8vo., 1862.

of St. Moritz, from the village of the same name, which itself stands at an elevation of six thousand feet above the sea.

From this explanation it will be at once understood that mountaineering in this region becomes comparatively facile in relation to some particular summits. The finest and the most accessible of all the famous views is that from the Piz Languard, and it is hard to refrain from enthusiasm in adverting to it. From this summit of 10,715 feet above the sea-level, if one has but a cloudless sky—an exceptional advantage which we enjoyed in two ascents—spreads out to the eye certainly one of the most extended, if not actually the most comprehensive, circle of snow mountains to be seen from any one Alpine observatory of equal altitude. The distinguishing feature of this view is the multitude of snow-crowned summits on all sides, rather than the massiveness of many on one side, although it includes the imposing Bernina range. Every kind and shape of mountain seems to rise up and roll away into dim distance and indistinct azure. A whole day would be too brief to count and identify the several peaks, and the two or three hours of clear morning sky ordinarily permitted seem to fly away like minutes. A vast and varied relief mountain map is perhaps the best verbal description of the view. If all the world's icy kingdoms and the glories thereof were to be imagined as visible from one pinnacle, assuredly the Languard would be its nearest representative. From the tops of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa we embrace a far larger circle, but from neither one a panorama so distinct and so appreciable in details as that from the Languard. Its altitude is sufficient to command a vast view, but not so extreme as to dwarf the visible mountains. Every candid mountaineer will confess that a height of about ten thousand feet is best adapted to a panoramic view. We may see more from a greater altitude, but we distinguish less definitely.

Pontresina, or Samaden, the latter having a capital inn, is the spot we should specially commend to tourists of moderate physical ability who desire new and grand Alpine views from points of ordinarily possible attainment. Some visitors, indeed, regard it with particular and perhaps overweening partiality; yet its future wide popularity may be safely prophesied. Not its least attractions are its remarkably invigorating air, and the old Valtelline wine there to be drunk. Some will delight themselves in its rich flora; and the little green-shuttered windows of several of the natives of these villages or towns are filled with bright flowers. Those who desire ice-work without danger may easily walk over a great portion of the Morteratsch

glacier, towards the head of which a very grand near view of the Bernina mountains is obtained. Near the foot of the glacier is one of the most beautiful of waterfalls; while from the road-side, amidst rocks and firs, a view up the glacier is gained which never fails to elicit enthusiastic admiration. The easy walk up the fine Roseg valley presents striking wood and rock views, with a beautiful termination of glaciers; while athletic mountaineers have before them excursions including every degree of difficulty up to the ascent of the highest peak of the Bernina, a height of 13,294 feet, which is of difficult and laborious attainment. The Piz Morteratsch, which is 12,316 feet, is a safe and comparatively not difficult expedition, while the view is probably nearly as impressive as that from the highest peak. The chief discouragement to mountaineers in this range is the high tariff of the guides, and their equally high self-esteem, which is not shared by all who employ them.

All around the country we are now referring to lies a wide region with almost a legion of baths and mineral springs. Nearly every kind of medicinal water may be drunk at one attainable place or other; and there is no ill to which flesh is heir which the several waters are not qualified to cure, according to their several patrons and proprietors. The motley European annual assembly of invalids at St. Moritz is in itself a sight, and a glass or two of the waters is a very pleasant morning draught even to healthy persons. If any of our readers be out of heart and out of hope, but not out of patience with mankind, let them take our advice and their own portmanteaus to Zurich, and thence to Coire, and at that ancient city engage places in the next morning's 'diligence' to Samaden or St. Moritz. They will afterwards certainly thank us, if not the waters, and they will likewise thank Mr. Ball for his general indications of places, and peaks, and passes in this volume.

We all have our particular scenic as well as æsthetic predilections, and hence we are cautious in expressing our own sentiments in behalf of others. Mr. Ball is evidently similarly impressed, and is therefore self-restrained in his commendation of the Adamello district, containing a remarkable mountain group which we have seen from the Piz Languard, and which is often erroneously pointed out as the Orteler Spitze. 'If,' says Mr. Ball in speaking of this group, 'the writer is not misled by per-
'sonal predilection, the portion of the Alps now to be described
'is one of those most abounding in attractions. The peaks do
'not rival the greater giants of the Alps, but they rise out of
'low valleys, so that their relative height is very great. The
'scenery of Val Rendena is pre-eminent for the charm of

'variety.' But, in truth, the possible Alpine discoveries and consequent delights in these quarters are well-nigh innumerable. In the Rhætian Alps, and particularly in the Orteler district, a month may be pleasantly spent. The Stelvio Pass and the scenes around Trafoi are grand enough for any tourist, while at Santa Catarina we find the Zermatt of the Rhætian Alps in most respects, excepting always its majestic Matterhorn and its large hotels. Let the tourist desirous of an unexplored region read Mr. Ball's notes on Santa Catarina, and especially let him provide himself with Mr. Tuckett's elaborate and useful 'Contributions to the Topography of the Orteler 'and Lombard Alps,' forming a paper in the 'Alpine Journal' of December 1864, and he will be well qualified to start for fresh vales and mountains new. The outline sketches of mountains drawn by Mr. Tuckett are most serviceable orographical guides, and some of the best we have seen, though unpretending and nearly unknown. This gentleman's narrative of explorations is instructive to mountaineers and entertaining to all who have like tastes though not equal hardihood. The panorama of the Orteler group as seen from the summit of Monte Confinale near Santa Catarina, must surely be worth a patient and persistent effort to behold. Messrs. Ball, Tyndall, and Tuckett are all agreed in highly commending this region and the Confinale panorama. While few peaks of equal elevation are less difficult of access, its attractions as a point of view are pronounced to be second to none. Of Santa Catarina Mr. Ball observes:—'The position of this place, in the centre of a 'semicircle of snowy peaks that extend fully twenty-five miles 'from the Stelvio round to the Tonale Pass, is most attractive 'to the mountaineer, and the scenery, in the writer's opinion, 'decidedly superior to that of any place in the Engadine. The 'accommodation is simple and rather rough, but the house is 'clean, the food sufficient, and the charges reasonable.'

Mr. Ball's third and bulkiest volume forms 'A Guide to the 'Eastern Alps,' and is probably that one of the three which, although Germans have explored much of the ground, contains most of his own work and wanderings. One sentence from the preface sufficiently betokens his pains. Apologising for the long-delayed appearance of this concluding volume, the author says: —'The latter portion has been completed in the midst of almost 'incessant bodily suffering. No other consideration than the 'sense of a virtual engagement contracted towards those who 'have lent him help in the prosecution of the work would 'have induced him to persevere to the present time.' His grateful acknowledgments to one equally generous and adven-

turous friend is thus worded:—' To the eminent mountaineer, ' Mr. F. F. Tuckett, whose extensive knowledge and unfailing ' kindness have so often come to the assistance of the writer ' throughout the progress of this work, he cannot adequately ' convey his thanks.' In truth, amongst the ardent though often rash gentlemen who form the English Alpine Club, and likewise amongst many English mountaineers who do not belong to it, will be found a spirit of brotherly love and kindness and mutual helpfulness which are quite as worthy of commendation as their unsurpassed enterprise and hardihood. But for such men as these the Western, Central, and Eastern Alps would still have been mainly unknown; and certainly but for their example the Swiss, the Austrian, and the Italian-Austrian Clubs would not have been established. All these foreign clubs are now doing good work, though slowly and by piecemeal. We hope that they all acknowledge the true source of their original inspiration and their model.

The volume on the Eastern Alps describes the Suabian and Salzburg Alps, those of the Central Tyrol, the Styrian, and the South Tyrol, and Venetian Alps, including the Cadore district, which was Titian's country, and the South-eastern Alps. It is manifest that this is a guide for a class very different from common excursionists. Its perusal brings to view the same valuable characteristics as appear in the preceding volumes; and it cannot be doubted that the author will be found as trustworthy here as in more familiar regions. That portion of this volume which relates to the Dolomite Alps the tourists in those regions will probably accept as their guide; and they will find it sufficiently detailed for a passing visit. Beautiful mountain scenery is to be found in the Carnic Alps; but the general British feeling in relation to these remoter districts is—why go so far to behold views less imposing than those found in the Western and Central Alps? Thoroughly to explore these will occupy the summers of half if not a whole lifetime, at least in the brief periods of leisure allowed by our modern busy and self-consuming life. One who, like Mr. Ball, is privileged to pass the greater portion of his time amongst such places, may well penetrate into all valleys and climb many peaks; and it is well that he should faithfully record what he and equally privileged friends have seen and noted.

In laying down his volumes let us add that they possess several minor advantages which intelligent tourists will appreciate. Each volume has good, though small, mountain district maps carefully reduced, as well as one or two panoramic views

from favourable summits. In all the indices to Mountains and Passes the respective heights are added to the names, as well as in the text referred to. As an accomplished botanist, Mr. Ball has generally appended the names of the rarer plants to each locality where they grow, though botanists cannot always find them there. He also includes brief geological and mineralogical indications, and presents a very good geological map in each volume. On the whole, we cannot but admire his conscientious fidelity, his exemplary industry, and his perseverance amidst delays and difficulties to the end of an undertaking which must honourably preserve his name amongst existing and future Alpine adventurers. An enthusiastic love of the Alps is to many inexplicable, and therefore incommunicable; yet every reader of these volumes will discern in them the application of those high mental qualities which alone can impel men through arduous careers. Even those who never dream of bestriding a peak or traversing a pass may do well to possess this publication—the most complete, and at the same time compendious, work of Alpine reference in our language.

In connexion with these volumes we ought to bestow a passing word of praise on the great Federal Map of Switzerland,* now completed in twenty-five sheets or sections under the superintendence of General Dufour. Duly estimating the great labour and skill expended in its construction, it must be pronounced a most important and successful national work, and perhaps the most accurate and best executed of mountain maps. We have no sympathy with climbing mountains against time, or perilling life for a name; but great absurdities have been perpetrated at home as well as in the Alps, and the fitful follies of buoyant youth and strength must not be charged upon an ennobling and invigorating relaxation.

'I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias,'

might be said to some of these adventurers. But such men as Mr. Ball, and his principal friends, must not be classed with a crowd of thoughtless aspirants for mountain honours. The true, grave, and scientific Alpine men have enlarged our range of activity and research; have extended and illustrated the virtues of self-denying naturalists like De Saussure; have widened the horizon of our natural knowledge, and have opened to us pathways to regions where we may indulge the highest and most reverent emotions of which human nature is susceptible.

---

* Topographischer Atlas der Schweiz. $\frac{1}{100000}$. 25 Blätter.

The most accessible and well-known Alpine centres are now rapidly becoming the haunts of ticket-of-leave travellers and joint-stock excursionists. To such persons the class of men alluded to above cherish a natural and not unwarrantable aversion. For this evil there is an easy and ready remedy. Go to the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa, or the remote valleys of the Central or Eastern Alps. It is sometimes supposed that the valleys of Monte Rosa are inferior in scenic attractions, but listen to Mr. Ball:—'It is the opinion of many of the most 'competent judges that for grandeur, beauty, and variety 'the valleys descending from Monte Rosa are entitled to pre-'eminence over every other portion of the Alps, and perhaps if 'we regard the union of these three elements, over every other 'mountain region in the world.' These will not be vulgarised for some generations to come; and in them Mr. Ball's books will prove excellent companions.

Finally, we remark respecting the other books named at the head of this article, that Mr. Bonney has presented us with an agreeable Alpine miscellany, characterised by the genuine mountain fervour; and that Mr. Morell has reduced into a moderate volume the results of some reading and compilation from Alpine authorities and originals. Those who would combine a course of mineral waters or baths with the air and exercise of the Alps cannot do better than consult the elaborate and exhaustive volume of Dr. Meyer-Ahrens on the waters of Switzerland. In that varied region almost every variety of cold and thermal spring, and of the chemical combinations of water, may be found; and as the Swiss bathing-places enjoy advantages of climate rarely possessed by sources at a much lower level, they exercise a very favourable influence on the animal economy, and they deserve to be more frequented than they are at present by British travellers and invalids.

Just as we are concluding the revision of these lines, we receive a very agreeable addition to Mr. Gilbert's former volume on the 'Dolomite Mountains,' in the shape of an illustrated account of 'Titian's Country, Cadore.' It was here, in the bosom of the Carnic Alps, that the glorious landscape painting of the Venetian school sprang to life; and the Alpine explorer who may aim at the ascent of the Antelao, the Pelmo, or the Civita, will find in the valleys which skirt these sierras traces of one of the most interesting periods of Italian art. Mr. Gilbert has done great justice to this region of the Alps, which he and his friends may be said to have discovered; but Mr. Ball is the only Englishman who has achieved the ascent of the highest dolomite ridges Titian painted.

ART. VI.—*Molecular and Microscopic Science.* By MARY SOMERVILLE, author of 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' 'Physical Geography,' 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' &c. Two volumes. London: 1869.

THE world is not unfrequently called upon to admire the keen interest and powerful grasp which veterans foremost in the ranks of science retain in their various pursuits up to the latest moments of an advanced age. It is, however, we believe, a case without a parallel in the annals of science that a lady in her eightieth year should publish a work containing a complete review of some of the most recent and abstruse researches of modern science, describing not only the discoveries in physics and chemistry, but especially the revelations of the microscope in the vegetable and animal worlds. Before many distinguished cultivators of the sciences she loves so well were born, Mrs. Somerville had taken a place amongst original investigators of nature, as in 1826 she presented to the Royal Society a paper on the magnetising power of the more refrangible solar rays. This communication is printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and led to much discussion on a difficult point of experimental inquiry, which was only set at rest some years later by the researches of Riess and Moser, two distinguished German electricians, in which the action upon the magnetic needle was shown not to have been caused by the violet rays. In 1832 she published her 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' and in 1834 she became still more widely known by the appearance of her 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' and the 'Physical Geography.' These works have passed through many editions, and have been translated into several foreign languages; whilst in this country her services to geographical science have been recognised by the award of the Victoria medal for 1869 of the Royal Geographical Society. In the work under review, the gift of lucid description, so characteristic of the distinguished authoress of the 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' is as conspicuous as ever; but that which most forcibly strikes the reader of these pages is the extraordinary power of mental assimilation of scientific facts and theories which Mrs. Somerville displays.

She first gives us a clear account of the most recent discoveries in inorganic chemistry in the elementary condition of matter, and tells us of the latest researches on the synthesis of organic carbon compounds. She then leads us on to the relations of polarisation of light to crystalline form, and, quitting

the subject of molecular physics with an account of the phenomena of spectrum analysis as applied to the stars and nebulæ, she begins the consideration of the microscopic structure of the vegetable world, and passing in review the whole of the organisms from algæ to exogenous plants, she lands us (in the second volume) amongst the functions of the animal frame, and describes the morphology of the various groups of animals, from the protozoa to the mollusc.

In thus traversing this immense field of modern scientific inquiry, Mrs. Somerville does not attempt to generalise, much less to bring forward any original observations of her own; but, as she modestly states in her preface, 'the microscopic 'investigation of organic and inorganic matter being so peculiarly characteristic of the actual state of science, the authoress 'has ventured to give a sketch of some of the most prominent 'discoveries in the life and structure of the lower vegetable 'and marine animals, in addition to a few of those regarding 'inert matter.' In fact, she does not presume to describe the 'cosmos,' but simply aims to give in clear language some of the most interesting results of recent investigation. It is not, therefore, surprising that the opening chapters especially have a fragmentary character, or that we feel the want of a distinct vein of connected thought running through the earlier portions of the book.

In any work which attempts to do more than this, which is intended to give to the uninitiated an idea of the principles of modern science, and of the direction which it is pursuing, the first essential is a clear statement of the great law of the *conservation of energy.* This is the keystone upon which the structure of our modern science rests; it is the solid point round which our whole system crystallises. If we have once clearly grasped the meaning of this universal principle we have gained an insight into the working of nature's laws far wider and deeper than we can attain by the most detailed study of the phenomena of polarisation of light or the microscopic structure of the whole family of foraminifera; for this law is obeyed by the planets in their orbits, it holds good for the most minute chemical change, and even applies to the vital action of plants and animals.

Mrs. Somerville does not place this principle so prominently in the foreground of her work as might be advisable; and before we attempt to follow her in the detail of the economy of nature, let us present our readers with her expositions of this law found in various portions of her pages. In the first chapter on the elementary constitution of matter, Mrs. Somer-

ville very aptly quotes as follows from the two great masters —Faraday and Helmholtz—as to this law of the conservation of energy—'A principle,' says Faraday, 'which is in physics as 'large and sure as that of the indestructibility of matter or 'the invariability of gravity. No hypothesis should be ad-'mitted, nor any assertion of a fact credited, that denies this 'principle. No view should be inconsistent or incompatible 'with it. Many of our hypotheses in the present state of 'science may not comprehend it, and may be unable to suggest 'its consequences, but none should oppose or contradict it.'

The words of Helmholtz are no less cogent. 'There is a 'definite store of energy in the universe, and every natural 'change or technical work is produced by a part only of this 'store, the store itself being eternal and unchangeable.'

Our authoress well describes this unalterability of the energy of the universe as follows:—

'The store of force or energy in nature is ever changing its form of action, its amount never. It may be dispersed in various directions, and subdivided so as to become evanescent to our perceptions; it may be balanced so as to be in abeyance, or it may become potential as in static electricity; but the instant the impediment is removed, the power is manifested by motion. Whatever form force may assume, it has invariably a compensation or equivalent, whether in the heavens or on the earth. The total sum of the living forces, *vis viva*, or actual energy of the planets is the same every time they return to the same relative positions with regard to one another, to their orbits, and to space, whatever may have been their velocities or mutual disturbances. In the ocean, the energy by which 25,000 cubic miles of water flow over a quarter of the globe in six hours, is exactly equal to the force or energy that makes it ebb during the succeeding six hours. A body acquires heat in the exact proportion that the adjacent substances become cold; and when heat is absorbed by a body, it becomes an expansive energy at the expense of those around it, which contract. Chemical action many miles distant from the electro-magnet, as in telegraphs, is perfectly equivalent to the dominant chemical action in the battery. The two electricities, positive and negative, are developed in equal proportions, which may be combined so as to produce many changes in their respective relations, yet the sum of the energy of the one kind can never be made in the smallest degree either to exceed or to come short of the sum of the other. The mechanical energy of machinery or working power is exhausted by the very act of working, and cannot be restored except by the action of other forces. In clockwork, the weight must sink to move the wheel, and when the weight is down the store of energy is gone, and can only be restored by raising the weight through the expenditure of energy in the human arm, and the expenditure of human energy must be restored by food and rest. The heat given off from the bodies of

men and animals is restored by the combination of the oxygen inhaled during respiration with the carbon of the food, and the light and heat given out by the combustion of fuel, whether in the form of coal or wood, is compensated by the light and heat of the sun stored up in living vegetables. It is this equivalent for force or energy which prevails in every department of nature that constitutes the universal and invariable law of the conservation of energy.'

The truth of this principle was long admitted in mechanics in the well-known axiom that action and reaction are equal and opposite. The application of the same law to such diverse forms of energy as heat, chemical action, electricity, and magnetism, is the result of recent investigation, and may be counted as the greatest triumph of modern science. Foremost among those who explained the meaning of this great governing principle stands Joule, the worthy successor of Dalton.

'Mr. Joule has proved that the quantity of heat requisite to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree of the centigrade thermometer is equivalent to the mechanical work or force that would raise the same mass of water to the height of 1,389 feet. This is the unit, or mechanical equivalent of heat.

'In fact for every unit of force expended in percussion, friction, or raising a weight, a definite quantity of heat is generated; and conversely, when work is performed by the consumption of heat, for each unit of force gained a unit of heat disappears. For since heat is a dynamical force of mechanical effect, there must be an equivalence between mechanical work and heat as between cause and effect. That equivalence is a law of nature. The mechanical force exerted by the steam-engine is exactly in proportion to the consumption of heat, neither more nor less; for if we could produce a greater quantity than its equivalent, we should have perpetual motion, which is impossible. When steam is employed to perform any work, the temperature of the steam is lowered; the heat that disappears is transformed into the force that performs the work, and is exactly proportional to the work done, and *vice versâ.*

'It is well known that iron becomes red-hot by percussion or impetus. The atoms of the iron are thrown into vibration, and these minute motions communicated to the nerves produce the sensation of heat. Now the mechanical labour required to raise the hammer to any number of feet is equal to the weight of the hammer multiplied by that number of feet, but the impetus or mechanical effect of the fall of the hammer is equal to its mass multiplied by the square of the velocity, that is to the *vis viva*, hence the quantity of heat generated is proportional to the *vis viva.* The circumstances being the same, if the mass be doubled, the amount of heat is doubled; and if the velocity be doubled, the amount of heat is quadrupled. If the weight and the perpendicular height through which a body has fallen be known, the quantity of heat generated

may be determined. The same amount of heat is generated by the same amount of force, whatever that force may be, whether impetus, friction, or any other.

'Dr. Thomson has put in a strong point of view the quantity of heat that might be generated by percussion or impetus. He computed that if by any sudden shock the earth were arrested in its orbit, the heat generated by the impulse would be equal to 11,200 degrees of the centigrade thermometer, even if the capacity of our planet for heat were as low as that of water; it would therefore be mostly reduced to vapour, and should the earth then fall to the sun, as it certainly would do, the quantity of heat developed by striking on the sun would be 400 times greater. It is even supposed that the light and heat of the sun are owing to showers of bodies falling on the surface with impetus proportionate to his attraction; for had he been in combustion, he would have been burnt out ages ago. The masses of meteoric iron and stone that occasionally fall on the earth, show that matter may be wandering in space; the vast zone of smaller bodies that in their annual revolutions round the sun come within the earth's attraction in August and November, when thousands of them take fire and are consumed on entering our atmosphere, show that a great amount of matter of small dimensions exists within our own system. Much may be beyond it, which, drawn by the sun's attraction, may fall on his surface.'

Not only, then, does this correlation exist between the heat of the steam-engine and the work which it accomplishes, but if we go a step farther back we learn that the energy developed by the engine is due to the chemical combustion of the carbon of the fuel with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

'A pound weight of coal, when consumed in one of our best steam-engines, produces an effect equal to raising a weight of a million of pounds a foot high; yet, marvellous as that is, the investigations of recent years have demonstrated the fact, that the mechanical energy resident in a pound of coal and liberated by its combustion is capable of raising to the same height ten times that weight.'

The act of the combination of carbon and oxygen is now recognised as similar to that of the fall of a weight to the earth, the heat evolved in both cases being referable to the same cause. Chemical action becomes only a special case of falling bodies, and the energy developed in such chemical combination, or that needed to effect a chemical decomposition, can be exactly calculated.

Professor Tyndall, in his 'Lectures on Heat,' has clearly stated this in the case of water, the most simple compound of oxygen and hydrogen, a constituent alike of organic and inorganic nature. 'In the combustion of the two gases to form 'a gallon of water weighing ten pounds, an energy is ex-'pended, the atoms clash together with a force equal to that

'of a ton weight let fall from a height of 23,757 feet; and in 'the change from the state of vapour to water, an energy is 'exerted equal to that of a ton weight falling from a height of '3,700 feet, or of a hundredweight falling from a height of '74,000 feet. The moving force of the stone avalanches of 'the Alps is but as that of snowflakes compared with the 'energy involved in the formation of a cloud. In passing 'finally from the liquid to the solid state,' that is from water to ice, 'the atoms of ten pounds of water exercise an energy 'equal to that of a ton weight falling down a precipice of 550 'feet of perpendicular height.'

The magnitude of the forces which are locked up in the elementary bodies, and come into play when these substances combine, is forcibly conveyed to our minds in the following eloquent words of Faraday:—

'The majestic phenomena of combustion bespeak our admiration and rivet our attention because of their imposing grandeur; yet these are but spasmodic efforts in the grand economy of the material world, occurrences of now and then. The slower but continuous progress of the elements to their appointed resting place—the silent, tranquil, ever-progressing metamorphic changes involved in the phenomena of decomposition and decay—these we count for nothing and pass unheeded by. Yet with all their majesty, with all their brilliancy, all their development of tremendous energy, what are the phenomena of combustion in the grand scheme of the universe compared with these? When the loud crash of the thunder or the lightning's flash awakens us from our thoughtless abstractions or our reveries, our feelings become impressed with the grandeur of Omnipotence and the might of the elements He wields, yet the whole fury of the thunderstorm—what is that in comparison with the electric energies which silently and continually exert themselves in every chemical change? Why, the electric force in a single drop of water, and disturbed when the water is decomposed, is of itself greater than in the electricity of a whole thunderstorm. Those of us who limit our appreciation of the powers of oxygen to the energies displayed by this element in its feebly active state, form but a very inadequate idea of the aggregate results accomplished by it in the economy of the world.'

Understanding the general co-ordination of the physical sciences, and grasping the idea of the principle of conservation of energy underlying all material changes, let us endeavour to sketch some few of the salient points of the progress of molecular science as applied to chemistry and physics which Mrs. Somerville describes. In the first place, then, those changes by which the most intimate properties of matter are affected are termed chemical. If hydrogen and oxygen gases are

brought together under certain circumstances, a third body, water, differing altogether from the originals, is produced; and, *vice versâ*, from water by applying certain forces we can extract hydrogen and oxygen. Lavoisier first fully explained these chemical changes, and created the true method of chemical investigation, proving that all the changes were governed by unalterable laws of weight, and that matter was indestructible. To Dalton we owe the next and not less important step—that of his great discovery of the laws of combination in multiple proportions, and of the invention of his celebrated atomic theory to explain these laws of combination. According to this theory all matter is composed of indivisible particles or atoms, by the close juxtaposition of which chemical combination is brought about. The weights of these atoms are supposed to be different, and the relation of these weights is that in which we find the elements to combine; and hence it comes that bodies can unite in the proportion of their combining, or atomic, weights, or in multiples of the same, but in no intermediate proportions. Research in other fields has done much to confirm the truth of Dalton's views; thus Faraday established as a general law that the atoms of the elements each require the same quantity of electricity to set them at liberty from any compound. According to Dalton's view, the atom of hydrogen weighs 1, whilst that of chlorine weighs 35·5. Faraday's confirmation of this view consisted in the discovery that 35·5 pounds of chlorine are deposited from a solution of hydrochloric acid by the same quantity of electricity as is needed to liberate one pound of hydrogen from water. Again, it has been shown that the atomic weights of the element possess the same specific heat, or, in our author's words,—

'The quantity of heat required to raise a simple substance to a given temperature, is inversely as the weight of its atoms; so that the specific heat or repulsive force of simple substances multiplied by their atomic weights is a constant quantity. Such is the condition requisite for the equilibrium or equality of force; or the law may be thus expressed: A given quantity of heat will raise to the same number of degrees a portion of every simple substance represented by its atomic weight. For instance, the atomic weight of sulphur is 16, that of zinc 32; hence it requires twice as much heat to raise a pound of sulphur ten degrees as it does a pound of zinc. It has also been proved that the atoms of compound bodies of analogous composition are endowed with the same capacity for heat, so that there is a perfect correspondence between the weights of atoms and their specific heat. The numbers representing the atomic weights derived from the specific heat of bodies are connected with their equivalent atomic weights by the simple ratios of equality, multiples, or sub-multiples.'

Another interesting confirmation of Dalton's hypothesis was the fact discovered by Gay Lussac in 1808, that all gases combine together in simple ratios by volume, and that the volume of the compound gas bears a simple ratio to the volumes of its components. Modern discovery has done much to extend the atomic theory in this direction, and the assumption of the existence of atoms has been found capable of explaining many phenomena of molecular physics. Thus if we assume that the same number of Dalton's atoms be contained in the same volume of the different elementary gases, we find that the uniform expansion of gases by heat can be accounted for. Nay, so far has this branch of inquiry been pushed, that the laws of gaseous diffusion (discovered by the distinguished chemist now holding the office of Master of the Mint) can be deduced from theory. Mr. Graham's own words on this subject clearly explain these views:—'According to the 'physical hypothesis now generally received, a gas is represented 'as consisting of solid and perfectly elastic particles or atoms, 'which move in all directions and are animated with different 'degrees of velocity in different gases. Confined in a vessel the 'moving particles are constantly impinging against its sides, 'and occasionally against each other, and this constant contact 'takes place without any loss of motion owing to the perfect 'elasticity of the particles. To this atomic or molecular 'motion is due the elastic force, and the power to resist com'pression possessed by gases. The molecular movement is 'accelerated by heat and retarded by cold, the tension of the 'gas being increased in the first instance and diminished in 'the second.' The phenomenon of the diffusion of gases was first observed by the German chemist Dobereiner in 1825. He had collected hydrogen gas in some tall glass cylinders and allowed the jars filled with the gas to stand with their mouths under water all night; on examining the cylinders the next morning, he found that in one of them half the gas had escaped, and that its place was occupied with water, whilst the others remained full of gas. This proved to be caused by a crack or slight fissure in the one cylinder, through which the hydrogen gas had escaped by diffusion, whilst the atmospheric air had entered less quickly and hence the rise of water. This crack was air-tight as regards the ordinary motion of the gases, such as we feel when the wind blows in our faces, but it was not tight to the molecular motions, and therefore, although gases cannot be *forced*, they can still *pass* through these small apertures, which, although too minute to allow of the motions of the mass, must be 'tunnels in magnitude to the ultimate par-

'ticles of a gaseous body.' Graham ascertained by experiment that the rate at which gases can thus pass by diffusion through these very minute apertures varies inversely as the square roots of the densities of the gases; thus, oxygen, being sixteen times heavier than hydrogen, it diffuses with only one quarter the rapidity of this latter gas. Thanks to the researches of Clausius, Kronig, and Maxwell, the actual rapidity with which these atoms or molecules are moving can be theoretically calculated, and it appears that the molecules of oxygen are moving, or perhaps we should say vibrating, with a velocity of 461 mètres (more than 1,500 feet) per second, whilst those of hydrogen move at the enormous speed of 1,844 mètres (more than 6,000 feet) per second! Now the remarkable fact becomes apparent that these numbers are exactly in the proportion of the inverse square roots of the densities of the two gases, viz., one to four; and hence we see that the particles of hydrogen move four times as fast as those of oxygen, and therefore the two gases must pass in the same ratio of rapidity through the fine diffusion apertures.

A series of remarkable researches by Dr. Tyndall on the absorption exerted on radiant heat by minute quantities of gaseous matter points out most forcibly the active agency of these smallest particles; and although our present knowledge does not enable us to predict these results, yet there is no doubt that all these intricate phenomena will some day or other be found capable of theoretical expression. Simple or elementary gases are found to be much more capable of transmitting radiant heat than compound gases. Thus chlorine, a highly-coloured elementary gas, with a specific gravity of 2·45, has an absorptive power expressed by 39°, whilst hydrochloric acid gas, which is perfectly transparent, and possesses a specific gravity of only 1·26, has an absorptive power of 62°; so that the chemical combination with hydrogen, which renders chlorine more transparent to light, makes it more opaque to the rays of obscure heat. This enormous difference between the absorptive powers of elements and compounds is ascribed by Dr. Tyndall to the more complicated atomic structure of the compound gas. The atoms are less able to move in the combined state, and are less able to take up and transmit the vibrations of heat, than when in the uncombined condition. When nitrogen and hydrogen gases are mixed together, their power of absorbing heat is represented as unity; when they are combined to form ammonia, their heat-absorbing power is 1,190. Olefiant gas absorbs 1,000 times as powerfully as its constituent hydrogen; ozone, or condensed oxygen, exerts an absorptive

action 136 times as great as that of common oxygen; and colourless laughing-gas absorbs 250 times as strongly as common air. The odours from plants and flowers are shown to act as most powerful absorbents; and the most minute conceivable trace of many of these perfumes produced marked effects:—

'The perfumes during the experiments adhered to all parts of the apparatus so pertinaciously that after a continued stream of dry air had been pumped through the tube until the exhaustion seemed to be complete and the needle stood at zero, after a few minutes' repose, the residue of the perfume came out so powerfully from the crannies of the apparatus as almost to restore the original deflection. "The "quantities of these residues must be left to the imagination to con-"ceive. If they were multiplied by billions they would probably "not obtain the density of the air."'

The fact that the minute particles constantly floating about in the air prevent the passage of the more refrangible chemically active rays is another example of the important part which these smallest particles play:—

'By a series of observations at Heidelberg, Kew, and Manchester, it has been proved that the very small relative chemical action of the sun's direct light decreases rapidly with his altitude, and at these three places of observation, it has frequently happened when the sun's altitude was very low, at 12°, that his direct light made no impression on a sensitive paper. "The sun's light had been robbed "of its chemical power in passing through the air." This singular result is ascribed by Professor Roscoe to what he calls the opalescence of the atmosphere. Opalescent glass, slightly milky liquids, pure water with particles of sulphur floating in it, are impervious to the chemical rays, whence Professor Roscoe infers that the atmosphere, more especially its lower regions, possesses that property in consequence of multitudes of solid particles floating in it. What they are is unknown, but infinitesimal particles of soda seem to be everywhere, and no doubt particles of other substances mixed with them may be often seen as motes dancing in the sunbeams. Besides, it is clearly proved that myriads of the eggs and germs of organised beings, though invisible to the naked eye, are continually floating in the air, and that they are more abundant in the lower than in the higher strata of the atmosphere. Since opalescent matter reflects the blue rays of light and transmits the red, Professor Roscoe ascribes the blue colour of the sky and the bright tints at sunrise and sunset to the opalescent property of the air.'

This subject has recently been followed up by Dr. Tyndall, whose experiments show that the chemically active rays are capable of decomposing the vapour of many compound bodies, producing cloud-like forms of the most fantastic shape and variegated colours:—

'The tube being filled with the mixture of hydrobromic acid, aqueous vapour, and air, the beam was sent through it, the lens at the same time being so placed as to produce a cone of very intense light. Two minutes elapsed before anything was visible, but at the end of this time a faint bluish cloud appeared to hang itself on to the most concentrated portion of the beam. Soon afterwards a second cloud was formed five inches farther down the experimental tube. Both clouds were united by a slender cord of cloud of the same bluish tint as themselves. Rendering the light along the connecting-cord more intense, it diminished in thickness and became whiter; this was in consequence of the enlargement of its particles. The cord finally disappeared whilst the funnels melted into two ghost-like films shaped like parasols. These films were barely visible, being of an exceedingly delicate blue tint; they seemed woven of blue air. To compare them with cobweb or with gauze would be to liken them to something infinitely grosser than themselves.'

And again :—

'I have seen nothing so astonishing as the effect produced with hydriodic acid. A spectral cone turned its apex towards the distant end of the tube and from its base filmy drapery seemed to fall. Placed on the base of the cone was an exquisite vase, from the interior of which sprang another vase of similar shape. . . . Once the cloud presented the shape of a fish with eyes, gills, and feelers. A friend of mine to whom I showed the cloud likened it to one of those jelly-like marine organisms which a film barely capable of reflecting light renders visible. The *twoness* of the animal form was displayed throughout, and no coil, disc, or speck existed at one side of the axis of the tube which had not its exact counterpart at an equal distance on the other. I looked in wonder at this extraordinary production for nearly two hours. "It is as perfect as if "turned in a lathe;" "It would prove exceedingly valuable to "pattern designers," were remarks made by my assistants as they watched the experiments.'

In a still later communication to the Royal Society, Professor Tyndall has shown that in all cases and with all substances the cloud formed at the commencement is blue, and can be made to display a colour rivalling that of the purest Italian sky. In all cases, however, this fine blue cloud *polarises perfectly* the beam which illuminates it, the direction of polarisation enclosing an angle of 90° with the axis of the illuminating beam. This observation is most important, and leads to an explanation of one of the great difficulties of meteorologists—viz., the cause of the polarisation of the blue sky light. There is no doubt that the germs and minute particles in the air produce the effects of blueness which we observe; for, Dr. Tyndall found that 'when the air was sifted so as to entirely remove

'the visible floating matter, it no longer exerted any sensible 'action upon the light, but behaved as a vacuum.'

The space of a single article will not permit even a glance at other most interesting and important topics, such as the artificial production of complicated chemical compounds formerly supposed to be the sole products of animal or vegetable life; showing how the chemist is gradually penetrating into the mysteries of molecular action, and by degrees becoming acquainted with the modes in which the atoms are arranged.

We must reluctantly leave these pages and pass over to the description of the progress lately made in our knowledge of the Biological Sciences, where Mrs. Somerville's power of lucid description becomes more than ever conspicuous. The study of the great principle of the conservation of energy leads us through the manifestations of force in the inorganic world to those more complicated phenomena to which we give the name of vital actions. In these wider fields the same law holds good, the same principle guides the working of a steam-engine and the labour of the horse or man. In the inorganic machine, it is true, we do not get as much work done for the expenditure of the same amount of fuel as is the case with the more perfect living machine; but we can point out the imperfections, and every year brings with it improvements in the working arrangements, economising the cost of machine labour, and more nearly approaching the unalterable equivalent set up by nature herself.

The science of physiology is now defined as the physics and chemistry of the vegetable and animal body. The old teleological method of examining into these subjects has vanished, and in its place a pure spirit of scientific inquiry has risen up. Men of science now-a-days do not ask themselves what is the use of such an organ; or attempt, for instance, to explain that in the air oxygen is so diluted with nitrogen as exactly to suit the peculiar requirements of our breathing apparatus. We now see plainly that the reverse of this proposition is precisely as true; in fact, that these are correlative phenomena, and cannot be considered in any sense as cause and effect. All the methods of modern physiological inquiry are those of exact scientific research. Many branches of the subject have passed the bounds of qualitative knowledge, and we are now busily engaged with quantitative examination of vital phenomena. One of the most interesting of these exact investigations, although not mentioned by Mrs. Somerville, is that undertaken by Pettenkofer and Voit of Munich. This consists of a most elaborate series of quantitative determinations respecting the whole income and

expenditure of the animal body. The German physiologists ascertain with accuracy the quantity and the composition of all the food, moisture, and oxygen taken up by the body, and determine the carbonic acid, moisture, urea, and all the other substances constituting the outcome of the processes going on within the living laboratory. Such investigations form the groundwork of the science of life. Unless we are aware exactly what we are receiving and what we are spending, our knowledge concerning the working of our establishment must be of a very elementary nature; and yet such has been the case with physiology. Only recently has it been found possible to commence such a stocktaking; and even now the advance has only been slight, owing to the complicated nature of the phenomena which have to be dealt with, and the consequent difficulties of experimentation. The results already obtained are, however, of the most interesting character, and show how much more may be learnt concerning the functions of the animal body by persevering attempts to grapple with these most difficult and laborious inquiries.

The apparatus used by Pettenkofer and Voit consists of an air-tight room, in which the living being operated upon is placed. Attached to this room is a pumping apparatus, by which means a current of air, containing a known amount of oxygen, carbonic acid, and aqueous vapour, is brought into the closed space. The air contaminated with the products of respiration and exhalation from the man or animal under examination is then drawn through a measuring apparatus, and an aliquot portion of the whole removed and reserved for analysis. In this way an exact measure of the gaseous income and expenditure is obtained, whilst that for the liquid and solid food and excreta is accurately obtained by ordinary methods of weighing and analysis. The rate at which chemical change goes on in the body may be estimated from four data: (1) the quantity of oxygen consumed in burning the various combustible portions of the animal frame, and evolving the necessary and unalterable quantity of heat which exhibits itself either in the raising of the temperature of the mass or in its equivalent value of mechanical energy; (2) the amount of excreted carbonic acid, giving the measure of carbonised matter destroyed; (3) the amount of urea formed, giving a measure of the nitrogenous tissue undergoing oxidation; and (4) the amount of water exhaled both in the gaseous and liquid form. These substances —carbonic acid, urea, and water—are the last terms of the degredation of the complicated structures of the body, and serve as the simplest and most exact measures of the changes which

have taken place, just as we can accurately estimate the power of a water-wheel, when we know its diameter, by the volume of water which runs away. To give an idea of the interesting nature of the results thus obtained, it may suffice to mention that it is now certain that more than double as much carbonic acid is evolved, by a working man, during the day as during the night; and, what is more remarkable, that during the night succeeding a day of hard work, more than twice as much oxygen is taken up by the lungs and absorbed than is taken up by the process of respiration during the preceding day. This shows that the work-producing oxygen is stored up during the quiet hours of night, and a reservoir of energy thus collected, ready to be drawn upon at subsequent occasions when all the powers of the body are to be taxed to the utmost. Upon this capability of storing power the spring of the healthy body depends. In a diseased condition this increased absorption of oxygen during the night does not go on. Thus in the case of a patient suffering from diabetes, it was found that the oxygen absorbed during the night was no larger than that taken up during the waking hours, whilst a healthy man, both after a day's labour and one of rest, absorbs twice as much oxygen when asleep than when awake.

Another and, if possible, still more striking application of the method of exact research to the investigation of the complicated phenomena of life is the accurate measurement of the rate at which sensations pass along the nerves—in other words, the determination of the velocity of thought. This has been accomplished by Helmholtz, who has proved in his most recent researches that the messages sent from the brain along the nerves to the muscles travel at the rate of 112 feet per second. This number exactly agrees with that obtained from perfectly different data, viz.—from the well-known personal error of observational astronomy, from which Hirsch has calculated the rate of propagation of the nerve-wave to be likewise 112 feet per second.

If it is now admitted on all hands that the mechanical actions which occur in the body are governed by the same laws which regulate similar changes of energy in the inorganic world, the question as regards the source of nervous energy, of the production of will and thought, is still keenly debated by physiologists. On the one side are ranged those who consider that the cause of the peculiar phenomena of living beings is concentrated in an unknown, and probably unknowable, vital power or force, which creates the germ and gives life to the simplest cell; whilst, on the other side, we find those who, arguing from the

simple to the complex, from that which we can see and explain to that which is as yet dark and difficult, put aside at once all notion of an unknown vital force, and consider that the phenomena of nervous action, of thought, and of will are simply the resultants of inorganic forces acting in accordance with the ordinary laws of nature, and that all the characteristics of life become functions of matter. As an example of those who hold to the first view, we may quote our authoress:—

'The mechanical forces act within the living being according to the same laws as they do in the external world; the chemical powers too, which are the cause of digestion, heat, and respiration, follow the same laws of definite and quantitative proportion as they do in inert matter; but neither the mechanical forces, nor the physical powers, could create a germ, nor could they even awaken its dormant state to living energy, unless a vital power existed in it, the origin of which is beyond the reach of man.'

'Animals are endowed with nerve-force, in addition to mechanical force, and the physical powers which are common to them and vegetables; a force which constitutes their prime distinction, which is superior to all the other powers from its immediate connexion with mind, and which becomes more evident, and more evidently under the control of the animal, in proportion as the animal approaches the higher grades of life, and only attains its perfect development in the human race.

'The bones of man and of the higher animals are clothed with a system of muscles, so attached that the head, eyes, limbs, &c., can be moved in various directions. In each of these muscles the fibres of two sets of nerves ramify, namely, the sensory and the motor nerves.

'The sensory nerves convey external impressions to the brain, and by them alone the mind is rendered conscious of external objects. The impressions made by light and sound upon the eye and the ear, or by mechanical touch on the body, are conveyed by the sensory nerves to the brain, where they are perceived, though the impressions take place at a distance from it. Conversely, the mind or will acts through the brain on the motor nerves, which by alternately contracting, relaxing, and directing the muscles, produces muscular motion. Thus the motor nerves convey the emotions of the mind to the external world, and the sensory nerves convey the impressions made by the external world to the mind. By these admirable discoveries, Sir Charles Bell has proved that "we are "placed between two worlds, the invisible and the material;" our nervous system is the bond of the connexion. The connexion, however, between the mind and the brain is unknown, it has never been explained, and is probably inexplicable; yet it is evident that the mind, or will, though immaterial, manifests itself by acting on matter, that is, as a power which stimulates the nerves, the nerve-force acting on the muscles. Mental excitement calls forth the most powerful muscular strength, and an iron will can resist the

greatest nervous excitement. The nervous and muscular forces are perpetually called into action, because, for distinct perception, the muscles require to be adjusted. Mind is passive as well as active; we may see an object without perceiving it, and we may hear a sound without attending to it. We must look in order to see, listen in order to hear, and handle in order to feel; that is, we must adjust the muscular apparatus of all our senses, of our eyes, ears, &c., if we would have a distinct perception of external exciting objects; and that is accomplished by the power of mind acting upon matter.'

Foremost in this country among those who have asserted that in their opinion the assumption of the existence of a special vital force is illogical and unscientific, stands Professor Huxley. He shall explain his own views in a few sentences from his very able and striking lecture recently delivered on the Physical Basis of Life:—

'Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world agoing. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

'But it will be observed that the existence of the matter of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds, namely, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Withdraw any one of these three from the world and all vital phenomena come to an end. They are related to the photoplasm of the plant, as the photoplasm of the plant is to that of the animal. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies.

'Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions, and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomenon of life.

'I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used to any of the others. We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

'When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion

and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which have given rise to it. At 32° Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water, at the same temperature, is a strong though brittle solid, whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

'Nevertheless, we call these and many other strange phenomena the properties of water, and we do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another, they result from the properties of the component parts of water. We do not assume that a something called "aquo-"sity" entered into, and took possession of the oxide of hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal or among the leaflets of the hoar frost. On the contrary, we live in the hope and in the faith that by the advance of molecular physics we shall by-and-bye be able to see our way as clearly, from the constituents of water to the properties of water, as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

'Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?

'It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant, but neither was there in the case of water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as the influence of pre-existent living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

'What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlation in the not living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has "vitality" than "aquosity"?'

Whether the chain of molecular complication and the serial nature of the accompanying phenomena from the elementary constituents to the living being is so clearly unbroken or so visibly continuous as Professor Huxley here asserts, we must take leave humbly to doubt. The step from the dead to the living protoplasm seems to us the deeper and broader the longer we consider it. Nor does Professor Huxley's simile of the hydrogen and oxygen throw much light on the question—indeed it appears to have been unfortunately chosen. Let us admit the

first part of his argument, that the properties of the molecule of water do not differ more from the atoms of its constituent elements—hydrogen and oxygen—than do those of the living from those of the dead protoplasm. In the one case, he continues, you do not for a moment suppose that a something called 'aquosity' enters into the water, whereas, in the other case, you uphold the existence of a 'vital force.' Understanding, however, by this latter term nothing more than an expression of our profound ignorance, we maintain that the use of such a term is perfectly legitimate and logical in the present condition of science. The analogy of the water, we say, is unfortunately chosen; because it is a case in which we *are* able to account for the difference in properties. We can exactly measure and weigh the energy which is evolved when the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen clash together, and this evolution of energy accounts for and explains the observed difference in properties between the elements free and combined. No similar elimination or absorption occurs, as far as we know, in the conversion of dead into living protoplasm. A given weight of dead animal matter gives off as much heat on burning as the same weight of organism endowed with life. In short, we cannot perceive, much less measure and determine, any differences in arrangement of the particles or in their motion—that is, differences either statical or dynamical—which account in the slightest degree for the enormous differences which we observe in the deportment of the two bodies--in all the phenomena which distinguish living from dead matter; and until an explanation of these differences is pointed out, we have a perfect right—nay, it is strictly in accordance with scientific usage—to give the cause of that difference a name, and call it 'vital energy.' Who, as Professor Huxley remarks, understands exactly the nature of electricity? and yet why should we not use this name? It is quite possible, or even likely, that physiologists may in time be able to explain the difference between living and dead organism; it may turn out that the whole phenomena of life are simply functions of matter. All we contend for is, that at present it is in no way proved to be the case, and that until this is done the chain cannot be said to be unbroken, or the series of steps complete.

The latter portion of the book, which is devoted to biology, naturally exhibits our authoress's peculiar powers more favourably than the part relating to the exact sciences. In a treatise on astronomy, physics, and, to perhaps a less extent, on chemistry, a systematic arrangement of the subject is pre-eminently necessary; principles must be laid down and followed out in

every smallest detail; detached facts, however interesting they may be in themselves, lose their importance, because, in these subjects we have already passed into the truly scientific stage, where co-ordination is the all-absorbing necessity. Hence unless the general view which relationship affords be put clearly before the student, he becomes wearied with details and fails to grasp the meaning of the whole scene. It is, however, otherwise with the subjects classed together under the name of biological science. From the complicated nature of the actions which here present themselves, scientific opinion is, as we have just seen, by no means agreed even on the most essential basis of all the phenomena. Principles or definite laws, according to which the changes called vital are carried on, are as yet unknown. The nature of the relation between plant and plant, or animal and animal, is keenly debated; and every system of arrangement or classification is an artificial one, always liable to change from the very incompleteness of our knowledge. In biology, impressions, more or less extended, of special portions of creation are all that the student or even the man of science can as yet hope to attain; and hence the success which attends the later portions of Mrs. Somerville's book.

Her language is clear and expressive, and her descriptions picturesque and vivid. We cannot do better, in this part of the subject, than allow the reader to judge of her style for himself:—

'The study of the indefinitely small in the vegetable and animal creation, is as interesting as the relation between the powers of nature and the particles of matter.

'The intimate organic structure of the vegetable world consists of a great variety of different textures indeterminable by the naked eye, and for the most part requiring a very high magnifying power to discriminate. But ultimate analysis has shown that vegetables are chemical combinations of a few very simple substances: carbon and the three elementary gases constitute the bases of all. No part contains fewer than three of these universal elements, hence the great uniformity observed in the chemical structure of vegetables. The elements unite according to the same laws within the living plant, as in the inorganic creation, and the chemical laws acting upon them are the same. For, as already mentioned, M. Berthelot, having combined carbon and hydrogen into acetylene, which no plant is capable of doing, he assumed it as a base from which he deduced, by the common laws of synthetic chemistry, hundreds of substances precisely similar to those produced by vegetables. Although it may be inferred from this that chemical action is the same within the vegetable as it is in the organic world, yet it is accomplished within the plant under the control of the occult principle of plant-life. No mere physical powers are capable of forming

directly out of inorganic elements the living organism whose passage through the cycle of germination, growth, reproduction, and decay, serves so pre-eminently to distinguish beween it and inert matter. Plants, indeed, borrow materials from the inorganic, and powers from the physical world, but both are returned at death to the great storehouse of nature.

'All other circumstances being the same, the vigour and richness of vegetation are proportionate to the quantity of light and heat received. The functions of light and heat are different, but their combined and continued action is indispensable for the perfect development of vegetation. Light enables plants to decompose, change into living matter, and consolidate the inorganic elements of carbonic acid gas, water, and ammonia, which are absorbed by the leaves and roots from the atmosphere and the earth.'

Our authoress then describes the simplest form of vegetable life which possesses that marvellous property of being roused into energy by the action of light and heat, and forms the whole or greatest part of every plant. It consists of a minute globe containing two concentric cells; the outer one consisting of layers of cellulose, and serving as a protection to the inner or primordial cell, which pre-eminently constitutes the living part, since the whole phenomena of growth and reproduction depend upon it. In its earliest stage this primordial cell is a globular mass of a nitrogenous viscid fluid termed protoplasm, containing highly coloured semi-transparent particles, and surrounded by a delicate film. Having described the two universal bases of vegetable structure, the protoplasm and the cellular tissue, and giving the results of the investigation of the celebrated German botanist Von Mohl upon cell-growth, Mrs. Somerville proceeds to describe the lowest group of plants, termed Algæ, as follows:—

'The principal objects in the study of plant-life are the organs by means of which they obtain and assimilate substances that are essential for their nourishment and growth, and those by which the perpetuity of their race is maintained and their type transmitted from age to age. In the lowest group of plants, represented by the algæ, which come first into consideration, the two properties are combined; in the highest they are distinctly different, but the progress from one to the other may be traced through an ascending series of vegetable structure. In the simple grades of vegetables, the primordial cell frequently constitutes the whole plant; it appears first and then envelopes itself with a coat either of cellulose or of a gelatinous substance.

'Many instances of this are to be found among the algæ, which are all aquatic plants, and are found growing either attached to other bodies, or floating independently, and live, some species in fresh water, and others in the sea and its estuaries. The algæ

absorb carbonic acid and give out oxygen, under the influence of the sun-light, exactly as do flowering plants; and the quantity of oxygen disengaged by them is said to be enormous.

'Spring water absorbs oxygen, nitrogen, and a large proportion of carbonic acid gas from the earth and the atmosphere, without losing its limpidity; but notwithstanding this apparent purity, if exposed for a time to the sun, green slime appears, and this the microscope shows to be full of globules or vesicles filled with green matter, the primordial cell in its earliest form. No green slime is found in spring water if kept in darkness, so solar light is the principal agent in this growth, which is by no means a spontaneous birth; it is merely the development of one or more of the many kind of germs, invisible to the naked eye, that exist in the earth, air, and water in myriads, waiting till favourable circumstances enable them to germinate.

'The slime that covers damp walls or stones, and moist cliffs or rocks in the sea, also the slime or mucus that sometimes swims on the surface of water, are said by M. Bory de St. Vincent to be provisional creations waiting to be organised.'

Again, she describes the enormous fertility and universal distribution of another family of simple plants:—

'The Diatomaceæ, or Brittleworts, are unicellular microscopic plants, so numerous that there is hardly a spot on the face of the earth, from Spitzbergen to Victoria Land, where they may not be found. They abound in the ocean, in still running fresh water, and even on the surface of the bare ground.

'They extend in latitude beyond the limits of all other plants, and can endure extremes of temperature, being able to exist in thermal springs, and in the pancake ice in the south-polar latitudes. Though much too small to be visible to the naked eye, they occur in such countless myriads as to stain the berg and pancake ice wherever they are washed by the swell of the sea; and when enclosed in the congealing surface of the water, they impart to the brash and the pancake ice a pale ochreous colour.

'Some species of diatoms are so universal that they are found in every region of the globe; others are local, but the same species does not inhabit both fresh and salt water, though some are found in brackish pools. The ocean teems with them. Though invisible as individuals to the naked eye, the living masses of the pelagic diatoms form coloured fringes on larger plants, and cover stones and rocks in cushion-like tufts; they spread over the surface as delicate velvet, in filamental strata on the sand, or mixed with the scum of living or decayed vegetable matter, floating on the surface of the sea; and they exist in immense profusion in the open ocean as free forms. The numbers in which they exist in all latitudes, at all seasons, and at all depths—extending from an inch to the lowest limit to which the most attenuated ray of light can penetrate, or at which the pressure permits—are immeasurably in excess of what we have been in the habit of assuming. Temperature has little to do

with the distribution of diatoms in the tropics; it decreases with the depth at a tolerably fixed rate, till it becomes stationary. It increases in the polar regions with the depth, and approaches the standard, which is probably universal, near the bed of the ocean.

'Diatoms are social plants crowded together in vast multitudes. Dr. Wallich met with an enormous assemblage of a filamental species of Rhizosclenia, which is from six to twenty times as long as it is broad, aggregated in tufted yellow masses, which covered the sea to the depth of some feet, and extended with little interruption throughout six degrees of longitude in the Indian Ocean. They were mixed with glistening yellow cylindrical species of such comparatively gigantic size as to be visible to the naked eye.

'Other genera constitute the only vegetation in the high latitudes of the Antarctic Ocean. Dr. Hooker observes, that without the universal diffusion of diatoms in the south-polar ocean, there would neither be food for the aquatic animals, nor would the water be purified from the carbonic acid which animal respiration and the decomposition of matter produce. These small plants afford an abundant supply of food to the herbivorous mollusca and other inhabitants of the sea, for they have been found in the stomachs of oysters, whelks, crabs, lobsters, scallops, &c. Even the Noctiluci, those luminous specks that make the wake of a boat shine like silver in a warm summer night, live on the floating pelagic diatoms, and countless myriads are devoured by the enormous shoals of salpi, and other social marine animals.'

The simplest forms of animal life are those which naturally first arrest the attention of the student of zoology. Of these the Protozoa form the lowest class, appearing as minute shapeless particles of semifluid sarcode moving on the surface of the waters,

'Changing itself into a greater variety of forms than the fabled Proteus, laying hold of its food without members, swallowing it without a mouth, digesting it without a stomach, appropriating its nutritious material without absorbing vessels or a circulating system, moving from place to place without muscles, feeling (if it has any power to do so) without nerves, multiplying itself without eggs, and not only this but in many instances forming shelly coverings of a symmetry and complexity not surpassed by those of any testaceous animal.' *

These creatures, which vary in size from the $\frac{1}{2000}$ to the $\frac{1}{70}$ of an inch in diameter, are found in the sea, but chiefly in ponds inhabited by freshwater plants. They move irregularly over the surface of the water, slowly and continually changing their form by stretching out portions of their gelatinous mass in blunt fingerlike extensions, and then drawing the rest of it into them; thus causing the whole mass to change its place.

* Carpenter.

When the creature in its progress meets with a particle of food, it spreads itself over it, draws it into its mass, within which a temporary hollow or vacuole is made for its reception; there it is digested, and the refuse squeezed out through the external surface. These improvised stomachs are the earliest form of a digestive system.

According to Dr. Carpenter, even the rudiments of a circulating system may be observed in this semifluid jelly, inasmuch as slow and nearly rhythmical pulsations of a vesicle containing a fluid may be seen changing its position in the sarcode with every motion of the amœba. Although the animal amœba cannot, like its vegetable prototype, organise the mineral food of plants, the mode of reproduction in the two protozoas are similar. Portions of the animal separate from the gelatinous mass, and moving to a little distance become independent creatures. Another of these lowest jelly-like forms of animal life is the family of the Actinophrys. The following singular observation made upon a creature of this sort by Mr. J. H. Carter would appear to show that even the primary forms may not be devoid of instinct:—

'An individual was in the same vessel with vegetable cells charged with particles of starch; one of the cells had been ruptured and a little of the internal matter was protruded through the orifice. The actinophrys came, extracted one of the starch grains and then crept to a distance; it returned, and although there were no more starch grains in sight, the creature managed to take them out of the interior of the cell one by one, always retiring to a distance and returning again, showing that it knew its way back, and where the starch granules were to be found. On another occasion Mr. Carter saw an actinophrys station itself close to the ripe spore of a plant, and as the young zoospores came out one after the other, the actinophrys caught every one of them even to the last, and then retired to a distance as if instinctively conscious that no more remained.'

The subject of life in the lowest depths of the ocean has of late attracted much attention; and here, too, we find Mrs. Somerville's chapter on Foraminifera, recent and fossil, clear and concise. Of these special forms, remarkable alike for their beauty and for the peculiarity of their structure, an almost infinite variety is known; but, thanks to the labours of Carpenter, Williamson, Parker, and Rupert Jones, they are now arranged according to a distinct system. It is quite impossible without referring to the excellent plates which accompany Mrs. Somerville's descriptions (frequently copies of well-known figures from such standard works as Carpenter on the Microscope), to give an idea of the quaint shapes and complicated

forms which the shells—some like bottles or vases, some containing innumerable rings and passages, whether calcareous or silicious—inhabited by these little creatures, exhibit.

'It was known that different types of foraminifera abound at different depths on the coasts of the ocean, but it was long believed that no living creature could exist in its dark and profound abyss. By deep sea-sounding, it has been ascertained that the basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a profound and vast hollow or trough, extending from pole to pole; in the far south it is of unknown depth, and the deepest part in the north is supposed to be between the Bermudas and the great banks of Newfoundland. By a regular series of soundings made by the officers of the navies of Great Britain and the United States for the purpose of laying a telegraphic cable, that great plain or steppe was discovered, now so well known as the telegraphic plateau which extends between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland. From depths of more than 2,000 fathoms on this plateau, the ooze brought up by the sounding machine consisted of 97 per cent. of Globergerinæ. The high state of preservation of these delicate shells was no doubt owing to the perfect tranquillity which prevails at great depths.'

The vexed question as to whether animals can live at the bottom of the sea, under the enormous pressure of 350 atmospheres, or 5,100 lbs. for every square inch of surface, was settled by the appearance of Dr. Wallich's celebrated star-fish, which were hauled up from the bottom at a depth of a mile and a half, clinging to the sounding-line. Not only were these star-fish alive when brought to the surface, but their stomachs were filled with the minute foraminifera deposited at the bottom of the ocean, and of which the ooze contained no less than 95 per cent. Another still more striking proof of the power of animals to adapt themselves to circumstances of greatly increased pressure is found in an experiment of M. Ch. St. Claire Deville, who has quite recently shown that fish can live in a tank filled with water under the enormous pressure of 400 atmospheres.

Fossil foraminifera enter so abundantly into the sedimentary strata that Buffon declared the very dust had been alive. Fifty-eight thousand of these fossil shells have been computed in a cubic inch of the stone of which Paris and Lyons are built. M. D'Orbigny calculated that an ounce of sand from the Antilles contained 1,800,000 of these shells of foraminifera. A handful of sand anywhere, dry seaweeds, the dust shaken from a dry sponge, are full of them. The oldest form of life traceable in the past history of the globe was a gigantic foraminifer—the Eozöon of William Logan—found not only in the Laurentian rocks of Canada, with a thickness

of superincumbent strata of 90,000 feet, but, as Dr. Carpenter has shown, likewise in the quartz rocks of Germany, as well the Serpentine marbles of Tyree, Skye, and Connemara. 'The 'external shape and limits to the size of the individual eozöon 'have not been determined with certainty on account of its 'indefinite mode of growth. There is no doubt, however, 'that they spread over an area of a foot, or even more, and 'attained a thickness of several inches.'

The bewildering number and variety of the lowest forms of animal life is felt almost painfully even in turning over the pages of the second volume. Placed next to the sponges we find the Infusoria—that class of minute but wonderful organisms, whose growth, according to Pasteur, produces almost all the changes which dead animal matter undergoes. The germs of these infusoria constantly float about in the air, and when they find a suitable resting place and pabulum, they live long and prosper. 'It is not the worm that destroys our dead 'bodies; it is the infusoria, the least of living beings. The 'intestinal canal of the higher animals, and of man, is always 'filled during life not only with the germs of vibrios, but with 'adult and well-grown vibrios themselves. They are inoffensive 'as long as life is an obstacle to their development, but after 'death their activity soon begins.'

The change of generation or type is one of the most remarkable discoveries of modern microscopy.

Mr. Samuelson sifted the dust from old rags from Alexandria, Japan, Melbourne, Tunis, Trieste, and Peru, and collected it in vessels of distilled water. The dust from Egypt, Japan, Melbourne, and Trieste proved to be most productive of life. The change of form from monads and vibrios to other species of infusoria was distinctly noticed; and thus it appears that many supposed species are in reality the same individual in different stages of development. The part which these, the smallest of living beings, play in the economy of nature is no mean or insignificant one; in the words of Professor Owen,—

'They are useful for devouring and assimilating the particles of decaying animal and vegetable matter from their incredible numbers, universal distribution, and insatiable voracity. They are the invisible scavengers for the salubrity of the atmosphere. They perform a still more important office in preventing the gradual diminution of the present amount of organic matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organic

particles, and turn them back into an ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing matter into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger infusoria as the rotifera and numerous other small animals, which, in their turn, are devoured by larger animals as fishes, and thus a pabulum fit for the nourishment of the highest organised beings is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organised matter.'

We close this necessarily fragmentary and incomplete notice of a book full of interest to all those to whom the study of nature is a delight, with a charming description of the reef-building corals.

'The variety of compact and branching corals far exceeds description: 120 species are inhabitants of the Red Sea alone, and an enormous area of the tropical Pacific is everywhere crowded with the stupendous works of these minute agents, destined to change the present geological features of the globe, as their predecessors have done in the remote ages of its existence.

'Four distinctly different formations are due to the coral-building polypes in the Pacific and Indian Oceans; namely, lagoon islands or atolls, encircling reefs, barrier reefs, and coral fringes, all nearly confined to the torrid zone.

'An atoll is a ring or chaplet of coral, enclosing a lagoon, or portion of the ocean, in its centre. The average breadth of that part of the ring which rises above the surface of the sea is about a quarter of a mile, often less, and it is seldom more than from six to ten or twelve feet above the waves; hence the lagoon islands are not visible even at a very small distance, unless when they are covered by the cocoa-nut palm, or the pandanus, which is frequently the case. On the outside, the ring or circlet shelves down for a distance of one or two hundred yards from its edge, so that the sea gradually deepens to about twenty-five fathoms, beyond which the sides of the ring plunge at once into the unfathomable depths of the ocean, with a more rapid descent than the cone of any volcano. Even at the small distance of some hundred yards no bottom has been reached with a sounding line a mile and a half long. All the coral in the exterior of the ring, to a moderate depth below the surface of the water, is alive; all above it is dead, being the detritus of the living part washed up by the surf, which is so heavy on the windward side of the tropical islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, that it is often heard miles off, and is frequently the first warning to seamen of their approach to an atoll.

'The outer margins of the Maldive atolls, consisting chiefly of millepores and porites, are beat by a surf so tremendous that even ships have been thrown by a single heave of the sea high and dry on the reef. The waves give innate vigour to the polypes by bringing an ever-renewed supply of food to nourish them, and oxygen to aërate their juices; besides, uncommon energy is given and maintained by the heat of a tropical sun, which gives them

power to abstract enormous quantities of solid matter from the water to build their stony homes, a power that is efficient in proportion to the energy of the breakers which furnish the supply.

'On the margin of the atolls, close within the line where the coral is washed by the tide, three species of nullipores flourish; they are beautiful little plants, very common in the coral islands. One species grows in thin spreading sheets, like a lichen; the second in strong knobs as thick as a man's finger, radiating from a common centre; and the third species, which has the colour of peach blossom, is a reticulated mass of stiff branches about the thickness of a crow's quill. The three species either grow mixed or separately, and, although they can exist above the line of the corals, they require to be bathed the greater part of each tide; hence a layer two or three feet thick, and about twenty yards broad, formed by the growth of the nullipores, fringes the circlet of the atolls and protects the coral below.

'The lagoon in the centre of these islands is supplied with water from the exterior, by openings in the lee side of the ring, but as the water has been deprived of the greater part of its nutritious particles and inorganic matter by the corals on the outside, the hardier kinds are no longer produced, and species of more delicate forms take their place. The depth of the lagoon varies from fifty to twenty fathoms or less, the bottom being partly detritus, partly live coral. In these calm, limpid waters the corals are of the most varied and delicate structures, of the most charming and dazzling hues. When the shades of evening come on, the lagoon shines like the Milky Way with myriads of brilliant sparks. The microscopic medusæ and crustaceans, invisible by day, form the beauty of the night, and the sea-feather, vermilion in daylight, now waves with green phosphorescent light. This gorgeous character of the sea-bed is not peculiar to the lagoons of the atolls; it prevails in shallow water throughout the whole coral-bearing regions of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

'Encircling reefs differ in no respect from the atoll ring, except in having islands in their lagoons, surrounded also by coral reefs. Barrier reefs are of the same structure as the atoll rings, from which they only differ in their position with regard to land. They form extensive lines along the coasts, from which they are separated by a channel of the sea of variable depth and breadth, sometimes large enough for ships to pass. A very long one runs parallel to the west coast of New Caledonia, and stretches for 120 miles beyond the extremity of the island. But a barrier reef off the north-eastern coast of the Australian Continent is the grandest coral formation existing. Rising at once from an unfathomable depth of ocean, it extends for 1000 miles along the coast, with a breadth varying from 200 yards to a mile, and at an average distance of from 20 to 60 or 70 miles from the coast, the depth of the channel being from 10 to 60 fathoms. The pulse of the ocean, transcendently sublime, beats perpetually in peals of thunder along that stupendous reef, the fabric of almost microscopic beings.' (Vol. ii. p. 143.)

ART. VII.—*The Ring and the Book.* By ROBERT BROWNING, M.A. 4 vols. London: 1869.

MR. BROWNING has many detractors. His faults lie on the surface, are patent, nay obtrusive; and he that runs may read and—revile. We admit the faults and deplore them, while we recognise in Mr. Browning qualities which assign him eminent rank in the intellectual order of men. Indeed, the best proof of the force and authority of his genius is the fact that in spite of the obscurity of his thoughts, the subtlety of his allusions, and the habitual rudeness of his versification, he has, after thirty-five years of persevering labour, caught the ear of the public, and won the sympathy of the most cultivated portion of the younger generation. It is idle to attribute this sort of success—which is a real influence—to the caprice of fashion, or the whims of perverted taste and judgment. Even those who are insensible to Mr. Browning's merits as a poet, must acknowledge that he has produced on his time some of the effects which are commonly attributed to great poets; and that perhaps the greatest of his achievements is to have caused the world to take an interest in his own works. It may be worth while to consider, while we are fresh from the laborious but not unwelcome task of studying his last production, to what cause this amount of success is due.

Like the majority of poets, he is remarkable for a highly sensitive emotional nature, and, like some of the great poets only, he is at the same time and to an equal degree distinguished by the serenity of his intellect. He knows (had he written only the 'Ring and the Book' he would have shown that he profoundly knows) human nature; familiar with all its gradations, from the 'poach'd filth' of its lowest depravity to the 'white blamelessness' that crowns as with inviolate snow its moral heights. Everywhere he reveals his love of what is noble, his hatred of what is ignoble; but he never loses the balance of an even mind in adjudicating praise or blame. Through human nature he discerns clearly the problem of human nature, the enigma of man's existence and destiny, that 'painful riddle of the earth' which has overthrown the calm and vanquished the courage of so many a noble mind. Although he confronts that problem always with deep earnestness, he displays something of an eager alacrity in grappling it; and he has never yet come sad and crestfallen from the encounter. To blend a profound knowledge of human nature, and a keen perception of the awful problem of

human destiny, with the conservation of a joyous, hopeful spirit —to know men and not despair of them, to battle with men's spiritual foes and not be broken by them—is given only to the very strong. This is to be a valiant and unvanquished soldier of humanity.

Great men of the intellectual type may, we think, be broadly divided into two classes—those who have been vanquished by the problem of man's existence and destiny, and those who, although they have not vanquished it, have at least not been vanquished by it. For the problem, alas, is represented by a whole legion of dragons which, like the malign spirits that fought in Heaven,

> 'Cannot but by annihilating die,
> Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
> Receive, no more than can the fluid air :'

the victory over such adversaries consisting, not in the impossible slaying of *them*, but in preventing their probable devoration of *you*—a distinction which expresses all the difference between conquering and not being conquered. We touch here, however, on a subject too large and too important to be broached in an article—much less in a paragraph, which is all we can give to it—and we will but glance at one or two obvious examples in either class of men to illustrate our meaning. Shelley, master-singer though he be, is clearly among the vanquished: a son of genius whose contemplation of the here and hereafter of man resulted in passionate protests of melodious sorrow. The defeat of Byron is not less complete, although it represents victory over a ruder nature—which with the fierce energy of undisciplined skill trumpets out the obstreperous pain it contracts in glancing 'from 'heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.' Here, however, we have rather a rebel than a soldier of humanity; a commendable rebel, who did indeed good service in the cause of intellectual liberty, although in this respect he can claim nothing approaching to parity of achievement with that insurrectionary chief, the intellectual *sans-culotte* of the nineteenth century—Heinrich Heine. To take a living example, we have always thought that Mr. Carlyle's inability to reconcile himself with the problem of human nature has something especially sad about it. His profound intellect and manly genius give dignity to all his utterances, and, let who will deprecate the denunciations of the Jeremiah of his age, it is impossible not to be moved by the power and pathos which inform them. Ah, if that enthusiasm of despondency could but yield to the ravish-

ment of hope; if Mr. Carlyle, who so often regards us when we are in the hollow of the wave, could sometimes view us on its crest, and believe that with alternating ascent and descent the frail human craft is yet surely making its difficult way to port!—Of the opposite type of men of genius, those who, if they have not vanquished, have at least not been vanquished by the problem of man's existence and destiny, Shakspeare stands at the head. 'How profoundly he knew human nature!' everybody has said, and we may add 'how profoundly he loved it!'* Not that he yields to exaggerated philanthropy. His enthusiasm invariably lapses into sobriety, just as his despondency always rises into hopefulness. That glowing panegyric of humanity which begins with the words, 'What a piece of work is man!' after passing through all the gradations of ardent eulogy, is plunged into the chilling anticlimax, 'this quintessence of dust.' And when he looks through human nature to 'the deep things' beyond it, the spiritual woe which suggests that pathetic address,

'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,'

passes into the triumph of final hope—

'So shalt thou feed on Death that feeds on men.'

There is no writer who is so thoroughly acquainted with all the sorrows, all the perplexities of pain that can afflict humanity, and who is at the same time so thoroughly genial and hopeful in his general views of men and things. Beside him stands Goethe, who in the wise cheerfulness with which he views and reviews the world and its destiny, is almost at the level of him whom he has himself called 'Star of the highest height.' Of contemporary writers, Mr. Tennyson belongs to this class by virtue of his strong intellect and the philosophical serenity of his mind. He has made the perfection of beauty his aim and, by

---

* The very name of 'man' seems to have possessed a special charm for him:

'To give the world assurance of a man.' . . .
'I dare do all that does become a man.' . . .
'He was a man, take him for all in all.' . . .

'What is a man,
If his chief work and market of his time
Be but to feed and sleep?'

'Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man:'

and every reader's memory will supply other instances of Shakspeare's use of the word in an eulogistic connexion.

consummate genius, his achievement in art; and the excellence of form which characterises his style has sometimes diverted attention from the significance of his matter. He does not, like Mr. Browning in a somewhat Quixotic spirit, go out of his way to encounter whatever problem he may discern on the far horizon of his subject, but he boldly confronts the questions which meet him; and we are grateful to him, in an age of philosophical morbidity, for the healthy 'breezy battle' which he delivers on humanity's behalf. Of Mr. Browning we have already said enough to indicate our opinion that he belongs to this class of men of genius; and in considering his latest work we shall find occasion to illustrate that opinion, and, we hope, to enforce it.

Will every reader of 'The Ring and the Book' be ready to pursue 'with a whip of scorpions,' at the very least, the ruthless reviewer who shall threaten to tell over again the story on which that work is founded? Tell it over again! Has not Mr. Browning told it in his own individual person, once; in the person of dividual Rome, thrice; in the person of the murderous Count, twice; in the person of the Law, twice; and once apiece in the persons of Pope, Priest, and Pompilia, who is, indeed, the murdered Countess? That is the story eleven times told, and shall we complete the tale of twelve? There is something to be said for taking this course. Although the day, we are happy to think, is long since past 'when,' as Mr. Browning good-humouredly says of his own books,

> 'he who praised, and read, and wrote,
> Was apt to find himself the self-same me,'

it is still possible that readers of this review may not yet be readers of Mr. Browning's latest work. On their behalf, therefore—since they have a right to know of what substantial gold 'the Ring,' of what substantial fact 'the Book,' are wrought—we will briefly re-narrate the story, scorpions and eleven antecedent recitals notwithstanding.

Count Guido Franceschini was head of the ancient house of that name, whose 'local habitation' was at Arezzo. He had passed many years of his life at Rome, not an incipient priest, but one who had just gone through enough of the dedicatory process to attract the Church's goodwill; and, as hanger-on of a great Cardinal, had waited with all eagerness for preferment —for the patron's buds of promise to ripen into the fruit of performance. But the seventeenth century of Grace having attained its ninety-fifth year without developing any such

desired fruit for Count Guido, then in his forty-seventh year, he determines to marry Pompilia Comparini, aged thirteen, possessed of beauty and a dowry; and to retire with her to his native city, if peradventure felicity in the shape of domestic bliss and social consideration may there await him after a life of sour disappointment. Pompilia accordingly becomes the wife of

> 'A beak-nosed, bushy-bearded, black-haired lord,
> 'Lean, pallid, low of stature, yet robust,'

and, *ex officio* if not *de facto*, mistress of his venerable although somewhat dilapidated palace in Arezzo. Thither also betake themselves Pietro and Violante Comparini, putative parents of the bride, a 'gay and galiard' couple of the middle-class who, having married their Pompilia to a nobleman, come to see what living with 'the quality' is like. A sour, middle-aged bridegroom, a sweet, infant-bride, a proud, pitiless lady-mother on one hand, the vulgar parental couple on the other, and an ill-conditioned priest, Count Girolamo, brother of the bridegroom, as inmates of the palace—here indeed are the elements of domestic peace and felicity! Throw in poverty—for the noble family is a ruined one and Pompilia's dowry chiefly prospective—and we have all the conditions for making life with 'the quality' an existence of doubtful enjoyment. After four months' experience of it, Pietro and Violante depart for Rome, to take up their abode in a villa they possess in the Pauline district. But they depart in high dudgeon, outraged, as some say, by Guido's treatment; simply indignant, say others, at finding their foolish dream of princely magnificence a dream only. Arrived at Rome, they freely disseminate facts and fictions respecting the blue-blooded, poverty-stricken Aretine family; making it at least ridiculous — a result soothing to female spite. But female vindictiveness may require ampler satisfaction than is to be derived from simply pin-pricking the pride of nobility; and, since virtue and vice have been known to confederate, why should a woman's tender conscience not come in aid of her desire for revenge? At a fitting religious season for cleansing the 'stuff'd bosom,' Violante, impelled we are to suppose partly by conscience partly by vindictiveness, makes confession that Pompilia was never child of hers, but a nameless piece of infanthood littered in the stews and purchased by her to palm off on Pietro as his heir. So is Count Guido first sportively pin-pricked by lampooning of himself and his house, and then as it were savagely harpooned by pricking of his honour and his purse—for since the bas-

tard whom he has to wife is not Pietro's heir, no portion of Pietro's posthumous wealth can accrue to him through her. What effect these proceedings of the 'gay and galiard' couple have upon the morose Count is imaginable: the sour bridegroom has become a brutal husband; the young, beautiful wife in her growing distress, in her accomplished misery, lastly in the wild determination to escape, addresses herself to high political and ecclesiastical authorities for assistance, for protection to return to Rome; receives, however, neither assistance nor protection nor any comfort of sympathy till, in course of time, the story of her misery becomes known to Giuseppe Caponsacchi, noble-hearted, pure-soul'd priest, who undertakes to convoy her to Rome. So these two slip through the gates of Arezzo at streak of dawn, and journey day and night to within one stage of their destination; when they are overtaken by the pursuant Guido, accused by him of all infamy, and finally haled to Rome for judgment. Law, whose voice, in the 'eternal city,' at least, 'is the harmony of the world,' which aims, that is, at making things pleasant all round, decrees that Caponsacchi, too-chivalrous priest, though 'innocent of harm,' shall be relegated for three years to Civita—there to bethink himself, and outgrow an impetuosity of nature which has led to the too facile championship of a wife's cause against the husband. For the wife herself, she shall betake herself to that good sisterhood, the Convertites, 'Magdalens remade,' and with them possess her soul in peace, at least for the present. The husband, thus happily relieved of a fretful wife and of her too impetuous friend, can return to Arezzo, and there boast that no wrong is suffered to remain 'unremedied at Rome.' It may be presumed that on Guido's return wifeless to his native city the bad humours seething in his breast were not cooled by the plentiful chuckle and gibe he was sure to encounter there, nor indeed by the business in which he presently gets engaged —a cross lawsuit namely, one by himself claiming divorce from his wife, the other by the wife counter-claiming bed-and-board divorce from him, and alleging against him, not only persistent cruelty, but guilty connivance in regard to the love outrageously proffered to her by the younger priest-brother, inmate of his palace. Then the report comes to him from Rome that, the convent air proving pernicious to the health of Pompilia, the authorities have sanctioned her choice of some other domicile; and her choice has fallen on the villa of the ex-parents Comparini, whither, as candid friends whisper, it were not so hard for a gallant priest to travel from not so distant Civita. Lastly, he learns that in the said villa

Pompilia has given birth to a child, his own heir—and 'Capon-'sacchi's son,' whisper the slanderers; and straightway the seething humours boil over; he takes four boors from his farm, arms himself and them with fit weapons, hurries to Rome, to the villa by the Pauline Gate, in-rushes with his fellow-ruffians and murderously hacks and hews Pietro, Violante, Pompilia—seventy years old they, and she seventeen. Guido, seized and put to the torture, seeks to justify the triple murder by plea of a husband's outraged honour, of barbarous conspiracy between wife and quondam-parents against his peace, his fortune, his good fame. Pompilia survives only to tell the tale of her misery and her innocence; Caponsacchi witnesses to her spotless purity and his own; and Pope Innocent XII. finally issues warrant of death against Guido and his cutthroats, which is carried into effect by 'axe and noose' on the 22nd day of February, 1698.

These then are the dry, dead facts of a tragedy which was enacted

'when hearts beat hard
And brains high-blooded ticked two centuries since.'

To reanimate that dead body of facts, pass through it a gush of vitality, so that it no longer remain speechless, meaningless, hideous, but acquire voice to proclaim its significance, and gather beauty in gaining life (which *is* beauty, because it is truth)—this may yet be done by miracle of art. But how? We ask the same question when, handling a mere strip of gold, we marvel to think that it may be converted into a lily-embossed 'ring-thing right to wear':

'Do you see this Ring?
'Tis Rome-work, made to match
(By Castellani's imitative craft)
Etrurian circlets found, some happy morn,
After a dropping April; found alive,
Spark-like 'mid unearthed slope-side figtree-roots
That roof old tombs at Chiusi: soft, you see,
Yet crisp as jewel cutting. There's one trick
(Craftsmen instruct me), one approved device,
And but one, fits such slivers of pure gold
As this was—such mere oozings from the mine,
Virgin as oval tawny pendent tear
At beehive-edge when ripened combs o'erflow,—
To bear the file's tooth and the hammer's tap;
Since hammer needs must widen out the round,
And file emboss it fine with lily-flowers,
Ere the thing grow a ring-thing right to wear.
That trick is, the artificer melts up wax

With honey, so to speak ; he mingles gold
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both,
Effects a manageable mass, then works.
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's repristination ! Just a spirt
O' the proper fiery acid o'er its face,
And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume ;
While, self-sufficient now, the shape remains,
The rondure brave, the lilied loveliness,
Gold as it was, is, shall be evermore :
Prime nature with an added artistry—
No carat lost, and you have gained a ring.'

Now the dry dead facts of the tragedy represent

'The mere ring-metal ere the ring be made,'

and the artist, before he can vivify in order to shape them, must add to them something of his own :—

'Something of mine, which, mixed up with the mass,
Made it bear hammer and be firm to file.
Fancy with fact is just one fact the more ;
To wit, that fancy has informed, transpierced,
Thridded and so thrown fast the facts else free,
As right through ring and ring runs the djereed
And binds the loose, one bar without a break.
I fused my live soul and that inert stuff.' . . .

'My live soul!' No less than that! To assimilate the facts and quicken them through the sympathetic action of the spirit; then to construct them through the power of the imagination in the ordered sequence of reality, of life—that is the supreme achievement of the artist. Not one in millions can accomplish it. The bunglers manage to galvanise their facts into a monstrous simulation of life which is more ghastly than any original death; while the arch-bunglers, standing conspicuously in front of their facts, think to vivify them by the reflection of their own individuality, which should never be observable at all. For we have seen that, after the ring is made, there is 'repristination'—

'just a spirt
O' the proper fiery acid o'er its face,
And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume.'

And just so, in the completed work of dead fact made alive by the supreme artist, the artist himself, all that is personal about him, disappears; and the work lives by the life in it which he has resuscitated.

The reader who has entered into the spirit of these remarks

will know how little we can do to help him to an adequate conception of the life infused by the poet into the tragic materials with which he deals. For that, he must turn to the drama itself, and he will find it instinct with life. All that we can do is to offer him fragmentary specimens of vital power, which will lose no inconsiderable portion of their vitality and significance by dislocation of parts. The hands of Madonna, the eyes of Iscariot, the lips of St. Cecilia parted in song—how would these look cut from the glowing canvas and isolated for inspection? Surely there would be tenderness in the first, cruelty in the second, sanctity in the last; but the harsh disruption of delicate lines must diminish the pathos of the cherishing hands, the cruel eyes would grow milder by separation from the savage brow, the lips lose something of the sacredness they borrowed from the religious eyes. We can but reveal as it were separate and therefore enfeebled features of the characters of this drama, and give but hints of that stir of passion within them which is the secret of their life.

Count Guido, having been put to the torture, is before the judges:—

'Your sole mistake—dare I submit so much
To the reverend Court?—has been in all this pains
To make a stone roll down hill—rack and wrench
And rend a man to pieces, all for what?
Why, make him ope mouth in his own defence,
Show cause for what he has done, the irregular deed,
(Since that he did it, scarce dispute can be)
And clear his fame a little, beside the luck
Of stopping even yet, if possible,
Discomfort to his flesh from noose or axe—
For that, out come the implements of law!
May it content my lords the gracious Court
To listen only half so patient-long
As I will in that sense profusely speak,
And—fie, they shall not call in screws to help!
I killed Pompilia Franceschini, sirs;
Killed, too, the Comparini, husband, wife,
Who called themselves, by a notorious lie,
Her father and her mother to ruin me.

. . . .

'I did find myself at last
I' the dark before the villa with my friends,
And made the experiment, the final test,
Ultimate chance that ever was to be
For the wretchedness inside. I knocked—pronounced
The name, the predetermined touch for truth,
"What welcome for the wanderer? Open straight"—

To the friend, physician, friar upon his rounds,
Traveller belated, beggar lame and blind?—
No, but—"to Caponsacchi!" And the door
Opened.
And then, why even then, I think,
I' the minute that confirmed my worst of fears,
Surely,—I pray God that I think aright!—
Had but Pompilia's self, the tender thing,
Who once was good and pure, was once my lamb,
And lay in my bosom, had the well-known shape
Fronted me in the doorway—stood there faint
With the recent pang, perhaps, of giving birth
To what might, though by miracle, seem my child—
Nay more, I will say, had even the aged fool
Pietro, the dotard, in whom folly and age
Wrought, more than enmity or malevolence,
To practise and conspire against my peace—
Had either of these but opened, I had paused.
But it was she the hag, she that brought hell
For a dowry with her to her husband's house,
She the mock mother, she that made the match
And married me to perdition, spring and source
O' the fire inside me that boiled up from heart
To brain and hailed the Fury gave it birth—
Violante Comparini, she it was,
With the old grin amid the wrinkles yet,
Opened: as if in turning from the Cross,
With trust to keep the sight and save my soul,
I had stumbled, first thing, on the serpent's head
Coiled with a leer at the foot of it.
'There was the end!
Then was I rapt away by the impulse, one
Immeasurable, everlasting, wave of a need
To abolish that detested life. 'Twas done:
You know the rest, and how the folds o' the thing,
Twisting for help, involved the other two,
More or less serpent-like: how I was mad,
Blind, stamped on all, the earth-worms with the asp,
And ended so.'

If the judges will but see that he was right in avenging his wrongs, or supposed wrongs, in that wild way, then in the far-off days—

'Then will I set my son at my right hand,
And tell his father's story to this point,
Adding, "The task seemed superhuman, still
I dared and did it, trusting God and law;
And they approved of me: give praise to both!"
And if, for answer, he shall stoop to kiss
My hand, and peradventure start thereat—

I engage to smile, "That was an accident
I' the necessary process,—just a trip
O' the torture-irons in their search for truth,—
Hardly misfortune, and no fault at all."'

So far he is wary, shrewd, makes subtle appeal to judicial compassion. But when judgment has been pronounced against him, when, on the last night of his life, he is visited in his prison-cell, by two dignitaries of the Church, he can throw off the mask, he can speak in different fashion, 'the same man, 'another voice': till the ministers of death arrive:—

'All women cannot give men love, forsooth!
No, nor all pullets lay the henwife eggs—
Whereat she bids them remedy the fault,
Brood on a chalk-ball: soon the nest is stocked—
Otherwise to the plucking and the spit!
This wife of mine was of another mood—
Would not begin the lie that ends with truth,
Nor feign the love that brings real love about:
Wherefore I judged, sentenced, and punished her.
But why particularise, defend the deed?
Say that I hated her for no one cause
Beyond my pleasure so to do—what then?
Just on as much incitement acts the world,
All of you! Look and like! You favour one,
Brow-beat another, leave alone a third—
Why should you master natural caprice?
Pure nature! Try—plant elm by ash in file;
Both unexceptionable trees enough,
They ought to overbear each other, pair
At top and arch across the avenue
The whole path to the pleasaunce: do they so—
Or loathe, lie off abhorrent each from each?

. . . .

Nor is it in me to unhate my hates,—
I use up my last strength to strike once more
Old Pietro in the wine-house-gossip-face,
To trample under foot the whine and wile
Of that Violante,—and I grow one gorge
To loathingly reject Pompilia's pale
Poison my hasty hunger took for food.

. . . .

Who are these you have let descend my stair?
Ha, their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
Is it "open" they dare bid you? Treachery!
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
Out of the world of words I had to say?
Not one word! All was folly—I laughed and mocked!
Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,

Is—save me notwithstanding! Life is all!
I was just stark mad,—let the madman live
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!
Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
I am the Gran-Duke's—no, I am the Pope's!
Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God, . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?'

Let Giuseppe Caponsacchi, chivalrous Canon, whom Guido calls paramour of his wife, whom Pope Innocent calls 'my 'warrior-priest,' speak next before the judges:—

'What is all this?
There, I was born, have lived, shall die, a fool!
This is a foolish outset: might with cause
Give colour to the very lie o' the man,
The murderer,—make as if I loved his wife,
In the way he called love. He is the fool there!
Why, had there been in me the touch of taint,
I had picked up so much of knaves' policy
As hide it, keep one hand pressed on the place
Suspected of a spot would damn us both.
Or no, not her!—not even if any of you
Dares think that I, i' the face of death, her death—
That's in my eyes, and ears, and brain, and heart,
Lie,—if he does, let him! I mean to say
So he stop there, stay thought from smirching her,
The snow-white soul that angels fear to take
Untenderly. But, all the same, I know
I too am taintless, and I bare my breast.
You can't think, men as you are, all of you,
But that to hear thus suddenly such an end
Of such a wonderful white soul, that comes
Of a man and murderer calling the white black,
Must shake me, trouble and disadvantage. Sirs,
Only seventeen!

. . . .

Sirs, I am quiet again. You see, we are
So very pitiable, she and I,
Who had conceivably been otherwise.
Forget distemperature and idle heat!
Apart from Truth's sake, what's to move so much?
Pompilia will be presently with God;
I am on earth, as good as out of it,
A relegated priest; when exile ends
I mean to do my duty and live long.
She and I are mere strangers now, but priests
Should study passion; how else cure mankind
Who come for help in passionate extremes?
I do but play with an imagined life
Of who, unfettered by a vow, unblessed

By the higher call,—since you will have it so,—
Leads it companioned by the woman there.
To live, and see her learn, and learn by her,
Out of the low obscure and petty world—
Or only see one purpose and one will
Evolve themselves i' the world, change wrong to right;
To have to do with nothing but the true,
The good, the eternal—and these, not alone
In the main current of the general life,
But small experiences of every day,
Concerns of the particular hearth and home:
To learn not only by a comet's rush
But a rose's birth—not by the grandeur, God—
But the comfort, Christ. All this how far away!
Mere delectation, meet for a minute's dream!—
Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place
Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched gown close,
Dreams, "Thus should I fight, save or rule the world!"—
Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes
To the old solitary nothingness.
So I, from such communion, pass content. . . .

O great, just, good God! Miserable me!'

Pompilia, pierced with dagger wounds, who will 'die to-'night,' speaks to those who stand about her couch:—

'And now you are not tired? How patient then
All of you,—Oh yes patient this long while
Listening, and understanding I am sure!
Four days ago, when I was sound and well
And like to live, no one would understand.
People were kind, but smiled "And what of him,
Your friend, whose tonsure the rich dark-brown hides?
There, there!—your lover, do we dream he was?
A priest too—never were such naughtiness!
Still, he thinks many a long think, never fear,
After the shy pale lady,—lay so light
For a moment in his arms, the lucky one!"
And so on: wherefore should I blame you much?
So we are made, such difference in minds,
Such difference, too, in eyes that see the minds!
That man you misinterpret and misprise—
The glory of his nature, I had thought,
Shot itself out in white light, blazed the truth
Through every atom of his act with me:
Yet where I point you, through the chrystal shrine,
Purity in quintessence, one dew-drop,
You all descry a spider in the midst.
One says, "The head of it is plain to see,"

And one, "They are the feet by which I judge;"
All say, "Those films were spun by nothing else."

Then must I lay my babe away with God,
Nor think of him again, for gratitude.
Yes, my last breath shall wholly spend itself
In one attempt more to disperse the stain,
The mist from other breath fond mouths have made,
About a lustrous and pellucid soul:
So that, when I am gone but sorrow stays,
And people need assurance in their doubt
If God yet have a servant, man a friend,
The weak a Saviour, and the vile a foe,—
Let him be present, by the name invoked,
Giuseppe-Maria Caponsacchi!

. . . .

For that most woful man, my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me,
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends,—none, none to me
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,
Blotted the marriage-bond: this blood of mine
Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white, and thanks the blow.
We shall not meet in this world nor the next,
But where will God be absent? In His face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too:
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!'

As the end draws near, her thoughts revert to Caponsacchi:—

'He is at Civita—do I once doubt
The world again is holding us apart?
He had been here, displayed in my behalf
The broad brow that reverberates the truth,
And flashed the word God gave him back to man!...
Do not the dead wear flowers when dressed for God?
Say,—I am all in flowers from head to foot!
Say,—not one flower of all he said and did,
Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown,
But dropped a seed has grown a balsam-tree
Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place
At this supreme of moments! He is a priest...
So let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his own soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.'

We must recur to our figure of an eye or a hand cut from the canvas and isolated for inspection to express the almost painful feeling we experience in giving these extracts as specimens of the dramatic power of Mr. Browning's work. That power can only be rightly appreciated by those who will study the poem, and they will find that the more attention they give to it, the closer the scrutiny to which they subject it, the more vividly distinct will grow the individual characters of the drama. These are not lay figures through the mouth of which, after they have been twisted into the fitting *pose,* the poet declaims appropriate sentiments; they are men and women throbbing with life and passion, giving vent in words to the emotions of love and hate, and hope and fear, and good and evil desires, that stir within them, and which find only intense expression because they are intensely felt. These characters range, we may almost say, through the entire scale of human nature. Beside the arch-villain, that true 'spark of hell,' Count Guido, and his four cutthroats, we have notable specimens of the 'subordinately vile'; Marzi-Medici, pusillanimous Governor of Arezzo, who will not help the weak lest he offend the strong; the 'hireling' Archbishop, who will not save from the wolf's paw the lamb that is within reach of his crozier; the craven monk who 'shudders to the 'marrow' at thought of serving her whom his superiors let alone; Guido's two brothers, the Abate, 'fox-faced horrible 'priest,' and the young Girolamo, hybrid between wolf and fox, 'part violence, part craft'; and the mother of these,

'The hag that gave these three abortions birth,
Unmotherly mother and unwomanly
Woman, that near turns motherhood to shame,
Womanliness to loathing: no one word,
No gesture to curb cruelty a whit
More than the she-pard thwarts her playsome whelps
Trying their milk-teeth on the soft o' the throat
O' the first fawn flung with those beseeching eyes
Flat in the covert! How should she but couch,
Lick the dry lips, unsheathe the blunted claw,
Catch 'twixt her placid eyewinks at what chance
Old bloody half-forgotten dream may flit,
Born when herself was novice to the taste,
The while she lets youth take its pleasure.'

Then we have types of average humanity—impulsive gossip-loving busy-bodies, who, where a murder-story is in question, contract a prejudice quickly and hold it firm, be it in favour of slain or slayer; while some philosophical dandy in a

'glorified saloon' will give the *rationale* of the matter, and prove how obstinately truth clings to the bottom of the well, even when one has the critical knack of a well-bred gentleman in extracting her. Likewise, we have the lawyers: Don Giacinto, Procurator of the Poor, and, as we should say, counsel for the defence, admits us into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of his study, where we may see how a sleek jolly advocate with many patrons to please, with bowels of paternity moreover, and the birthday-banquet of his only son distracting attention, can plead in Ciceronian Latin upon paper (since of oral pleading there was none) the sacred cause of truth—that is, of Guido innocent as the Pope himself; while, on the other hand, although we do not behold Giovambattista, fisc, in the act of literary incubation, we have 'the absolute glory' of his full-fledged rhetoric which is employed to-day to prove Pompilia pure, and will be employed to-morrow to prove her precisely the reverse. Lastly, to set off against all this superlative and subordinate villany, this humdrum of the common-place, this philosophy of the exquisite, this professional insincerity and greed—to set off against these, and vindicate the majesty of human nature, stand forth Pope Innocent in all the clarity of wisdom, of Christian fortitude and grace; Pompilia in the purity, the sweetness, of womanly innocence; Caponsacchi in the full brightness of spiritual chivalry, a passionate pure knight of God. In English literature the creative faculty of the poet has not produced three characters more beautiful or better for men to contemplate than these three; and if the ethical teaching of Mr. Browning were confined to the profound moral which underlies these characters, he would deserve the study which his writings exact at our hands.

We will now endeavour to justify another assertion—that, namely, which relates to the boldness, the vigour, and the hopeful spirit which we predicated of Mr. Browning's philosophy. Scattered throughout these volumes are passages of rare spiritual and ethical value, but the sublime morality of the work is embodied in the magnificent monologue of Pope Innocent, on which we will dwell for a moment. He passes the characters of this awful tragedy in review. He comes to Caponsacchi, in whose act of lawless chivalry—the rescue of Pompilia, the flight with her Romewards—was there not danger even to the pure of soul? Yes, and 'praise to God,' since in the ardour of a passionate fealty the true knight of God will pray not to be spared the battle, but to be vouchsafed the occasion of victory:

'In thought, word, and deed,
How throughout all thy warfare thou wast pure,
I find it easy to believe: and if
At any fateful moment of the strange
Adventure, the strong passion of that strait,
Fear and surprise, may have revealed too much,—
As when a thundrous midnight, with black air
That burns, rain-drops that blister, breaks a spell,
Draws out the excessive virtue of some sheathed
Shut unsuspected flower that hoards and hides
Immensity of sweetness,—so perchance,
Might the surprise and fear release too much
The perfect beauty of the body and soul
Thou savedst in thy passion for God's sake,
He who is Pity: was the trial sore?
Temptation sharp? Thank God a second time!
Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot;
And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray
"Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!"
Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise.'

He considers the problem of guilt safe and successful in this world: Guido, but for an 'irrelevant circumstance,' might have lived triumphant, satiated with revenge. What then?

'Thus
O' the present problem: as we see and speak,
A faultless creature is destroyed, and sin
Has had its way i' the world where God should rule.
Ay, but for this irrelevant circumstance
Of inquisition after blood, we see
Pompilia lost and Guido saved: how long?
For his whole life: how much is that whole life?
We are not babes, but know the minutes' worth,
And feel that life is large and the world small,
So, wait till life have passed from out the world.'

The readers of Mr. Browning's works know how large is the hope which his philosophy cherishes of the final pardon and purification of the guilty soul. Those who in our human judgment have done desperate default we may yet behold not only 'pardoned in heaven,' but 'first by the Throne.' Is, however, the hope illimitable? Will it include even Guido? We have seen that Pompilia trusted for him in the healing efficacy of 'God's shadow': the Pope has hope in the sudden illumination of death:—

'For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea, or world at all;
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible:
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see one instant and be saved.
Else I avert my face nor follow him
Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain; which must not be.'

In what spirit shall the wise regard the dreadful spectacle of sin and sorrow in the world?

'I reach into the dark,
Feel what I cannot see, and still faith stands:
I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow would confound me else,
Devised,—all pain at most expenditure
Of pain by Who devised pain—to evolve,
By new machinery in counterpart,
The moral qualities of man—how else?—
To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creative and self-sacrificing too,
And thus eventually Godlike, (ay
"I have said ye are gods,"—shall it be said for nought?)
Enable man to wring from out all pain
All pleasure for a common heritage
To all eternity.'

But are we not driven to ask, as we look around us, whether what we see is indeed, or bears the promise of being, the 'sal- 'vation ordained for man'?

'I
Put no such dreadful question to myself,
Within whose circle of experience burns
The central truth, Power, Wisdom, Goodness—God:
I must outlive a thing ere know it dead:
When I outlive the faith there is a sun
When I lie, ashes to the very soul,—
Some one, not I, must wail above the heap,
"He died in dark whence never morn arose."
While I see day succeed the deepest night—
How can I speak but as I know?—my speech
Must be throughout the darkness, "It will end:"

"The light that did burn will burn!" Clouds obscure—
But for which obscuration all were bright?
Too hastily concluded! Sun-suffused,
A cloud may soothe the eye made blind by blaze,—
Better the very clarity of heaven:
The soft streaks are the beautiful and dear.
What but the weakness in a faith supplies
The incentive to humanity, no strength
Absolute, irresistible, comports?
How can man love but what he yearns to help?
And that which men think weakness in their strength,
But angels know for strength and stronger yet—
What were it else but the first things made new,
But repetition of the miracle,
The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends and aye begins for man?
So never I miss footing in the maze,
No,—I have light nor fear the dark at all.'

This is the true felicity of men—to hear, amid the din and direful spectacle of the battle, the sage servant of God and soldier of humanity proclaim, not in any cry of ecstatic hope, but in the calm clear voice of conviction, his faith in the victory to come:

'No,—I have light nor fear the dark at all.'

This is what we meant when we said that Mr. Browning was distinguished by the serenity of his intellect; when we called him a valiant soldier of humanity; when we numbered him with those who, if they have not vanquished, have at least not been vanquished by the problem of human nature.

We will now lay aside the prism with which we have made some attempt to analyse the light of the sunbeam, in order that we may see the motes in it. They are proverbially numerous: so are Mr. Browning's faults. As we do not, however, care to indite—nor, we suppose, our readers to peruse—a complete inventory of all the faults inherent or assigned to the most original of modern poets, we will deal only with what we think the most striking of his literary defects. The first of these which we notice, and it is a cardinal one, is due to a profuseness, and consequent prolixity, both of thought and language, which, while evidencing abundance of ideas and amplitude of vocabulary, indicates a lamentable deficiency in the mental faculty of concentration and in the moral quality of reticence. This double deficiency seriously interferes with Mr. Browning's artistic power. It is but rarely that he gives to his work anything like finish; and

while he shows his appreciation of the æsthetic value of completeness by the striking line,

'Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete,'

he seems to do his best to call the curse upon his own handiwork. Whether we regard his poems in their integrity, in separate sections, or in particular passages, we constantly find the artistic effect missed or marred by an apparent inability to discriminate the point at which sufficiency is reached. The conclusion of 'The Ring and the Book' affords a comprehensive illustration of what we mean. After we have gone through all the emotions which this tragedy excites in us, after we have sat reverently at Innocent's feet, and heard the final ravings of Guido, we may still listen to the austere sermon of the friar, or to the poet himself teaching us

'This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.'

But are we in a mood to read tags of gossiping letters from a Venetian visitor and those two irrepressible *doctores juris*, full of the uncouth horse-play which we already know? We confess that when among these fragments we came once more across our old acquaintance Don Giacinto, Procurator of the Poor, perceived again that face 'all in laps with fat and law,' heard again that voice still harping on his boy's latinity, our protestation, had the Don's head been but material, would have assumed that energetically Lutheran form which, if tradition be credible, has left its mark to this day on the walls of the Wartburg. It is a capital fault in the artist to outrage those moods of mind which it has been his special object to evoke.

The occasional obscurity of Mr. Browning's style—although there is, we think, less of it in these four volumes than in any poem previously published by him—constitutes a defect of which we mitigate the purely literary importance in expressing our belief that it is avoidable. But we impugn the morality of the artist in presuming his potential skill. There are obscure passages in Mr. Browning's works where the difficulty resides, not in any complexity of thought, but in sheer slovenliness of ravelled expression; while, to prove such passages needlessly and therefore culpably obscure, the diction of the poet is often as remarkable for lucidity of exposition as the thought which it conveys is distinguished by subtlety of conception. With regard to these latter passages, dealing generally with the most important questions which can engage the attention of men, we hardly care to record our protest against the complaint that

it requires a considerable effort of the mind to master them. Those who seek for shells may paddle at their ease in the fringe of the ocean 'that daily licks the shore;' those who seek for pearls must dive in deep water—and there is no diving without considerable effort.

We now pass to a fault in Mr. Browning arising from a combination of intellectual and moral audacity—a kind of temerity which finds its counterpart in M. Victor Hugo, and which particularly distinguishes both these writers when they assume (as they so frequently and successfully assume) the character of mental pathologists. The study of morbid anatomy, whether moral or physical, is not to be prosecuted without contact with the unclean; but what we object to is that the processes of the dissecting-room should be conducted in the public street. It is quite possible to employ in art the valuable results of scientific mental analysis, without making the loathsome details of knowledge the vehicle of its communication. M. Hugo especially permits himself to handle ideas and words which were never meant for artistic manipulation. There is, for example, an incident, a word, connected with one of the decisive battles of the world which, however fit or unfit to be whispered by men in corners, and more or less appreciated as affording a fine example of passionate frankness, certainly does not form a proper object for a polite writer to present even on the tip of his pen to a polite public. You think not? You shall see M. Hugo take it up, pat it, pet it, grow maudlin over it, and show you with what dexterity a consummate artist can do what in your simplicity you deemed impossible. '*Cette bête de mot, impossible!*' We confess that this manifestation of an intellectual capacity to pirouette on a pin-head without falling into circumjacent filth, and the execution of similar literary gymnastics, betray a vanity altogether alien from Mr. Browning, but he rivals his illustrious contemporary in the essentially French quality of 'audace.'* In the present work he ventures with Pompilia upon ground of perilous lubricity—we freely admit without lapse; but there is both lapse and collapse of all that preserves the self-respect of art in the occasional outrages of thought and language—in one instance, the mental and verbal garbage—which he assigns to

* We do not attribute even unconscious plagiarism to Mr. Browning; but we think that the passage in which Caponsacchi describes the imagined encounter between Guido and Iscariot is eminently French in character, and certainly suggests, if it was not suggested by, the manner of M. Hugo.

male characters in the drama. No reader who is familiar with Mr. Browning's works can for a moment doubt the essential purity of his mind. Indeed the whole conception of 'The Ring 'and the Book' bears the impress of a mind pre-eminently pure, and we apprehend that Mr. Browning's temerity is inspired solely by the desire to be true to Nature. But to hold that, because human beings of a given temperament will, under given circumstances, say a given thing, therefore the artist is justified in putting the same thing into the mouth of corresponding personages in his drama, is to commit the radical mistake of assigning to art a reflective instead of a representative function.

With regard to another important fault of Mr. Browning's, the prevailing ruggedness of his versification, we have not much to say. When we consider it in connexion with the proofs which he occasionally gives of his mastery over rhythmical expression, we are as much perplexed by it as by the alternations of lucidity and nebulousness in his philosophical utterances. Here, again, the poet's skill is in conflict with his morals. Even the conventional respect due from a writer to his readers should restrain him from excoriating their ears by such lines as these—with decasyllabic pretensions:

> 'This a tough point, shrewd, redoubtable.'...
> 'His wife, so putting, day by day and hour by hour.'...
> 'Plainly, and need so be put aside.'...
> 'Bids Law "be damned!" adds Gospel "nay."'...

But we cannot part thus from Mr. Browning. We have quoted some very discordant lines. We will let them be followed by a passage of verse which is 'musical as is Apollo's 'lute,' and which derives a sacred interest from the

> 'Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear'

in which it originates. To those only who have passed, like Mr. Browning, through the darkest of the valleys of the shadow of death, identity of sorrow will reveal the full pathos and significance of his noble words. But they will be precious also to those who, without having experienced supreme calamity, may claim as lovers of English literature a community of sorrow with the poet, since the loss which he deplores has deprived them of one of the noblest and brightest of intellectual benefactors:—

> 'O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire—
> Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
> Took sanctuary within the holier blue,

And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail, then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!'

ART. VIII.—*The History of the Norman Conquest of England. Its Causes, and its Results.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College. Vols. I. and II. Oxford: 1867–68.

MR. FREEMAN has added another important work to the literature of the Norman Conquest. He has written it not only because he feels that Englishmen ought to know the real history of their country before that great event which, without such knowledge, becomes wholly unintelligible, and that this history has not yet been brought out as clearly as it should be, but also because neither of the great writers who have lately treated the subject have, in his judgment, rightly understood the effects of the Conquest on the political and social condition of England. On the purpose and plan of the works of Thierry and Sir Francis Palgrave we have already spoken at some length in previous numbers of this Journal.* It is enough, therefore, now to say that Mr. Freeman's re-

* Ed. Rev. vol. xcv. p. 153; vol. cix. p. 486; vol. cxxi. p. 1. It is unnecessary to add anything to the remarks made in those articles on the value and authority of the several English, French, and German chronicles of the eleventh century.

searches have led him definitely to work out the middle line between the theory of Palgrave, which reduces the Conquest to a mere change of dynasty, and that of Thierry, which regards the great struggles of the seventeenth century, and even the outbreaks of the Highland clans in the eighteenth, as a continuation of the long strife between the English as the conquered and the Norman as the dominant race in this country. This middle view, it may be fairly said, he has established by a wealth of evidence arranged with a soundness of judgment, which must win the hearty admiration and gratitude of all readers. He has, in fact, left nothing untold; and we have before us a history which, for all that concerns the political life and growth of the English people from the first Roman invasion to the complete fusion of Normans and Englishmen under the Plantagenet kings, may justly be termed exhaustive. He has shown, with a clearness which leaves nothing to be desired, how much had been done before the death of Harold at Hastings, and how much remained to be done as the peculiar work of the Conqueror and his successors. On the distinction between the feudal principles introduced before the Conquest and the systematic feudalism which follows it, on the constitutional forms and the rights of municipal and local self-government which served as a counterpoise to that system, on the elections of kings in the free assemblies of the people, and the relations of the King with the Witan; on the gradual aggregation of the kingdom from smaller divisions, as the marks or insulated settlements of the earliest Teutonic invaders were amalgamated into shires, and the shires into kingdoms; on the absorption of the several independent kingdoms throughout the country into a single sovereignty; on the tenacious vitality which, from the legendary days of Hengst and Rowena, marked this country as emphatically the land of the English, Mr. Freeman has pronounced a judgment which will be accepted as conclusive by all historical scholars. To this history, in its widest sense, Mr. Freeman has devoted the chief labour of his life. For him the present condition of England is, as it truly is, the result of the uninterrupted growth of a tree from its germ to its full grandeur. He sees that wave after wave of conquest has passed over the land, and yet the Englishman has in every case vanquished his conquerors. He sees that the institutions and laws of the times of Egbert, and Alfred, and Athelstane survive in the national and local parliaments of England, in the supremacy of law over every English subject, and the personal independence of every English citizen. He sees that while the English people, with their

laws and their language, have gained the day, the Norman, as such—the Norman for whom allegiance to a suzerain as the real owner of all his lands and all his goods took the place of local independence subordinated to a central but national authority, the Norman whose whole thoughts were for the dominant class alone, the Norman to whom feudalism was the breath of life—has vanished from the earth. In his own peculiar home on the banks of the Seine, in the fair regions which he made his domain in the sunny lands of the South, in the mightier kingdom which the Conqueror won not less by his wisdom than by his sword, the Norman may still have his descendants and has certainly left his mark; but the Norman nation exists no longer. In every land the Norman has learnt to speak the tongue of those among whom he came to dwell, and to bear the name of the races with whose blood he mingled his own. This steady growth of the English people, of English law, and of English freedom as springing from that law, must excite some enthusiasm in all who have fairly watched it from its germ when the Teutonic Vikings first landed on the coasts of Kent or Essex. In Mr. Freeman it has kindled an enthusiasm which, if it never leads him to conscious misstatement or misrepresentation of facts, may by some be regretted as bringing with it the distorting or exaggerating powers of a mirage. The tolerably well-defined supremacy of Egbert has led him to discern in the English sovereignty of the ninth century an *imperium alterius orbis* rigidly defined and steadily maintained, and he sees throughout the whole history, from the coming of Ælle and Cerdic to the victory of the Norman William, a political development so far beyond that which we believe the country to have reached, that it becomes impossible effectually to oppose a view leading to serious fallacies except by stating the real facts of the case. The chief actors in this shifting drama are in Mr. Freeman's eyes statesmen gifted with the keenest political sagacity, and generals endowed with the highest military genius. If the duty of showing that his picture is overdrawn and overcoloured compels us to traverse ground which may in itself have but few attractions, the toil will not be grudged by any for whom the search after historical truth brings its own reward.

We can but say then, in opposition to Mr. Freeman's general view, that although we may speak of an English people even before the days of Egbert, and although the growth and unity of this people were never completely interrupted, still their whole history, down even to the time of Henry of Anjou, exhibits a singular weakness or absence of the feeling

to which we give the name of nationality; and this instability or want of fixed character in the people is reflected with scarcely a single exception in their leaders. If we are to take the story as it stands, it would be hard to find one in whom weakness and vacillation of will failed to work dire mischief at some critical moment. If the persistent condonation of systematic treachery on the most enormous scale betrays a serious lack of the foresight and wisdom needed for the statesman, the dauntless Edmund lies as much open to blame as his contemptible father Æthelred. If failure to discern alternatives which lie within our power of choice be a sign of indifferent statecraft, something is taken from the reputation of Godwine, while a more culpable weakness marks the relations of Harold himself with the English Stigand and the Norman William. There is, in short, abundant evidence of growth; but as we examine it, we are more and more forced back upon the hackneyed analogy of childhood. We feel that we can seldom or never rely thoroughly on the actors in the drama. When our trust in a man's fixity of purpose has risen almost to assurance, we are confronted with some acts or words which show either that we do not know enough of the facts to form any competent judgment about them, or that they had yet to learn the meaning of political firmness and consistency.

But this arbitrary and capricious action on the part whether of the people or their rulers should excite little surprise or wonder. The whole story of England from the days of the first Teutonic invaders to those of William the Norman exhibits a series of fierce struggles with short intervals of rest. In no two of these conflicts are precisely the same antagonists ranged against each other, and from almost all of them some new man comes forth as the master. Change of lords became at length so frequent that the people submitted to it almost as a matter of course, and the English under the Conqueror uttered their complaints in a fashion very different from that of Poles and Greeks in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But if the signs of weakness are seen everywhere, tokens of coming greatness are not wanting. The great fact in the history of this island for the seven centuries which followed the first inroad of Julius Cæsar is that imperial Rome failed, and the Teutonic invaders did not fail, to make a permanent impression on the country. With the departure of the Roman legions the influence of Rome vanished also, and scarcely a trace remained of Roman law, social life, and civilisation. The Count of the Saxon shore had long been a witness by his official

title to the new force which had either already made itself felt in the land or impressed the Romans and their subjects with a constant sense of impending danger. In the unequal strife which followed the inroads of the Germanic tribes, the religion, the laws, and the language of the British inhabitants were alike swept away, while among the new Teutonic kingdoms one gradually rose to more than equality among the rest, until Egbert became in some sort the ruler of the whole land. The fabric of his power was not indeed very firmly cemented; but the relations of the overlord with his dependent kings seemed to justify the policy which assumed for the English sovereign the titles of imperial dignity. A quarter of a century earlier the Mercian Offa had corresponded as an equal with the great Karl himself, and the reality of the Roman Empire made it a matter of prudence to claim for the sovereign of Wessex an independence on which even the lord of Rome must not dare to encroach. The idea of this northern empire was still in shadowy outline, when the land was again troubled by invaders none the less terrible for their close kindred with the Germanic tribes who had already driven the Britons to the Western mountains. Coming at first as mere marauders, to swoop upon their prey and hurry with it to their ships, the Danes gradually made permanent local settlements, and this second stage was in the end followed by well-defined and settled plans of political conquest. The unity of Egbert's empire was at once broken. If after the peace of Wedmore Guthrum and his Danes professed to acknowledge Alfred as their lord, the submission was purely nominal, and Alfred's local gain as ruler of Wessex was no compensation for the check thus given to the growing feelings of national unity. The brilliant reigns of Edward and Athelstane, Edmund, and Edgar exhibit the picture of a dominion in which every chief within the four seas is said to have owned his subjection to the representative of Cerdic. But the idea of English empire, thus seemingly re-established, furnished no permanent bond of union among the people. In some degree the idea itself was obscured while Eadwig ruled in Wessex and his brother Edgar was king in Mercia, and the real weakness of the country was conspicuously displayed when the Danish invasions were renewed early in the reign of Æthelred. We could undertake to show by a detailed examination of the whole narrative that this singular collapse of will and energy constitutes one of the greatest difficulties in the history of England before the fight of Hastings. But we need not inflict on our readers the toil of an inquiry, which they might

regard as both wearisome and unprofitable. It will be enough if, from the deeds ascribed to some of the most prominent statesmen and generals, we prove that the weakness, the indecision, the feuds, and the treasons imputed to them not only deprive the alleged traditions of the ancient English empire of all practical value, but go far towards rendering the narrative generally untrustworthy, if not incredible. We will confine ourselves to the career of Eadric Streone, and of the three sons of Godwine, who are most conspicuous in the years immediately preceding the Norman Conquest.

The first of the men here named, if we believe the story, is a very paragon of traitors, and his exploits fairly take us into a cloud-land more mysterious than that of the Lotos-eaters or the Sirens. His first great achievement follows a season of banishment for repeated acts of treachery, which seem only to add a genial warmth to the welcome awaiting him on his return. The harrying of Wiltshire by the Danes occurred not long after the marriage of Æthelred with the Norman Emma, and Eadric Streone, who was now in higher favour than ever, led the English forces against them. But he had no intention of fighting, and the pretended illness of their general reconciled his men to inaction. Year after year the same miserable frauds were successfully repeated, until the whole country was so disorganised that 'no shire would so much as help the other.' But it is not among the English only that we are confronted with these difficulties. After the death of the primate Ælfheah, the Danish Thurkill suddenly went over with a fleet to the service of the English Æthelred. Why he should plight his faith to such a man, why on Æthelred's death or before it he should refuse to serve his immeasurably nobler son and go back to his old allegiance, we can explain only on conjecture; and Thurkill was among the most respectable of the actors in this woful time. But the times were hopelessly out of joint, and Thurkill who had thus far fought on the side of Æthelred takes part again with his kinsman Cnut. He was soon followed by Eadric, who at the Gemot at Oxford had added to his former crimes the murder of two thegns of the Witan. He thus abandoned the Ætheling Edmund, and received from Cnut a welcome which argued little for Cnut's insight into human character. But when after the death of Æthelred Edmund Ironside was chosen King by the Londoners, his wisdom was not more proof against the treachery of Eadric than it had been. He still kept that infamous man by his side, and he had his reward. In the thick of the fight at Sherstone, Eadric held up the head of a man whose features resembled

those of the King and urged his men to flee. Edmund, like William at Hastings, rode to the front and disabused them of their error; but almost immediately after the fight Eadric is as high again in his favour as before. Repulsed a third time from the walls of London, Cnut ravaged the lands of Essex, East Anglia, and Mercia. But Edmund, having at Oxford defeated Cnut's followers on their return, listens again to the counsels of Eadric and leaves the Danes unmolested in Sheppey. The weakness of the King in adopting and of the people in submitting to the advice of this arch-traitor amounts to a mere frenzy of infatuation; but to heighten the wonder, the madness spreads also to the Danes. Eadric stands as high in the confidence of Cnut as in that of Edmund. At the battle of Assandun he fights along with the English till the Danes give way, when, as if to show that flight is the duty of victors rather than of the vanquished, he draws off all his men by virtue of a compact with a king who might well have preferred to reap the benefit of his bargain somewhat earlier in the day. Nothing daunted by the fearful slaughter, Edmund was preparing for a seventh battle, when Eadric proposed the favourite remedy of modern diplomacy. A conference was held at Olney, and Cnut agreed to content himself with all England north of the Thames with the exception of East Anglia, Essex, and London. These, with the rest of the land, remained to Edmund 'together with the crown of the whole kingdom,' whatever meaning we may attach to words which seem to convey some faint notion of imperial dignity. A few weeks later the body of Edmund Ironside was laid beside that of Edgar in the minster of Glastonbury; and it adds nothing to our surprise that rumour charged his death on Eadric. Once again the Witan of England had to make choice of a sovereign, and they chose to put themselves under the Danish conqueror. Eadric, we are told, counselled the slaughter of the two sons of Edmund Ironside; but Cnut sent the children to his brother, who was now reigning in Sweden, with injunctions seemingly that they should be slain, and Olaf, not caring to shed their blood, sent them on to Stephen King of Hungary. Executions and banishments removed all whose lineage or whose influence seemed to threaten danger to the new lord of England, and Cnut at last became conscious that the great traitor of the day might possibly once more prove unfaithful. So Eadric, we are told, was slain; but in default of any clue which may render his previous history intelligible, we cannot say whether or how far his doom was deserved. To speak plainly, the story as it stands is not credible, while Mr.

Freeman has treated it as if it furnished materials as authentic as the annals of the first Reform Bill.

The history of Earl Godwine is scarcely less bewildering than that of Eadric Streone. It is throughout full of difficulties; but the really perplexing action of Godwine and his house during the reign of Edward the Confessor may be said to begin with the abduction of the Abbess of Leominster by his eldest son Swegen. Swegen had broken the canonical laws of the cloister, and he sought in vain for permission to make the injured abbess his wife. He left the country. His earldom was divided between his brother Harold and his cousin Beorn, and he himself was solemnly outlawed. A few months later Swegen and Osgod Clapa, another exile, with nearly fifty ships between them, sailed to Sandwich, and there Swegen offered his allegiance to the King, who at once accepted it, and, it is said, proposed that all his lordships should be restored to him. A great crime was thus condoned; but Harold was less forgiving than the King, and we are confronted by the fact that he with Beorn refused to surrender any part of the earldom which had been governed by his brother. On Beorn Swegen speedily took vengeance. Having prevailed on his cousin to undertake the superfluous task of interceding for him with the King who had already declared himself in his favour, Swegen enticed him as far as Bosham, and, on his refusal to embark, had him seized and kept a prisoner until he reached Dartmouth. Here Beorn was slain by Swegen's orders and his body buried on shore. What the murderer expected to gain by his crime it is impossible to say. He was again outlawed; but his outlawry neither served as a bar to a cordial welcome from Baldwin of Flanders nor hindered his return and restoration to his earldom, but a few months later, without any opposition on the part of Harold. This time the peacemaker was Ealdred bishop of Worcester; but what grounds he had for desiring the murderer's return, and, much more, his restoration to power, we have no means of determining.

The story of Harold's relations with his brother Tostig is, to say the least, as perplexing as any recorded in this long series of seemingly incredible narratives. During the time preceding the rebellion in Northumbria Tostig had lived on more than friendly terms with his brother Harold; but no sooner was a Gemot assembled at Bretford than Tostig, we are told, laid his troubles at Harold's door. Eadward was of course eager to take up arms in behalf of one whom he liked nearly as well as William the Bastard or Eustace of Boulogne. That war was not carried into Northumbria was owing to the influence and resolution of Harold; but if the counsel thus

given to yield to the demands of the insurgents might with some reason have led Tostig to suspect that his brother desired his banishment, the personal resentment which he seems to have retained against Harold to the last is quite inconsistent with all that is told of his previous history. In the eyes of the most trustworthy writers of the age Tostig is nearly all that an ideal ruler or statesman should be, with ability and judgment scarcely inferior to that of Harold, with a courtesy and suavity of manner which won for him affection where the sterner dignity of Harold secured him only respect. In resolving to fight his way back to his earldom, he did but follow the example not only of Ælfgar but of Godwine and Harold himself, and the heroic King of Norway was a more respectable ally than the marauding Welshman Griffith. It seems impossible that Tostig in his cooler moments could fail to discern how much his fall had weakened not only Harold but the whole country; and if there lingered about him any vestige of that patriotism which is attributed to him, he must have been ready to accept any decent proposals, without insisting on absurd claims in behalf of his Norwegian ally. Yet before the fatal fight of Stamford Bridge Tostig rejects the splendid generosity of his brother, because it is not extended to the foreign invader; while Harold, well knowing that the fate of England depended on the issue, has not judgment enough to abstain from a rude insult to his Norwegian namesake, even if he could not accord to him the milder measures dealt out to the more barbarous ally of Ælfgar. The bestowal of a province on Harold Hardrada to be held by him under the English sovereign would have introduced no new precedent, would have brought with it no new danger; but the old capriciousness still remained to mar everything. Nothing could induce the English Harold to do now what he and others had done before, and the battle of Stamford Bridge was won that the battle of Hastings might be lost.

Of the marvellous and inexplicable things in the story of the great struggle between Harold and William we need say but little. There is no use in multiplying words on the subject of Edward's alleged promise to the Norman Duke, of Harold's oath, of the Confessor's dying bequests. The ascertainable facts in each case lie within a narrow compass; the inferences to be drawn from them must be left to the judgment of the reader. Constitutionally or morally they are matters of very little moment. The recommendation of the reigning King weighed much with the Witan; but he could do no more than recommend, and it is abundantly clear that the naming of

William by Edward on his deathbed would have availed little in the present temper of the people. The oath of Harold practically concerns him alone. His contracts, whatever they were, could not bind the English nation, and there is no direct evidence that he entered into any contracts at all. The utmost that can be urged against Harold is the silence of the purely English writers on the subject; and at the least it may be answered that, if they did not believe the story, they could but keep silence while open denial would be dangerous, unless they could muster courage to run the risk. Because no one was hardy enough to do this during the Conqueror's lifetime, it is almost going too far to assert that their silence warrants even a suspicion against Harold. The story may have some foundation, or it may be a fable as impudent as the legend of the prophecies put into the mouth of the dying Confessor.

This history, full as it is of invaluable lessons, is preeminently one in which any vehement enthusiasm seems out of place. It exhibits in their germ the laws, the rights, the liberties upon which the great fabric of the English constitution has been raised by the slow growth of ages and the long contests of conflicting forces. There is the idea, far more defined at some times than at others, of a central power which loves to borrow the titles and assume the attributes of the Roman Cæsars. There are wise kings and wise statesmen; but with scarcely a single exception the wisest disappoint us by their folly, the most upright by their weakness or their injustice. In Mr. Freeman's pages they appear in colours so glowing that only the wealth of historical knowledge imparted by his pictures enables the reader to preserve his own sobriety of judgment. The very trust which after the severest tests he finds that he can place in the really English writers of the eleventh century, leads him in some instances to accept a series of incidents as facts, when as a series they become incredible or impossible.

But more particularly the connexion which may be traced between an event and those which more immediately precede and follow it, has led Mr. Freeman throughout his work to link events indefinitely distant, as direct causes, with others in greater or less degree resembling it. If we say that the defeat of Xerxes made the conquests of Alexander the Great possible, we may be saying what in a certain sense is true, and what under certain circumstances it might perhaps be well to say. But if we go on to say that the first embassy of Sikinnos to the Persian King as his fleet lay near Salamis opened the way for the maritime supremacy of Athens, our words are again in a

certain sense true, but the thing becomes overdone. Undoubtedly there is an unbroken connexion between every event that has taken place with all that ever will take place in the history of man; but to speak of one as necessarily or directly leading to another, unless we have the warrant of actual evidence for so saying, is to plunge into depths altogether beyond us. We shall find ourselves in all such cases bound to go farther, and thus to begin the weaving of a chain to which there will be no end. In Mr. Freeman's judgment 'it was Swend's conquest 'which made the conquests both of Cnut and William pos- 'sible.'* But surely we may, with quite as much truth, say that the conquests of Ælle and Cerdic made the conquest of Swend possible, and that the conquests of Ælle and Cerdic were in their turn rendered possible by the weakening of the Roman empire; and having said thus much we must go on to link the weakness of the empire with its overgrowth, and its overgrowth with the defeats of the Carthaginians and the Greeks, until the process loses all meaning unless we propose to write another essay on the education of the world. In Mr. Freeman's volumes these chains of causation confront us everywhere. 'The first recorded intercourse between the courts of 'Rouen and Winchester paved the way for that chain of 'events which was at last to enthrone a descendant of Richard 'in the royal city of Æthelred.'† Unless we mean fairly to acquiesce in the placid fatalism of the Turk, it is not easy to see what is gained by insisting on this connexion. The first intercourse between London and Rouen certainly led to further intercourse between Normandy and England; but it was at the least possible that at any time this intercourse might be interrupted, or even that the schemes of William might fail. It Harold had been gifted with William's resolute will to shape everything to one end, with William's wide sweep of view over the whole political horizon, he would probably have marched from Stamford Bridge with Tostig among his counsellors and the Norwegian King as an ally. We demur slightly as we read that the long connexion of Emma with England 'as the 'wife of two kings and the mother of two others, brought with 'it nothing but present evil, and led to the future overthrow 'of the English kingdom and nation.'‡ We are less content when we are told that 'the stranger queens alike of Æthelberht 'and of Æthelred came as the forerunners of mighty changes. 'The foreign marriage of Æthelberht paved the way for the 'admission of the Teutonic and heathen island into the com-

* Vol. i. p. 399. † Vol. i. p. 315. ‡ Vol. i. p. 331.

'mon fold of the Christian commonwealth. The foreign mar-'riage of Æthelred paved the way for the more complete fusion 'of England into the general European system, by giving her 'a foreign king, a foreign nobility, and for many purposes, a 'foreign tongue.'* Ought we not to add that the overthrow of the British tribes already Christian rendered the introduction of Latin Christianity into England possible? And is not the argument somewhat weak unless we can give some reason for thinking that Gregory would have shrunk from carrying out his scheme if the wife of Æthelberht had been like her husband a heathen? If it be true that 'the Danish and Norman 'conquests are so closely connected with one another as cause 'and effect, that the history of one is an essential part of the 'history of the other,'† it is true only in the sense that the Danish conquests cannot be understood apart from the previous conquests of other Teutonic tribes, or these apart from the still earlier occupation of the country by Britons under Roman supremacy. But not only is it the conquest of Cnut which renders possible the conquest of the Norman William; the Norman conquests of Apulia and Sicily must also be brought into the chain of causes. 'One can hardly doubt,' says Mr. Freeman, 'that the wonderful successes of their 'countrymen in the south of Europe contributed to suggest to 'the minds of those Normans who stayed at home that a still 'greater conquest nearer home was not wholly hopeless. 'The unsuccessful attempt of Duke Robert, which we shall 'presently have to mention, and the successful one of his 'greater son, may well have been partially suggested by the 'exploits of the sons of Tancred in Apulia.'‡ We might have supposed that the previous history of England was laden with suggestions and incitements for schemes of invasion; but having said thus much, Mr. Freeman naturally goes on to describe at some length the contrast between the exploits of the private Norman adventurers in Italy and Spain, and the results which might be achieved with the power of the whole land wielded by the Norman sovereign. It is impossible to prove the negative in such cases; but these disquisitions are really digressions, however valuable may be their matter, and they tend to swell the book to a disproportionate size. Indeed, it is in great part the adoption of this plan which has compelled Mr. Freeman to extend his work to five volumes,—in other words, if the future volumes are on the same scale with the two now before us, to 3,300 pages—a space not much less than

* Vol. i. p. 333. † Ibid. p. 442. ‡ Vol. i. p. 515.

that in which Dean Milman has drawn out the far more complicated drama of Latin Christianity. If it be necessary to give a sketch of English history from the first Teutonic inroads, and to trace it in full detail from the days of Egbert to those of the Plantagenet Edwards, it is scarcely necessary to relate at the same length the whole history of Normandy, and the connexion both of Rouen and Paris with the empire, unless the history of the Norman Conquest is to resolve itself into a history of the world.

We are compelled to add that there is another reason for the bulkiness of these volumes which, on the mere score of compassion to the reader, deserves to be well considered. Eloquence is certainly not out of place in a history; but history may be overloaded with rhetoric, and the charge will, we fear, be not seldom urged against these volumes. All the chief actors are among the greatest of mankind; they fight great battles or sway assemblies by great speeches: there are men from many kingdoms, or shires, or districts in each army, and earls of great name and great lineage in each witan. By a historian whose political enthusiasm is something of the keenest the temptation to launch into the rhetoric of the ballad and the muster-roll should be resisted as the temptation to eat the forbidden fruit. Mr. Freeman's English, we need not say, is always good and always harmonious; but he not unfrequently gives us much more of it than is at all necessary. We do not deny that the striking history of the Abbey Church of Westminster during the first year after its consecration deserves to be related in fitting language, but we doubt whether its significance is heightened by throwing it into the following form:—

'The time was at last come. The great ceremony had been preceded by a lesser one of the same kind. The Lady Eadgyth—was it as an atonement for the blood of Gospatric?—had rebuilt the church of nuns at Wilton, the church of her sainted namesake, the daughter of Eadgar. The fabric had hitherto been of wood, but the Lady now reared a stone minster, pressing on the work with unusual haste, in pious rivalry with her husband. The new building was hallowed by Hermann, the bishop of the diocese, just before the Northumbrian revolt. That revolt was now over, and the land was once more quiet; the work of the King's life was finished; the time of the Christmas festival drew nigh. This year the midwinter Gemot was not gathered, as in former years, at Gloucester, but the Witan of all England were specially called to the King's Court at Westminster to be present at the hallowing of the new church of St. Peter. The assembly met; the King's strength was failing, but he assayed to appear in the usual kingly state. On the

festival of the Nativity and on the two following days, one of them the day of his patron Evangelist, he wore his crown in public; but the exertion was too much for him. The fourth day, the feast of the Holy Innocents, had been appointed for the great ceremony; but Eadward was no longer able to take any personal part in the rite which he had so long looked forward to as the crowning act of his life. The minster was hallowed with all the rites of the Church; but the founder's share in the ceremony was discharged by deputy. Eadward, King, Saint, and Founder, was represented in that day's solemnity by his wife, the Lady Eadgyth. Eadward's work on earth was now over. His church was finished and hallowed, and it was soon to be the scene of rites still more solemn, still more memorable. St. Peter's minster had been built to be the crowning place and the burying place of future kings of the English. Its special functions soon fell thick upon the newly hallowed temple. Before another year had passed the West minster was to be the scene of one royal burial, of two royal consecrations, and those consecrations the two most memorable that England ever saw. But it had not to wait for months or even for weeks, before its special history began. The sounds of the workman's hammer had hardly ceased, the voice of the consecrating prelate was hardly hushed into silence, before the church of the Apostle was put to the lofty purposes for which it was designed. Before the Christmas festival was over, it beheld the funeral rites of its founder, the coronation rites of his successor. The days of the holy season were not yet accomplished, the Witan of England had not yet departed to their homes, when the last royal son of Woden was borne to his grave, and his imperial crown was placed on the brow of one whose claim was not drawn only from the winding-sheet of his fathers. The most eventful year of our history had begun; but its first week had not yet fully passed away when Eadward, the son of Æthelred and Emma, was gathered to his fathers, and Harold, the son of Godwine and of Gytha, was King of the English and Lord of the Isle of Britain.' *

Apart from the many repetitions in this passage, the mere length of the description is ominous; but still more alarming, as we think of Stamford Bridge and Hastings, and of later scenes in the history of the Conquest, is the scale on which Mr. Freeman enumerates the contingents of the armies which fought at Val-ès-dunes.

'Danish Coutances and Saxon Bayeux were brought face to face with Romanised Rouen and Evreux and with royal Paris itself. From all the lands east of the Dive men flocked to the Ducal standard. The episcopal cities of Lisieux and Evreux, along with primatial Rouen, sent forth their loyal burghers, and the men of the surrounding districts pressed no less eagerly to the muster. They

* Vol. ii. p. 515.

came, according to the old division, which the suppression of the present revolt had not wholly broken up, arranged in companies which still retained the name of *communes*, suggesting the freedom which they had perhaps not wholly lost. From beyond the Seine came the troops of Caux, and from the south of the Duchy came the men of Auge, and of Duke Robert's county of Hiesmes. And who can doubt that foremost among them all were the burghers of William's own Falaise, zealous on behalf of a prince who was also their own immediate countryman? *

The historical student may, in some measure, be reconciled to rhetoric not out of place in a Lay of Ancient Rome, when he remembers that every clause in these sentences points to some historical fact which might perhaps have escaped his notice or his memory; but he may still feel it an irksome thing that his whole stock of historical knowledge must be constantly at hand for the full enjoyment of a narrative, and he may still more dislike being hurried from one fact or time to another, unless there is some solid reason why he should be so. Earl Godwine dies and is buried at Winchester, and Mr. Freeman tells us that 'his place of burial need hardly be mentioned. The man 'who was greater than a King, the maker and the father of 'Kings, found his last resting-place among Kings. His corpse 'was laid by that of the King under whom he had risen to 'greatness; by that of the lady whose rights he had so stoutly 'defended; by that of the first King whom he had placed on the 'West Saxon throne; by that of the murdered nephew whose 'death had cast the first shade of gloom upon his house.'†

We must own to not knowing the lady whom Godwine so stoutly defended; ‡ but much as we may wish to rate Godwine

* Vol. ii. p. 253.

† Ibid. p. 352.

‡ It is, of course, impossible that this could be his daughter Eadgyth who survived him for many years. It seems scarcely more probable that Mr. Freeman can mean Ælfgifu-Emma. What had the Earl specially done in her defence? It may perhaps be urged that he had done her no wrong; but what he did in conjunction with Edward and Harold may be told in Mr. Freeman's own words. 'The result of the deliberations of the wise men was that the King 'in person, accompanied by the three great earls, rode from Glou-'cester to Winchester, came unawares upon the lady, occupied her 'lands, and seized all that she had in gold, silver, jewels, and 'precious stones. They left her, however, we are told, enough for 'her maintenance, and bade her live quietly at Winchester. She 'now sinks into utter insignificance for the remainder of her days.' (Vol. ii. p. 62.) If such statements as these are to be the cost of a rhetorical sentence, we confess that we shrink from the penalty.

at his true value, we feel ourselves somewhat bewildered in the labyrinth of superlatives, as we read that

'No man ever deserved a higher or a more lasting place in national gratitude than the first man who, being neither king nor priest, stands forth in English history as endowed with all the highest attributes of the statesman. In him, in those distant times, we can revere the great minister, the unrivalled parliamentary leader, the man who could sway councils and assemblies at his will, and whose voice, during five and thirty years of political life, was never raised in any cause but that of the welfare of England. Side by side with all that is worthiest in our later history—side by side with his own counterpart two ages afterwards, the second deliverer from the yoke of the stranger, the victor of Lewes, the martyr of Evesham—side by side with all who, from his day to ours, have, in the field or in the senate, struggled or suffered in the cause of English freedom—side by side with the worthies of the thirteenth and the worthies of the seventeenth centuries, will the voice of truthful history, rising above the calumnies of ages, place the name of the great deliverer of the eleventh, the Earl of happy memory, whose greatness was ever the greatness of England, whose life was one long offering to her welfare, and whose death came fittingly as the crown of that glorious life, when he had once more given peace and freedom to the land which he loved so well.' *

In part this has been already said of Alfred :—

'In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured by so little alloy. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph—there is no other name in history to compare with his. St. Louis comes nearest to him in the union of a more than monastic piety with the highest civil, military, and domestic virtues. Both of them stand forth in honourable contrast to the abject superstition of some other royal saints, who were so selfishly engaged in the care of their own souls that they refused either to raise up heirs for their throne, or to strike a blow on behalf of their people. But even in St. Louis we see a disposition to forsake an immediate sphere of duty for the sake of distant and unprofitable, however pious and glorious, undertakings.' †

The interests of historical truth can never be furthered by indiscriminate eulogies. Whatever may have been the virtues of Alfred, it is clear that we gain nothing by comparing him with St. Louis, unless we know the value of St. Louis as the father of a family, as a statesman, and a warrior. That he strove to do his duty after his own lights, we do not deny; that he wofully

* Vol. ii. p. 354. † Vol. i. p. 52.

mistook the duties of a citizen and a king, we have no hesitation in affirming; of his military virtues (which in one who is a leader of armies means his generalship) we take the judgment of Dean Milman as the only one consistent with known facts. Louis, says Dean Milman, 'had no conscious confidence in his 'military skill or talent to intoxicate him with the hopes of a '*conqueror.* *He seems to have utterly wanted, perhaps to have* 'despised, the most ordinary acquirements of a general.'* *Still* more emphatic is the Dean's final verdict:—'The beauty of the 'passive virtues of Louis, his death with all the submissive 'quietness of a martyr, blinded mankind to his utter incom-'petency to conduct a great army.'† But of these finer, yet most necessary, distinctions between active and passive virtues, between the decent and the vehement piety which shows itself in sober demeanour, or careful devotion, or gifts to religious houses, and the real goodness exhibited in lifelong generosity and unselfishness, Mr. Freeman unfortunately takes no account. The treacherous murderer, Swegen, dies returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem: he is therefore 'a great sinner' and 'a 'great penitent.'‡ On the strength of some vague statements in Milo Crispinus, Mr. Freeman not only attributes to Herluin, the founder of the Abbey of Bec, an intimate familiarity with the laws of Normandy,§ but speaks of him as becoming by diligent study 'mighty in the Scriptures, and that without ever neg-'lecting the daily toil which his austere discipline imposed upon himself.'‖ It is enough to quote the remark of Dean Hook: '—Herluin, though unable to read, had been an attentive listener; and, as he possessed a good memory, the Scriptures were written upon the tablets of his heart. Lanfranc, comparing the spiritual knowledge with the general ignorance of Herluin, was heard more than once, after listening to the abbot's discourse, to exclaim, "*Spiritus, ubi vult, spirat.*"'¶ But here again Mr. Freeman's exaggerated praise may be contrasted with the more sober judgment of Dean Milman, who dismisses Herluin with the pithy sentence that he 'was as 'ignorant as he was rude; his followers, who soon gathered 'round him, scarcely less so.'** It is indeed to be regretted that Mr. Freeman, who has done so much to crush the super-

* Latin Christianity, Book xi. ch. i.
† Ibid. Book xi. ch. iv.
‡ Norman Conquest, vol. ii. p. 109.
§ Ibid. p. 222. ‖ Ibid. p. 220.
¶ Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. ii. p. 86.
** Latin Christianity, Book viii. ch. viii.

stitions and delusions which with many pass current as historical verities, should be thus lacking in the appreciation of other matters which require at least as much nicety of treatment. Alfred assuredly deserves to be honoured as the translator of Latin books, and as doing all that he could for the instruction of his people. His aim was purely unselfish: let him have the full credit of it; but Mr. Freeman is not content until he has told us that 'in Ælfred there is no sign of literary pedantry, 'ostentation or jealousy; nothing is done for his own glory; 'he writes, just as he fights and legislates, with a single eye to 'the good of his people. He shows no signs of original genius; 'he is simply an editor and translator, working honestly for the 'improvement of the subjects whom he loved. This is really 'a purer fame and one more in harmony with the other fea-'tures of Ælfred's character, than the highest achievements of 'the poet, the historian, or the philosopher.'* If this is not to be taken as saying that no poet or philosopher has ever deserved better of his fellows than Alfred, a historian who thus speaks approaches dangerously near the verge of rhapsody. In Mr. Freeman's judgment, the Norwegian king who forced Christianity down the throats of his subjects at the point of the sword was 'a zealous Christian,' whose 'whole soul was devoted to 'spreading throughout his kingdom the blessings of Christianity 'and civilisation, and to reforming the manners and morals of his 'people in every way.' But what is the use of saying this, when it becomes necessary to add immediately that the later like the elder Olaf 'used harshness and violence to force on a rude nation 'manners and institutions for which they were unprepared, and 'the Christian missionary degenerated into a persecutor of those 'who clave to the creed of their fathers'?† We confess our ignorance of the meaning of words, or of the balance in which they are to be weighed, if we are to suppose that the impulse which took Robert the Devil to Jerusalem was 'a purer religious enthusiasm' than that which took Cnut to Rome.‡ So, too, in spite of very black crimes and of an unscrupulousness which 'never shrank from force or fraud, from wrong or 'bloodshed, or oppression, whenever they seemed to him the 'straightest paths to accomplish his purpose' (a more complete negation of all Christian principle could not be conceived), still the Conqueror's 'sense of religion was strong;' 'his piety 'was something more than the mere conventional piety of lavish 'gifts to monasteries;' 'his zeal for holy things was neither

---

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 54.
† Ibid. vol. i. p. 502. ‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 528.

'hypocrisy, nor fanaticism, nor superstition.'* What is this but a contradiction in terms, or a casuistry which, if it satisfies theologians of the Church of Rome, should find little favour with the countrymen of Arnold and Milman, of Niebuhr and Bunsen, and which assuredly found little at the hands of those righteous teachers who spoke their mind plainly long ago on the practice of putting bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter? The same rough painting represents the renown of Thomas of Canterbury as outshining 'the renown of Lanfranc and Anselm.'† With more care Mr. Freeman speaks of the fierce spirit of the Northumbrian Siward as 'not inconsistent with 'the piety of the time.'‡ Why should not the same very necessary qualification be made in the case of Swegen, or Cnut, of Robert the Devil and his son William?

The truth is that the keynote of praise may easily be too highly pitched to allow of the nicer and more subtle distinctions which are needed for the adequate discrimination of human motives, characters, and actions. When the Jewish chronicler said of Hezekiah and Josiah that there was no such king before or after them, it is clear that all distinction between the two is lost in an unmeaning superlative. Mr. Freeman incurs the same danger by the use of these perilous negatives. Of the series of battles fought by Edmund Ironside he tells us that 'never had the efforts of one man been greater or more 'successful; Ælfred himself, in his most hard-fought cam- 'paigns, had not worked for England with a truer heart than 'his valiant descendant.'§ No woes can exceed those of Gytha. 'No tale of Grecian tragedy can set forth a sadder and 'more striking record of human vicissitudes, of brighter hopes 'in youth, of more utter desolation in old age, than the long 'and chequered life of her whom our notices are at least enough 'to set before us as a wife worthy of Godwine, a mother worthy 'of Harold.'‖ Cnut 'always found some means, by death, 'by banishment, by distant promotion, of getting rid of any- 'one who had once awakened his suspicions.' Yet 'as an 'English king, he fairly ranks beside the noblest of his prede- 'cessors.'¶ Among these predecessors is Alfred, and Alfred, in Mr. Freeman's view, is emphatically 'the most perfect cha- 'racter in all history.' To Cnut's empire in Northern Europe 'there was no parallel before or after him;'** under him the English 'had flourished as they never flourished before.'††

* Vol. ii. p. 167. † Vol. ii. p. 215. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 375.
§ Vol. i. p. 427. ‖ Vol. i. p. 469. ¶ Vol. ii. p. 479.
** Vol. i. p. 530. †† Ibid. p. 534.

William the Conqueror is undoubtedly a great man; but this is not enough unless we add that 'the world has ever since 'rung, and while it lasts can hardly ever fail to ring, with the 'mighty name of the Bastard of Falaise.'* 'No man that ever 'trod this earth was ever endowed with greater natural gifts; 'to no man was it ever granted to accomplish greater things. '. . . No man ever did his work more effectually at the 'moment; no man ever left his work behind him as more truly 'an abiding possession for all time.'† We almost demur, in passing, to the verdict which exalts William by setting down the Buonapartes, 'along with the Swends and the Nabucho-'donosors,' 'as simple scourges of a guilty world.'‡

In the same way we demur to much of Mr. Freeman's language on the imperial dignity of the kings of Wessex or of England, not so much from the lack of all evidence to substantiate it as because his theory leads him to eke out and to make the most of scanty evidence in a matter for which it should be abundant. Mr. Freeman dismisses with fitting contempt the notion which would connect the views of Egbert in seeking to establish an independent sovereignty with the efforts of Carausius and others who sought to rule, and often succeeded in ruling, not from London but from Rome.§ The wishes of Egbert and his successors were more sober and sensible. The revived empire of the West had received a new lustre under Otto the Great, and Edgar might well think it 'need-'ful to assert that England owed him no sort of homage, and 'that the other princes of Britain owed homage to Eadgar and 'not to Otto.'‖ This can scarcely be questioned, and as little can it be doubted that the Norman and Angevin kings of England 'were far from looking on insular dominion as the main 'object of their policy,' and that 'they valued England mainly 'as a nursery of men and a storehouse of money to serve their 'projects of continental ambition.'¶ Still the claims of Egbert and Edgar have dazzled Mr. Freeman's eyes.

'The King of the English and Lord of all Britain might well feel himself a truer representative of imperial greatness than emperors, whose rule was at most confined to a corner of Italy. He was, beyond all doubt, the second, if not the first, among Western kings. The kings of the Eastern Franks, not yet emperors in formal rank, but marked out in the eyes of all men as the predestined heirs of Charles, were the only rulers who could be held to surpass him in power and glory. Without waiting for any

* Vol. i. p. 530. † Vol. ii. p. 164. ‡ Ibid. p. 165.
§ Vol. i. p. 152. ‖ Vol. i. p. 159. ¶ Ibid.

formal coronation, the soldiers of Henry and Otto had saluted their victorious kings as *Imperatores* and *Patres Patriæ*, and, with the same feeling, Æthelstan assumed, or received from his counsellors, the titles which placed him on a level with them.' *

How far this dignity remained a substantial reality during the two centuries which were yet to pass before the Norman Conquest, we have in part already seen. A stray sentence here and there, an inference drawn from the arrest of the Ætheling Alfred by the emissaries of the Danish Harold,† or from the building of a hunting-seat for the Confessor at Portskewet,‡ furnish evidences of imperial supremacy in mournful contrast with the traditional splendours of Egbert and Edgar as overlords of all the kings in Britain. We have no intention of entering into the details of the thorny question of Scottish commendation. All the evidence that is to be had on the subject has been brought together by Mr. Freeman with an industry which, on this as on almost every other question of fact throughout the history, leaves very little labour for others. It must be for the reader to determine whether he takes Mr. Freeman's view, or abides by the conclusions of Mr. Burton. Mr. Freeman, of course, following the Chronicle, relates without any misgiving that Edward, being now immediate sovereign of all England south of the Humber, 'was able to extend his 'more general supremacy equally beyond anything possessed by 'his predecessors. The princes of Wales, Northumberland, 'Strathclyde, and Scotland, all submitted to him by a voluntary act: "they chose him to father and to lord." No hostilities with either Strathclyde or Scotland are spoken of: the 'act of submission appears to have been made by the free consent of the rulers and the people of those countries.'§ The very promptness and spontaneity of this submission leads Mr. Burton to treat the narrative as the counterpart of the story of the Scottish Grig the Great, who drives out the Danes, humbles England, and conquers Ireland, but whose 'magnanimity will 'permit him to take no more advantage of his success than to 'see that these two kingdoms are rightly governed, that they 'are rid of the northern invaders, and that their sceptres are 'respectively wielded by the legitimate heir.'‖ 'All this,' adds Mr. Burton, 'is just about as true as the story of the king 'of Scotland with five royal companions rowing the barge of 'King Edgar on the Dee.' A harder task awaited Athelstane,

* Vol. i. p. 158. † Ibid. p. 540.
‡ Vol. ii. p. 479. § Vol. i. p. 60.
‖ History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 356.

although, in Mr. Freeman's words, 'in his second year all the 'vassal princes, Welsh and Scottish, and a solitary Northumbrian chief, who still retained some sort of dependent royalty, 'renewed their homage.' Athelstane, however, had to fight 'to retain the empire which his father had won. Neither 'Danes, Welsh, nor Scots were very faithful vassals; but the 'power of the King of the English was too much for them all.'* It seems strange that a relation voluntarily entered into by the northern kings and people should need to be enforced by their defeat at Brunanburh; but on the results of this battle Mr. Freeman speaks as vaguely as the chronicles. Mr. Burton is less reserved. On the entry for the year 926, he remarks that not a word is said 'about contests and victories; and it would 'even seem from the original as if all these monarchs had 'wanted an Athelstane as their father, and tendered their 'allegiance out of their respect for his moral worth and 'princely generosity.'† The ideal picture is scarcely realised in the seven years' war which ended in the fight at Brunanburh. But from this battle Mr. Burton finds 'little distinctive result,' and 'the powers' remain 'much as they were.' 'It has yet to 'be recorded, nine years later, in 946, that Athelstane's successor reduced all Northumberland under his power, and the 'Scots gave him oath that they would all that he would.'‡ It is at the least instructive to contrast the conclusions of the two historians on the alleged commendation of 924. 'These brief 'memorials,' says Mr. Burton, 'which in words carry the 'supremacy of the English monarch over the North, would 'have been of no more moment than those which balance his 'renown in a Gregory the Great or other northern hero, had 'they stood by themselves. Later events, however, gave an 'opportunity to the more recent chroniclers to further a political cause by amplifying the brief notices of their predecessors, 'and putting them into the legal phraseology of their own day, 'for the purpose of showing when and how the earliest feudal 'homage was paid to the line of monarchs whose dominions 'and privileges were possessed by the house of Plantagenet in 'right of the great Conquest.'§ According to Mr. Freeman, not only is this commendation to Edward 'one of the 'best authenticated facts in history,'‖ but it is also 'the true 'justification for the acts of his glorious namesake in the

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 62.
† History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 359.
‡ Ibid. p. 361. § History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 359.
‖ Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 133.

'thirteenth century.'* We do not care to dispute about the facts, but we do say deliberately that the time has come when the knot of the controversy may be cut with the sword of that plain morality which Mr. Freeman never consciously undervalues, and on which he sometimes insists with great plainness of speech. The wars of the English kings with Scotland were as wanton and as wicked, as cruel and as useless, as any which they waged against the kings of France, and any justification which is urged for the one holds good of the other. It is time that we should begin to breathe a purer atmosphere. It may be that feudalism is a phase through which all nations must pass in their progress from infancy into manhood. We have no wish to depreciate the good which it may have wrought; but as a basis of social or of national life, the principle is one which may be treated much as the Levitical law was treated by St. Paul. It might be needed as a training for the fuller freedom which lay beyond; but in itself it was a yoke scarcely to be borne. Happily for England, it was reserved for the Norman Conqueror to introduce the matured system into this country; but no one has asserted more plainly than Mr. Freeman that the ground had been well prepared for it; and the commendation of kingdoms is as much or as little to be defended in itself as the relation of the Roman client to his patron, of the Lakonian Helot to his Spartan masters, of the Teutonic villein to his lord. As transitional states, they may be tolerated, but in themselves such things ought not to be. Law and custom have at divers times and in divers places allowed a man to sell himself into slavery. By English law and English custom such an engagement would be null and void. 'By selling himself for a slave he 'abdicates his liberty; he foregoes any future use of it beyond 'that single act. He therefore defeats, in his own case, the 'very purpose which is the justification of allowing him to 'dispose of himself.'† The argument, by parity of reasoning, is even stronger against engagements which are to bind a people to yield up or forego their independence. The only justification for such engagements is their necessity, so long as the necessity exists. The evil lies in laying stress on the validity of forms, as if these forms had in themselves some substantial force or reality. The Witan of England elected Cnut, banished and restored Godwine, elected in the same year the English Harold and the Norman William; but the

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 152.
† J. S. Mill, on Liberty, ch. v.

significance of all these acts was not the same, although in each case the letter of the law was faithfully observed. There was, as Mr. Freeman remarks, nothing unusual in the mere act of commendation. 'The kingdom of England was, certainly once, possibly twice, commended to a foreign potentate. John, as all the world knows, commended his kingdom to the Pope; and it is by no means clear that his brother Richard had not before that commended it to the Emperor.'* But if the commendation of John is to go for nothing, it is not easy to see how that of Scotland can be sustained. If the sovereign has the right to enter into such agreements, the nation cannot sign away its right to annul them. For nations abdication is an impossibility; and hence the different degrees of dependency which marked the relations of Scotland, Strathclyde, and Lothian to the English Crown become a curious archæological question about facts which, according to Mr. Freeman, even the persons concerned in them wholly failed to understand.† In truth, Mr. Freeman supplies the strongest weapons for the overthrow of the system which, in his opinion, justified Edward in carrying war and havoc through the realm of Scotland. 'The feudal or commendatory relation,' he asserts, 'is a very delicate one, offering constant temptations to a breach of its duties on both sides, temptations which, in a rude age, must often have been irresistible.'‡ The tie might mean a great deal, or it might mean nothing. Whenever the suzerain was weak and the vassal strong, it became purely nominal; and in the case of Rolf and Charles, it was rather the king who swore fealty to the Northman than the Northman who swore fealty to the king.§ England before the Conquest had the elements of feudalism, but it was not yet essentially feudal; and hence, 'everything which had already made England free and glorious, everything which it is now our pride and happiness to have preserved down to our own times,'‖ excited the intense dislike of Edward's Norman favourites who were fairly steeped in the peculiar doctrines of the feudal school. In the long run feudalism was lawlessness. 'To chivalrous Frenchmen, the act of the English burgher in defending his house against a forcible entry would seem something quite beyond their understandings. To their notions, the appeal to right and law with which Englishmen were familiar would seem, on the part of men of inferior rank, something almost out of the

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 131.
† Ibid. p. 140
‡ Ibid. p. 144.
§ Ibid. p. 193.
‖ Vol. ii. p. 128.

'course of nature.'* If the overlord could redress the wrongs of his vassal against other lords or their dependents, it was well; if not, the vassal followed the example of his master and rushed into war on his own account. The old Greek morality, on which the whole system rested, was carried to its logical conclusions. 'Every man claimed the right of private war 'against every other man who was not bound to him by any 'special tie as his lord or his vassal; and the distinction be-'tween private war and mere robbery was not always very 'sharply drawn.'† Against this state of anarchy the Truce of God was a well-meant but a feeble, and in some respects a ridiculous protest. If men were sufficiently in earnest, they would not be likely to allow either Friday or Sunday to balk them of their vengeance; and if when on the point of victory they could stay their hands because the hour of peace had struck, they would probably care but little to begin the work of death again when the period of truce was ended. Feudalism, in short, left to itself, confused everything. 'Among 'the endless links of the feudal chain, it was hard to find the 'exact point where sovereignty ended and simple property 'began.'‡ With the rejection of the essential doctrines of this system of violence and deadly hatred, the claims founded on the commendations of kings, the rights based by William on the promises of Edward and of Harold, crumble utterly away.

The facts of history are, however, of more importance than speculations connected with them; and the honesty of the writer is not necessarily bound up with the credibility of his statements. By a rigorous scrutiny Mr. Freeman has convinced himself that the writers of the English Chronicle are as guiltless of any wilful misrepresentation or distortion of facts as any writers possibly could be. Still there are points at which belief must end, unless judgments are to be given which would reverse the verdict passed on the chief actors in the drama, whether by contemporary or more recent writers. If Edmund Ironside, and Cnut, and Godwine were the men whom Mr. Freeman represents them to have been, we must refuse credit to not a few of the alleged incidents in their history. It is certainly quite to the purpose to remark that the very freedom of a state may explain a good deal of dilatoriness or tardiness in the outset of a campaign. England is never found prepared for a war. 'No free state could expect to rival the readiness, 'vigour, and audacity with which Prussia opened the wonder-

* Norman Conquest, vol. ii. p. 133.
† Ibid. p. 235. ‡ Ibid. p. 238.

'ful campaign which has just been brought to a close. The 'very institutions which secure national, local and personal 'freedom, sometimes form a temporary, though most certainly 'only a temporary, hindrance, especially in the case of civil 'war or of sudden invasion.'* The forms of the English constitution in the days of Æthelred may have been in fault, and the sluggishness of the nation may explain the successful hatchings of treasons; but it cannot explain why the successful traitors should rise higher and higher in the favour of their victims after each act of iniquity. Yet, as our sketch has shown, this is what we have to believe if we believe the story of Eadric Streone and Ælfric, and, in a less degree, of Pallig, of Thurkill, and of Swegen. But if these stories are not to be thus far credited, a very important question is forced upon us: How comes it that men thoroughly honest could write down such things without any misgiving, it would seem, that their stories could not readily be believed? Doubtless their historical sense was lacking in keenness, and the tradition of the time or the place carried with it an authority which they scarcely dared to challenge; but the fault may arise more from their slender insight into the true motives and the real characters of men. The result is that we cannot move long through their narratives without coming across something which has been made the subject of vehement controversy, if it be not something which is wholly beyond belief. A man who had betrayed the English fleet to destruction at Copenhagen or Aboukir would not have been found high in Nelson's trust at Trafalgar; and to the writer who asserted such a fact we should reply that his statement was incredible, except on the supposition that Nelson was mad and that the whole nation shared his madness. But this is precisely what we are told about the Witan of Æthelred and Edmund Ironside, not once or twice, but again and again. No one can point out more clearly than Mr. Freeman the inexplicable character of these treasons,† but he nowhere implies that he rejects the story, and he sometimes asserts that as the facts are recorded, we have no choice but to accept them. The historical student may surely look for clearer guidance. There is no more difficulty in the first treason of Ælfric or of Eadric than in the first embassy of Sikinnos from Themistokles to Xerxes; and while we allow with Mr. Freeman that we cannot understand 'why a man who had just 'risen to the highest possible pitch of greatness, son-in-law of 'his sovereign and viceroy of an ancient kingdom, should im-

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 325. † Ibid. p. 307.

'mediately ally himself with the enemies of his King and 'country,'* we are quite ready to accept the fact, because our best authorities for the period assert that it was so, 'and we 'have no evidence or reasonable suspicion to the contrary.' But suspicion assuredly becomes reasonable, when we find that this treachery is no bar to increased favour at the hands of the very man whom he has betrayed; and when the process is continuously repeated, the suspicion becomes overwhelming. We could believe, if there had been no previous treasons, that Eadric, professing to fight on the side of Edmund at Sherstone, resorted to the device which we have already mentioned in order to break up the English forces; but when we remember that Eadric's treacheries were already legion, we altogether refuse to believe that within a few days Edmund had condoned his sins and restored him to his service, unless we believe, what Mr. Freeman refuses to believe, that Edmund and his people were all insane. The Greek poet was thinking of open enemies and friends unconvicted of treason when he made the unlucky Ajax say,

> *ὅ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσόνδ' ἐχθαρτέος,*
> *ὡς καὶ φιλήσων αὖθις, ἔς τε τὸν φίλον*
> *τοσαῦθ' ὑπουργῶν ὠφελεῖν βουλήσομαι,*
> *ὡς αἰὲν οὐ μενοῦντα.*

Edmund and Cnut extend the precept to liars and traitors.

Difficulties, if not so great, yet of the same kind, are involved in the stories of Swegen, of Godwine, and of Harold. The abduction of the Abbess of Leominster was an act which would be reprehensible in any age; it especially shocked the ecclesiastical notions of the time; but in itself it carried with it simply the guilt of the abduction of any other woman. No voice is raised to plead in behalf of the transgressor, and when Swegen returns with Osgod Clapa, his brother Harold stoutly opposes his restoration to his forfeited earldom. But when Swegen adds to his former sins the utterly wanton murder of his cousin Beorn, the holy Bishop of Worcester crosses the sea to bring back the wandering sheep, and procures his restoration at the hands of the King and the Witan without the slightest resistance or even reluctance on the part of Harold. The very strangeness of the bishop's act suggests to Mr. Freeman

> 'that there must have been some explaining cause, intelligible at the time, but which our authorities have not recorded. The later history of Swegen shows that, if he was a great sinner, he was also a great penitent. We can only guess that Ealdred already marked

---

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 363.

in him some signs of remorse and amendment, that he had received from him some confession of his crime, to which we possibly owe the full and graphic accounts of the murder of Beorn which have been handed down to us. If so, it was doubtless wise and charitable not to break a bruised reed; still again to entrust the government of five English shires to the seducer of Eadgifu and the murderer of Beorn was, to say the least, a perilous experiment.' *

It would be disingenuous to imply that we could read such a passage as this without regret. For the far more venial and reparable offence Swegen had expressed his sorrow, or at least his desire to make all possible amends, and his offers had been treated with contempt. But again, what explanation do we need of a murder preceded by the rankest treachery, unless we are to argue that the death of Beorn was the result of accident or disease, and that, in fact, there was no murder at all? In any case, the bishop crossed the sea at a venture; for he had not seen Swegen since the death of Beorn, and therefore could have no rational ground for expecting to find him in a contrite mood. To say that we owe the details of the narrative to some confession made by Swegen to Ealdred is to impute to the latter a violation of the confessional which would deserve signal reprobation. As to the step of restoring Swegen, it was not merely hazardous. It was infatuation of a kind which compels us to place the story in the same rank with the legends of Eadric Streone; and the assumption of intelligible explanations not recorded would enable us to render the most contradictory narratives credible and harmonious. At the best, such stories can but show that even the most honest of the contemporary historians were strangely unequal to their task.

Not less perplexing is the episode of Eustace of Boulogne. The demand of Godwine, when he refused to put the men of Dover to the sword, was for the fair trial of the accused burghers. When the Gemot meets at Gloucester, the men of Dover are seemingly forgotten, and the charges to be considered are brought against Godwine himself. Mr. Freeman is fully conscious of the difficulties involved in the story; but he shrinks from accusing the contemporary writers of incompetency, and throughout he implies that they have erred only by omitting minor facts or the explanation of more important events. It may be so. We can neither affirm nor deny it; but the suggestions profusely scattered by Mr. Freeman scarcely do more than lead us to impute the incapacity of the historians to all

* Norman Conquest, vol. ii. p. 109.

the actors in this singular drama. The truth is that we are dealing with the history of an age in every respect crude, of a people tending indeed to union, but still split up into antagonistic sections, with a public opinion strangely indefinite and unstable, and a standard of political morality certainly not extravagantly high. It is the history of men who are working their way to better things, some of whom sway great assemblies for good with a rare and commanding eloquence, while others influence them for evil seemingly without any eloquence at all. It is, in short, the history of an age with which our own is continuously linked, and without which we could not have been what we are, and yet which in many respects, almost in all respects, is far less modern than the age of Perikles. Had there existed in the age of Godwine and Harold anything like the art which glorified the Athenian Acropolis, anything like the literature which presented so perfect a picture of the workings of the human mind in the drama of Æschylus and Sophokles, doubtless the historian would have sprung up to leave behind him for the great strife which was decided on the field of Hastings 'a possession for all time.' Such a historian would in a few sentences have cut the knot of many questions now inexplicable. The modern historian of the Norman Conquest has to pick his way through a number of narratives, all more or less inconsistent and contradictory, and to undertake the dangerous task of balancing or harmonising the statements of chroniclers who write under a manifest prejudice or in the avowed interest of one side or the other. If we say that Mr. Freeman's touch falls more lightly on Godwine and Harold than on their opponents, we do but impute to him a disposition with which many will sympathise, which all will regard with indulgence, and which, while checked by Mr. Freeman's thorough truthfulness, ought to mislead none. We do not deny that his advocacy of these two great men sometimes approaches the verge of special pleading; but it is the pleading of a man who has not blinked a single fact, and who has placed before his readers with exhaustive fulness the whole evidence for each case and for every part of it. Nowhere has this task been more thoroughly done than in the masterly chapter which treats of the mysterious death of the Ætheling Alfred; and even they who might be most disposed to suspect Godwine will find it impossible to withstand the force of the reasons which justify Mr. Freeman's triumphant conclusion that the verdict must be one of 'Not Proven,' if it be not one of 'Not Guilty.'* Mr. Freeman's faults, like those of the Chro-

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 559.

niclers, are rarely more than faults of omission. He does not say that Godwine was justified in harrying Worcestershire for the death of Harthacnut's Housecarls, or that Harold was justified in his first resistance to the restoration of his brother Swegen; but he treats both, and more especially the latter, with a lenity scarcely judicial. If we take the facts as Mr. Freeman puts them, the conduct of Harold would be unjustifiable in anyone; it must be condemned utterly in one for whom the high sense of Christian duty is claimed which Mr. Freeman attributes to the son of Godwine. If his censure of Harold for the affair at Porlock is dealt out in but scanty measure, it really is not enough to say, when Harold withstands his brother, that 'this is not the only act of Harold's 'early life which may be taken to show that he had not yet 'acquired those wonderful gifts of conciliation and self-re-'straint which mark his mature career.'* If we are satisfied with the admission that Harold had certainly been 'guilty of 'needless violence' at Porlock, we cannot be so well content at being told that 'he had perhaps been guilty of selfishness 'in the matter of his brother Swegen.'† The true interests of history call for a far more incisive treatment; but this is all that needs to be said. It would be otherwise if a single fact had been kept out of sight; but the reader has the whole evidence before him, and may use his knife on all offenders as sharply as he pleases.

We part from Mr. Freeman's volumes with unfeigned admiration of his vast research, and with a still higher appreciation of his unflinching honesty. We look forward to the volumes which are to follow with the undoubting assurance that they will exhibit the continuous growth of the English people in a way which will win for him the gratitude of all historical scholars, and yet with some fear that the enthusiasm of his English zeal, and the very exuberance of his learning, may lead him to overload their pages with rhetoric better fitted for the House of Commons or a gathering of free electors. We think that he has sometimes laid an undue stress on political forms, and looked with undue indulgence on developments of mediæval feudalism. We think that the crudeness of English society, the fickleness of the people, the insincerity, the tergiversation and want of judgment of the best among their rulers, call for eulogies less highly pitched, and for a more careful analysis of motives and character than we sometimes find in these volumes. But if Mr. Freeman is in some instances too indulgent a judge of the

* Norman Conquest, vol. ii. p. 101. † Ibid. p. 356.

deeds of Godwine and his illustrious son, he cannot estimate too highly the capacities of a people for whom their wisdom and eloquence were a force more potent than that of swords and battle-axes. With all their faults, with all their lack of cohesion, with all their fickleness, or it may be owing to these defects, free speech was pre-eminently the characteristic of the ancient English people. Their wise men were gathered in parliaments whose prerogatives were even wider than those of the national councils of our own day, in assemblies 'more demo-'cratic in one sense than anything that the most advanced 'Liberal would venture to dream of,' in another 'more oligar-'chic than anything that the most unbending Conservative 'would venture to defend.'* Then, as now, excellence in one direction involved a compensating failure in another. The penalty must be paid; and a free people can afford to pay it cheerfully. After all, life without enthusiasm is but flavourless, and there is an enthusiasm which should strike a responsive chord in every Teutonic land. We may well share the feeling with which Mr. Freeman listened at Appenzell 'to the 'most spirit-stirring of earthly sounds, when a sovereign people 'binds itself to observe the laws which it has itself decreed.'† We can understand the exultation with which Bunsen on his first night in the House of Commons spoke of himself as having for the first time seen '*man*, the member of a true Germanic 'state, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest 'interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—'wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but 'with the arm of the spirit, boldly grasping at or tenaciously 'holding fast power in the presence of his fellow-citizens, sub-'mitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause 'and of his own uprightness.'‡ But we have to remember (as, we fear, Mr. Freeman is too much inclined to forget) that the life of a people has other aspects which the history of a nation as represented in its parliaments rarely or very imperfectly brings into view.

* Norman Conquest, vol. i. p. 113. † Ibid. vol. ii. p. 334.
‡ Memoirs of Baron Bunsen, vol. i. p. 499.

ART. IX.—*Walter Savage Landor.* A Biography. By JOHN FORSTER. 2 vols. London: 1869.

THERE were few visitors to Florence between the years 1829 and 1835 whose attention had not in some way been directed to an elderly English gentleman, residing with his family in a commodious villa on the pleasant slope of those Fiesolan hills, full of the scenes and memories of Boccacio—with the cottage of Dante, the birthplace of Michael Angelo, and the home of Machiavelli in sight, and overlooking the Valdarno and Vallombrosa which Milton saw and sang. He had lived previously for six years in the city, at the Palazzo Medici, and for a short time in another campagna, but had few acquaintances among his countrymen except artists, and scarcely any among the natives except picture-dealers. He had a stately and agreeable presence, and the men of letters from different countries who brought introductions to him spoke of his affectionate reception, of his complimentary old-world manners, and of his elegant though simple hospitality. But it was his conversation that left on them the most delightful and permanent impression; so affluent, animated, and coloured, so rich in knowledge and illustration, so gay and yet so weighty—such bitter irony and such lofty praise, uttered with a voice fibrous in all its tones, whether gentle or fierce—it equalled, if not surpassed, all that has been related of the table-talk of men eminent for social speech. It proceeded from a mind so glad of its own exercise, and so joyous in its own humour, that in its most extravagant notions and most exaggerated attitudes it made argument difficult and criticism superfluous. And when memory and fancy were alike exhausted, there came a laughter so pantomimic yet so genial, rising out of a momentary silence into peals so cumulative and sonorous, that all contradiction and possible affront were merged for ever.

This was the author of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' who was esteemed by many high authorities in our own and in classical literature to be the greatest living master of the Latin and English tongues. But it was not the speaker, real or fictitious, or the writer, less or more meritorious, who had made so wide a repute in that flowery town, not yet conscious of the burdens and honours of patriotism, but sufficiently happy in its beauty and its insignificance. His notoriety referred to a supposed eccentricity of conduct and violence of demeanour that exceeded the license which our countrymen, by no means original at home, are believed to claim and re-

quire when travelling or resident abroad. The strange notions and peculiar form of these ebullitions had woven themselves into a sort of legend. It was generally accepted that he had been sent away from school after thrashing the Head-master, who had ventured to differ from him as to the quantity of a syllable in a Latin verse; that he had been expelled from the University after shooting at a Fellow of a College, who took the liberty of closing a window to exclude the noise of his wine-party; that he had been outlawed from England for felling to the ground a barrister who had had the audacity to subject him to a cross-examination. His career on the Continent bore an epical completeness. The poet Monti having written a sonnet adulatory of Napoleon and offensive to England, Mr. Landor replied in such outspoken Latinity that he was summoned by the authorities of Como to answer to the charge of libel; he proceeded to threaten the *Regio Delegato* with a *bella bastonata*, and avoided being conducted by force to Milan by a voluntary retirement to Genoa, launching a Parthian epigram at Count Strasoldo, the Austrian Governor, still more opprobrious than the former verse. At Florence he had been frequently on the point of expulsion, and could expect little protection from the English Embassy, having challenged the Secretary of the Legation for whistling in the street when Mrs. Landor passed, and having complained to the Foreign Office of 'the wretches it employed abroad.' Once he was positively banished and sent to Lucca, the legend ran, for walking up a Court of Justice, where the judges were hearing a complaint he had made against an Italian servant, with a bag of dollars in his hand, and asking how much was necessary to secure a favourable verdict, 'not for his own sake, 'but for the protection of his countrymen in the city.' Either in deprecation of this sentence, or in the consolation of the thought that he only shared the fate of the great poet and exile of Florence, he wrote—

'Oro
Ne, Florentia, me voces poetam:
Nam collem peragrare Fæsulanum,
Jucundum est mihi—nec lubenter hortos
Fontesque, aut nemorum algidos recessus,
Primo invisere mane vesperique
Exul desinerem: exulatque quisquis,
O Florentia! dixeris poetam.'

At the time, however, to which we have alluded, he was living in more than ordinary tranquillity, and having vented his rage against all kings and constituted authorities in his writings, he submitted with common decorum to the ordinances

of government and society. But the demon of discord was too strong within him, and ere a few years had lapsed, he was once more in England, but more than ever an exile, having left behind the home of his choice, the young family of his caresses, the pictures he had domesticated, the nature that had grown a familiar friend. And by a strange relentlessness of destiny, he was at last driven forth once more, back to a home that had become homeless, to an alienated household, to a land that had for him no longer any flowers but to grow over his grave.

In these interesting volumes Mr. Forster has added to the tragic biographies of men of genius—of Otway and of Savage, of Byron and of Keats. He has performed a task, which his reverent friendship of many years made most difficult and delicate, with dignity and affection. Nothing is concealed that is worth revealing, nothing is lauded which is unjust, and nothing is left unreproved and unregretted which is wrong in moral conception or unbecoming in the action of life. In this conduct of his subject he has followed the dictates of the highest prudence; he has shown that if the temperament of his friend made him most troublesome to the societies in which he lived, made his acquaintance uneasy and his friendship perilous, it was he himself who was the foremost sufferer; that neither honourable birth, nor independent fortune, nor sturdy health, nor a marriage of free choice, nor a goodly family, nor rare talents, nor fine tastes, nor appropriate culture, nor sufficient fame, could ensure him a life of even moderate happiness, while the events of the day depended on the wild instincts of the moment, while the undisciplined and thoughtless will over-ruled all capacity of reflection and all suggestions of experience. Not but that many wilful and impatient men enjoy their domestic tyranny, and make a good figure in public life, and possibly owe much of their pleasure and success to the very annoyance they inflict. 'I should have been nowhere without 'my temper,' said an uncomfortable politician of the last generation, and those who knew him best agreed with him. But in Landor's idiosyncrasy there were two men, conscious of each other's acts and feelings. By the side, or rather above the impulsive, reckless, creature, there was the critical, humorous nature, aware of its own defect as any enemy could be, ever strong enough to show and probe the wound, but impotent to heal it, and pathetically striving to remedy, through the judgments of the intellect, the faults and the miseries of the living actor. Thus nowhere in the range of the English language are the glory and happiness of moderation of mind more nobly

preached and powerfully illustrated than in the writings of this most intemperate man; nowhere is the sacredness of the placid life more hallowed and honoured than in the utterances of this tossed and troubled spirit; nowhere are heroism and self-sacrifice and forgiveness more eloquently adored than by this intense and fierce individuality, which seemed unable to forget for an instant its own claims, its own wrongs, its own fancied superiority over all its fellow-men.

Though Mr. Forster's personal intimacy with Mr. Landor was limited to his mature and later life, the details of earlier years, supplied to him by Mr. Robert Landor—the last of the brothers—the author of the 'Fountain of Arethusa' and the 'Fawn of Sertorius,' who has just passed away—and the abundant collection of letters from distinguished men which has fallen into his hands in his capacity of literary executor, have supplied him with a mass of material from which it has clearly been no easy labour to select what is most interesting and characteristic. Like all self-absorbed men, Landor had no repugnance to repetition of matter in which he himself was interested, and the same thought and mode of expression serve for many uses. There is, besides, a certain monotony in the very entirety of the character, the same susceptibility of offence, the same exaggeration of trivial circumstance, the same inability to understand and appreciate other men, which requires all the management of a skilful and practised biographer not to become tiresome to the reader who approaches the subject with no previous interest or favourable inclination. Mr. Forster found not here the genial varieties, the sweet and generous humours, of dear old 'Goldy,' which he has embodied in an English classic, and the audience of the 'Imaginary Conversations' will never be that which, all the world over, listens to the exhortations of Dr. Primrose in prison, or the story of the Irish Village Deserted long before the days of famine or emigration. In a certain sense, the enjoyment of this biography will belong to a scholarly circle, to men who value culture for its own sake, who care for the appropriate quotation and love the ring of the epigram, who take a pleasure in style analogous to that derived from a musical perception, to whom beautiful thoughts come with tenfold meaning when beautifully said; a class visibly narrowing about us, but to whom, nevertheless, this country has owed a large amount of rational happiness, and whom the aspirants after a more rugged and sincere intellectual life may themselves not be the last to regret.

Landor was proud of a good descent: he wrote, and would

often say, 'To be well-born is the greatest of all God's primary 'blessings, and there are many well-born among the poor 'and needy.' He was of an old Staffordshire race, said to be originally 'De la Laundes,' united, in the person of his mother, with that of the Savages of Warwickshire, from whom he inherited the estate of Ipsley Court and Tachbrooke (the Tacæa, 'brightest-eyed of Avon's train,' of his tender farewell song); while a smaller property in Buckinghamshire, now in the possession of the first professed man of letters who has risen to be Prime Minister of this country, passed to younger children. The boy went to Rugby School at the usual age; and there began that magnetic attraction to classical literature which grew till he was incorporated with it as his mental self. The Head-master—repelled or troubled by his peculiar nature, so self-contained at that early age that he never would compete with anyone for anything, but stood upon the work's worth, whatever it might be, with so nice sense of justice, that he paid his fag for all service that he rendered him—took neither sufficient pride nor interest to conciliate the better or subdue the worse within him. Thus after some years they quarrelled—truly, and according to the legend, about the quantity of a syllable, in which Landor was right; not, however, coming to blows, but to words that made reconciliation impossible. Might not a more appreciative and affectionate supervision have done something to arrest the first growths of this untoward temper, and have better accommodated it to the exigencies of coming life? Surely some such notion must have come across Landor's mind when, long after, he 'happened to think on poor James,' and wrote, 'before I went to sleep'—

'hostis olim tu mihi tibique ego,
Qui meque teque jam videntes crederent?
Ah! cur reductis abnuebas naribus
Spectans refrigeransque lævo lumine,
Cui primum amicus ingenuusque omnis puer
Et cui secundum esse ipse æmulus daret locum?
Sed hanc habebis, hanc habebo, gratiam,
Quum carmine istorum excidas, vives meo.'

Nor again at Oxford, where he entered Trinity College at eighteen years of age, in the memorable year of 1793, did he find any head or heart strong enough to guide him. He wrote better Latin verses than any undergraduate or graduate in the University; but no one cared for, or indeed saw, them except a Rugby schoolmate, Walter Birch, a cultivated Tory parson, who remained his friend through life, and Cary, the future translator of Dante. Outside of Oxford, he had already

made the acquaintance, at Warwick, of a great scholar, who seems to us to have had more influence over his life and character, and not wholly in a favourable sense, than any other man—Dr. Parr. In the two men there was a close similarity not only of taste, but of disposition; it was certainly happy for the confirmation of Landor in his peculiar work as a representative of English scholarship, that he found in Parr a congenial intelligence of the highest order of accomplishment; but it was not equally well for him to have continually before him, in the person he most venerated, an example of a temperament almost as wilful and as insolent as his own. Taking from Dr. Johnson the tradition of evincing independence of thought by roughness of manner, and of masking a kindly temperament under a rude and sometimes malicious exterior, Dr. Parr encouraged and vindicated the peculiarities of his younger disciple. The fierce pleasantry which made Parr flog the boys the oftenest he liked the best and from whom he expected the most, had no analogy in Landor's disposition, which had an instinctive horror of cruelty of all kinds; and it is curious to find him sending from Oxford to the sanguinary schoolmaster a small disquisition on the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, which he conceived Pythagoras to have invented to induce savage natures to be humane even to birds and insects for their own sakes, inasmuch as their turn might come when they assumed similar forms of life. This paper contained besides some other matter, which he conceived Coleridge to have appropriated, and to which he, many years afterwards, grandly alluded to as 'estrays and waifs not worth claiming by the Lord of the 'Manor. Coleridge and Wordsworth are heartily welcome to 'a day's sport over any of my woodlands and heaths. I have 'no preserves.'

In the youthful sports of either place he took no interest. At Rugby, fishing had pleased him by its solitude, and he would say he remembered liking sculling on the Isis, mainly because he could not swim, which gave an excitement to the exercise. He soon earned the then abhorred reputation of a Jacobin. The assumed ferocity which made him in later life describe Robespierre as 'having some sins of commission to 'answer for—more of omission,' had a more practical meaning at the time when the approval of the French republic was a contemporaneous opinion, manifesting itself in such patent acts as wearing his hair unpowdered and queue tied with black ribbon—enormities only exceeded by that of a student at Balliol, who had gone into Hall in flowing locks, of the name of Robert Southey. Strange that these partners in rebel-

lion, destined to the closest and longest of friendships, there never met—Southey afterwards writing that 'he would have 'sought his acquaintance from his Jacobinism, but was re-'pelled by his eccentricity.' As to his departure from Oxford, the legend is only so far wrong, that he shot at a closed shutter of a Fellow's room, not at the Fellow—that he was rusticated not expelled; that his tutor, 'dear good Bennett,' cried at the sentence; and that the president invited him to return in the name of all the Fellows except one, who afterwards, Landor wrote to Southey, 'proved for the first time his 'honesty and justice by hanging himself.' The acceptance of this proposal was not likely to be entertained; and now the grave question arose, to what profession was this singular youth to attach himself? In later years Landor used to relate that he had been offered a commission in the army on the preposterous terms that he should keep his opinions to himself, which he naturally declined; that then his father proposed to give him four hundred a-year if he would read for the bar, but he expressed his horror of law and lawyers so plainly that that transaction was soon at an end. It does not appear, however, that any of these alternatives were seriously offered or refused. It was too evident that young Landor, the heir to a considerable entailed estate, was not likely to settle down to any fixed course of professional life. Mr. Forster seems to regret that the boy had not been brought up with some such definite intention; but it appears to us very doubtful whether any such discipline would not have done more harm than good. It is difficult to imagine him successful in any career but that which he voluntarily adopted. With his contempt for the ordinary operations of society; with his candour in hatred of all that differed from him; with his reversed Utopia of an extinct world, where Philosophers and Poets were, and where Kings and Parliaments were not, and with his pride that no success could satisfy, how could he have ever become the fair competitor or just antagonist of other men? Assuredly, even for his moral being, he found the best place in the open field of Literature, where, though he was fond of saying 'that 'the only use of study was the prevention of idleness, otherwise 'the learning other people's opinions only corrupts your own,' he nevertheless developed a considerable amount of intellectual sympathy, and formed solid attachments which clung to him through the troubles and accidents of his wayward life.

The continuous and lonely study of the three years which, with an occasional visit to Warwick, he spent at Tenby and Swansea, formed his literary character. Years afterwards he

used to dream with delight of the sandy shore of Southern Wales, with its dells and dingles covered with moss-roses and golden snap-dragons. The small allowance he received from his family was fully sufficient for the simplicity and thrift of that almost pastoral mode of existence; and he often expressed his gratitude to the vigilant wreckers of the West, who kept him supplied with excellent claret from the unfortunate French merchantmen that ran upon the shore. There he matured his previous knowledge by a complete review of the relics of the old Roman world, and added to his familiarity with Greek, of which, however, he never attained an entire mastery. There, too, he modified, by application to the elder English classics, the admiration which he had hitherto, by a congeniality of taste, exclusively lavished on the writers of the age of Anne. 'My prejudices in favour of ancient literature,' he writes, 'began to wear away on "Paradise Lost," 'and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling, when 'I had recited aloud, in my solitary walks on the sea-shore, 'the haughty appeal of Satan and the repentance of Eve.' Mr. Forster has unburied 'A Moral Epistle to Earl Stan-'hope,' of which we regret that he has only given some effective fragments. These and earlier poems of Landor have a premature completeness, which rather assimilates them to the 'Windsor Forest' of Pope than to the fluent puerilities of Byron or Shelley. They are quite good as far as they go. In his satire he does not always adhere to that graceful definition of his later days, that 'the smile is habitual to her countenance: she has little to do with Philosophy, less with Rhetoric, and 'nothing with the Furies:' but his political censorship is mild for those times of licentious speech and despotic repression. His allusions to the humour of Sophocles singularly anticipate the acute Essay of the present Bishop of St. David's on the irony of that dramatist in the Museum Philologicum, and, in his application of the lines—

ὕδ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ναυκράτωρ ὁ παῖς, ὅσ' ἂν
οὗτος λέγῃ σοι, ταῦτά σοι χἠμεῖς φαμέν—

to the Boy-pilot 'who weathered the storm,' he almost prefigures the future national song. He ends the dedication to the Radical peer by lamenting 'that Fortune should have placed 'on his brow the tinsel coronet instead of the civic wreath;— 'for himself, she had nothing to give, because there was no-'thing he would ask: he would rather have an executioner than 'a patron.'

After the production of much social verse of remarkable concinnity, he now for the first time set himself to write a

serious and sustained poem, and in 1798 published 'Gebir,' or 'Gebirus'—we use the words indifferently, for so was the work composed, in English or in Latin as the fancy swayed him; and we do not know which was finished first, though the Latin was given to the public later. The design of the story is hardly worth inquiring into, for story there is none; it is a series of romantic pictures, wonderful in expression, and many of them beautiful in design. We will not repeat, out of respect to Landor's ghost, the passage of the echoing sea-shell, the prominence of which in popular remembrance always seemed to him a sort of intimation of the oblivion of the rest of the poem; but we would willingly, if we had space, recall to the present generation, forgetful of their great predecessors, such a sweep of heroic verse as the sixth book, the aërial nuptial voyage of the morning,—

'pointed out by Fate
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature, knit in bliss.'

But there was nothing in the work that could hope to catch the popular ear. Even to the lovers of the supernatural eld the poem had little but poetic attractions, and these require the corresponding magnet. It had not the divine serenity of Wordsworth's 'Laodamia,' nor the majestic wail of Swinburne's 'Atalanta.' In the preface, indeed, the author earnestly deprecated any vulgar favour. 'If there are now in England ten 'men of taste and genius who will applaud my poem, I declare 'myself fully content. I will call for a division. I shall count 'a majority.' The city was saved—the ten just men were found. 'Gebir' was sent to Dr. Parr with a characteristic letter, suggesting that, while Parr was examining his verse, the 'writer would feel much like Polydorus, whose tomb, once 'turfed and spruce and flourishing, was plucked for a sacrifice 'to Æneas.' This note the dogmatic Doctor superscribed, 'A 'most ingenious man,' and wrote later on the title-page of 'Gebirus,' 'The work of a scholar and a poet.' Southey wrote to Cottle, 'There is a poem called "Gebir," of which I know 'not whether my review of it in the "Critical" be yet printed; 'but in that review you will find some of the most exquisite 'poetry in the language. I would go a hundred miles to see 'the (anonymous) author.' Again to Coleridge, on starting for Lisbon: 'I take with me for the voyage your poems—'the "Lyrics," the "Lyrical Ballads," and "Gebir." These 'make all my library. I like "Gebir" more and more.' And once more to Davy, 'The lucid passages of "Gebir" are all 'palpable to the eye, they are the master-touches of a painter.

'There is power in them and passion and thought and know-'ledge.' Coleridge seems to have been attracted at first, but became annoyed at what he considered his friend's over-praise. Though with this and other such select approbation Landor professed himself fully satisfied, the inevitable yearning of a poet, however self-contented, for a larger sympathy was clearly strong within him. Some time after he alluded to the possibility of his having been a successful writer in early life, and to the colour that such a contingency might have given to his whole existence, and gently confesses that there is 'a pleasure in the 'hum of summer insects.'

In answer to a somewhat contemptuous article in the 'Monthly Review,' he planned a prose postscript to 'Gebir,' which, somehow or other, was suppressed—as strong a piece of scornful and witty writing as he ever uttered, to judge from the extracts Mr. Forster gives us. In this Essay he remarks on the decline of the interest in poetry in English society since the days when even such poets as Parnell and Mallet were carefully read, and when Johnson thought worthy of special intellectual biography versifiers unworthy the corner of a provincial newspaper. Surely this criterion will hardly seem just to those who recall (as we indeed do with wonder and envy) the culture and enjoyment of poetry in the upper classes manifested in the early years of this century, when the clubs resounded with 'Marmion,' and Rogers rose to fashion on the 'Pleasures of Memory.' The very acrimony with which the novel simplicity of Wordsworth and the dim idealism of Coleridge were then received was rather the antagonism of a rival school than a proof of any neglect of the Art. There is the same interpretation to be given to the succeeding reputations of Shelley and Keats as contrasted with those of Byron, Scott, Crabbe, and Moore. The best poetry certainly was only welcomed by a 'little clan,' and, for awhile, unheard,

> 'Save of the quiet primrose and the span
> Of Heaven and few ears;'

but that, too, made its way in due time, while the verse that appealed to a wider range of sympathy and passions was the daily sustenance and delight even of that portion of good society which did not lay claim to any especial intellectual distinction. In our day, by a strange diversion, these tastes, like the concurrent interests of pictorial Art, find their recipients, not in the leisurely class which has been especially educated in their cultivation, but in the busy builders of the mercantile and commercial wealth of the country and their own.

'Gebir' was followed by other small volumes of English and

Latin verse, and separate pieces printed in the quarto fashion of the day. But we soon meet Landor in a very novel and uncongenial character—as a contributor to the public press. The main instigator to this employment of his talents was, no doubt, his friend Parr, and the intermediary agent a stirring politician of the time, whom this generation yet remembers as a pleasant Whig veteran—Sir Robert Adair. Landor and Adair meeting at Debrett's in Piccadilly, and going down to the House of Commons—'the most costly exhibition in Europe,' as the young poet stigmatised it—and the former having access to the reporters' gallery to prepare himself for the 'Courier,' are as anomalous positions as can well be imagined. The tone in which he meets his new clients is about as conciliatory as that in which he confronted his literary compeers.

'I never court the vulgar,' he writes to Parr; 'and how immense a majority of every rank and description this happy word comprises! Perhaps about thirty in the universe may be excepted, and never more at a time. But I know how to value the commendation you bestow on me; for though I have not deserved it, nor so largely, yet it will make me attempt to conquer my idleness, my disgust, and to reach it some time or other. You will find that I have taken courage to follow the path you pointed out, in pursuing the execrable (Pitt). I subjoin my letter. At present I have not sent it to the printer, though it has been finished a fortnight. The reason is this: I wrote one a thousand times better than the present, in which I aimed my whole force at a worse man than P.—there are only two—and it was not W. (Wyndham), and I sent it for insertion to the "Courier." Now, such is my indifference, that when once I have written anything, I never inquire for it afterwards; and this was the case in respect to my letter. I have not seen the "Courier" since, but I have some suspicion that it was not inserted.'

Nor was he in better accord with the traditions and the men of his party. By an especial crotchet he had in 'Gebir' made a monster of the Whig idol of 1688:—

'What tyrant with more insolence e'er claimed
Dominion? when from th' heart of Usury
Rose more intense the pale-flamed thirst for gold?
And called forsooth *Deliverer!* False or fools
Who praised the dull-eared miscreant, or who hoped
To soothe your folly and disgrace with praise;'—

and the great Liberal leader of his own time fell so short of his ideal that he could not heartily make a hero of him, and nothing less satisfied him or checked the asperities of his criticism. To his rival, indeed, he bore an absolute abhorrence, which he retained to his last days, without any limit or concession. When asked as to Mr. Pitt's oratory, he would say, 'It was a wonderful

'thing to hear, but I have seen others more wonderful—a fire-'eater and a man who eat live rats.' Of his neglect of wealth, 'Few people have sixty millions a year to spend: he spent on 'himself just what he chose and gave away what he chose.' Pitt's negotiations with the Irish for Emancipation he assumed to be a diabolical treachery, the Minister being assured of the Sovereign's determination not to give way. The French War he describes as 'a plot to make England a waste, to drive the 'gentry by war-taxes to taverns, and hells, and clubs, and 'transfer their wealth and position to the mercantile interest.' After Mr. Fox's death, indeed, he was inclined to a milder judgment of the Whig chief, and a Commentary on Trotter's 'Memoirs' (printed 1812) contains perhaps more fair and moderate political and literary judgments, delivered in his own humour, than any work of his earlier or maturer years. There seems no sufficient reason, even in those susceptible days, why this Essay should have been suppressed; and it should be reprinted in any new edition of his collected works. It contains many vigorous passages applicable to the contests and difficulties of our own day. In vindicating a juster government of Ireland, irrespective of its religion, he inquires indignantly, and with an amusing reference to India, 'Of what 'consequence is it to us if the Irish choose to worship a cow 'or a potato?' And adverting to Emancipation, 'If all the 'members returned were Catholics, still what harm could they 'do?' In the dedication to Washington there is a passage that might be addressed to President Grant:—

'Your importance, your influence, and, I believe, your wishes, rest entirely on the comforts and happiness of your people. A declaration of hostilities against Great Britain would much and grievously diminish them, however popular it might be in the commencement, however glorious it might be in the result. My apprehension lest this popularity should in any degree sway your mind is the sole cause by which I am determined in submitting to you these considerations. Popularity in a free state like yours, where places are not exposed to traffic, nor dignities to accident, is a legitimate and noble desire; and the prospects of territory are to nations growing rich and powerful what the hopes of progeny are to individuals of rank and station. A war between America and England would at all times be a civil war. Our origin, our language, our interests are the same. Would it not be deplorable—would it not be intolerable to reason and humanity—that the language of a Locke and a Milton should convey and retort the sentiments of a Bonaparte and a Robespierre?'

So say we to-day; though the thought has sometimes come across public men whether our relations with the United States

would not be more stable and more happy if we did not speak the same language, if we did not understand and attend to every thing disagreeable and untoward that is said or written on either side, if we had not all the accompaniments and conditions of family-ties, in the sense in which Mr. Rogers answered some one who spoke of a distinguished literary fraternity as being 'like brothers,' 'I had heard they were not well 'together, but did not know it was so bad as that.'

With all his harsh and rash condemnations Landor had a constant tenderness for amiable people. He often repeated, 'No man is thoroughly bad unless he is unkind.' Thus side by side with such assaults on Mr. Fox as, 'To the principles of a 'Frenchman he added the habits of a Malay, in idleness, 'drunkenness, and gaming; in middle life he was precisely the 'opposite of whoever was in power, until he could spring for- 'ward to the same station. Whenever Mr. Pitt was wrong, Mr. 'Fox was right, and then only'—stand such sentences as, 'Mr. Fox in private life was a most sincere and amiable man; 'if he suppressed in society a part of his indignant feelings, 'as a man so well-bred would do, he never affected a tone 'of cordiality towards those whom he reprobated or despised.' Again in a letter to the 'Examiner' in 1850, he writes of him, 'He had more and warmer friends than any statesman on 'record; he was ingenuous, liberal, learned, philosophical; he 'was the delight of social life, the ornament of domestic.'

In the 'Epitaphium C. Foxii' this double feeling has its best expression:—

'Torrens eloquio inque præpotentes
Iracundus et acer, et fervido
Vultu vinculaque et cruces minatus,
Placandus tamen ut catellus æger,
Qui morsu digitum petit protervum
Et lambit decies: tuis amicis
Tantum carior in dies et horas
Quantum deciperes magis magisque:
O Foxi lepide, o miselle Foxi,
Ut totus penitusque deperisti!
Tu nec fallere nec potes jocari,
Tu nec ludere, mane vesperive;
Quà nemo cubitum quatit, quiescis,
Justa est alea: conticet fritillus.'

We will conclude our extracts from the 'Commentary' with a passage in which the transition from irony to solemnity is remarkably effective:—

'I have nothing to say on any man's religion; and indeed, where a man is malignant in his words or actions his creed is unimportant

to others and unavailing to himself. But I grieve whenever a kind heart loses any portion of its comforts; and Dr. Parr, I am certain, felt the deepest sorrow that Mr. Fox wanted any that Christianity could give. Whether in the Established Church the last consolations of religion are quite so impressive and efficacious: whether they always are administered with the same earnestness and tenderness as the parent Church administers them, is a question which I should deem it irreverent to discuss. Certainly he is happiest in his death, whose fortitude is most confiding and most peaceful: whose composure rests not merely on the suppression of doubts and fears: whose pillow is raised up, whose bosom is lightened, whose mortality is loosened from him, by an assemblage of all consolatory hopes, indescribable, indistinguishable, indefinite, yet surer than ever were the senses.'

It is agreeable to turn to the rare gleams of satisfaction and approbation in Landor's political controversy. Of Lord Rockingham he was wont to speak with invariable respect; but it is to the memory of Sir Samuel Romilly that he preserved the most reverent affection; he made him the interlocutor in two admirable dialogues, and wrote of him in one mention out of many:—

'He went into public life with temperate and healthy aspirations; Providence having blessed him with domestic peace, withheld him from political animosities. He knew that the soundest fruits grew nearest the ground, and he waited for the higher to fall into his bosom, without an effort or a wish to seize on them. No man whosoever in our parliamentary history has united, in more perfect accordance and constancy, pure virtue and lofty wisdom.'

He loved to compare Romilly with Phocion, and composed a pathetic inscription, which we should be glad to think had been placed upon his tomb.

One injustice, now remedied in the person of his distinguished son, is pleasantly recorded:—

'No one ever thought of raising Romilly to the peerage, although never was a gentleman of his profession respected more highly or more universally. . . . The reason could not be that already too many of it had entered the House of Lords; since every wind of every day had blown bellying silk-gowns to that quarter, and under the highest walls of Westminster was moored a long galley of lawyers, chained by the leg to their administrations; some designated by the names of fishing-towns and bathing-machines they had never entered, and others of hamlets and farms they had recently invaded.'

In these notices we have somewhat anticipated the course of Landor's life. On the death of his father in 1805 he came into a good property, and took up his residence at Bath, where he lived somewhat ostentatiously and beyond his means, moving

a good deal in society, but singularly annoyed by the inferiority of his dancing. He told his son 'he had lost more 'pleasure by being a bad dancer than anything else;' and it is intelligible that any grace which he could not realise must have been a trouble to him. But this conventional existence was interrupted by a resolve to join the British army in Spain in 1808. Not only had he partaken of the passionate delight of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey in those days when—

> 'Bliss was it in the dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven,'

but his hopes had a centre in the young hero in whom he saw the embodied Revolution. In 'Gebir' he had represented him as *θεότοκος*,

> 'A mortal man above all mortal praise;'

and when, instead of the liberator of the world, the restorer of order developed himself in all the unscrupulous ambition of which the history of M. Lanfrey has given the best and most recent portraiture, the revulsion of feeling in Landor's mind was as absolute as might be expected. He soon came to believe, as Mr. Forster expresses it, that Bonaparte 'had 'the fewest virtues and the faintest semblances of them of any 'man that had risen by his own efforts to supreme power;' and, though he continually rejoiced in his work of destruction of the old Governments, yet he never lost sight of the moral obliquity of the agent. That supernatural intellectual activity, that multitudinousness of ideas, which the publication of his 'Correspondence' has revealed, was then so little appreciated even by his adulators, that it is no discredit to Landor to have underrated his faculties; and his indiscriminate hatred of the French nation, which had 'spoiled everything it had 'touched, even liberty,' and 'where everything was ugly, even 'the dogs and the sky,' was too happy to find in the supreme head its apogee and its vindication. There was no personal atrocity, indeed, of which he did not think him capable; he had no doubt of the murder of Captain Wright in the prisons of Paris, nor of that of Colonel Bathurst in the fortress of Magdeburg.* But his anxiety to see the man, and still more the 'spolia opima' of Art in Paris, took him to Paris in 1802. Mr. Forster's accounts of the occasions on which he saw the First Consul are hard to reconcile with an incident

* Colonel Bathurst, son of the Bishop of Norwich, disappeared unaccountably in the neighbourhood of Perleberg, during the war, and was never heard of again.

he frequently related, that 'he met Bonaparte walking in the 'Tuileries garden, and that the fellow looked at him so in-'solently that, if he had not had a lady on his arm, he would 'have knocked him down.' This may well have been a romance of memory, for he persuaded himself that he had seen the fugitive Emperor at Tours in 1815 in the person of a wearied horseman dismounting in the court-yard of the préfet's house, the door of which was suddenly closed on him, the day he was supposed to have traversed that city. Thus, when the invasion of Spain had provoked the English intervention which resulted in the fall of the conqueror, less enthusiastic natures than Landor's were excited to share its perils and its glories. When Mr. Graham led forth his clansmen from Scotland and Sir Watkin Wynn his tenants from Wales, there was nothing surprising in a poet and political writer with an independent fortune joining the British forces as a volunteer. At first all went well; he presented 10,000 reals to the burnt and pillaged town of Venturada, and set about enrolling a troop of a thousand Spaniards to join the army of General Blake. For this he received from the Central Junta the honorary rank of Colonel; but Landor's temperament was not likely to be proof against the contingencies of any disciplined service. The English Envoy, Sir Charles Stuart, said something affronting about somebody which Landor interpreted against himself, and wrote a furious letter and printed it in both languages before any reply was possible. Then came the Convention of Cintra, one of those political compromises which imaginative men were sure to abhor; and he retired in a passion of disgust. 'Can we never be disgraced,' he writes to Southey, 'but the only good people in the world 'must witness it?' and the gentle Southey answers, 'Break 'the terms, and deliver up the wretch who signed it (Sir Hew 'Dalrymple) to the French with a rope round his neck: this 'is what Oliver Cromwell would have done.' The only useful outcome of this adventure to Landor was his 'Tragedy of 'Count Julian,' a more complete work than any he had yet produced, and of which there has been no truer criticism than that of De Quincey, who, after describing Landor as dilating like Satan into Teneriffe or Atlas, when he sees before him an antagonist worthy of his prowess, concludes :—'That sublimity 'of penitential grief, which cannot accept consolation from 'man, cannot bear external reproach, cannot condescend to no-'tice insult, cannot so much as see the curiosity of bystanders; 'that awful carelessness of all but the troubled deep within 'his own heart, and of God's spirit brooding upon their surface

'and searching their abysses—never was so majestically de-'scribed.' Two lines of the closing scene dwell on our memory:—

'Of all who pass us in Life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those who wished to die.'

This tragedy the house of Longman (we write it with retrospective horror) declined even to print at the author's expense! Little did they imagine the effect of this refusal. Landor threw another poem into the fire and renounced the literary career for ever. He writes to Southey, 'You cannot imagine 'how I feel relieved at laying down its burden and abandon-'ing this tissue of humiliations.' An unexpected deliverer appeared in the hostile camp of the 'Quarterly Review,' and Mr. Murray accepted the poem, which however no more touched the popular taste than its predecessors.

The project of marriage was not unfamiliar to Landor's mind. In 1808 he wrote to Southey:—

'I should have been a good and happy man if I had married. My heart is tender. I am fond of children and of talking childishly. I hate even to travel two stages. Never without a pang do I leave the house where I was born. . . . I do not say I shall never be happy; I shall be often so if I live; but I shall never be at rest. My evil genius dogs me through existence, against the current of my best inclinations. I have practised self-denial, because it gives me a momentary and false idea that I am firm; and I have done other things not amiss in compliance with my heart: but my most virtuous hopes and sentiments have uniformly led to misery, and I have never been happy, but in consequence of some weakness or vice.'

So no wonder that in 1811 he announces to his friend that the evening of beginning to transcribe his tragedy, he 'fell in 'love with a girl without a sixpence, and with few accomplish-'ments; she is pretty, graceful, and good-tempered, three 'things indispensable to my happiness;' and he assures his mother 'she has no pretensions of any kind, and her want of 'fortune was the very thing which determined me to marry 'her.' The lady's name was Thuillier,* of an ancient Swiss family. He sent Parr some Alcaics on the occasion, and the veteran returned an ardent congratulation and a Latin poem against the Government.

By this time Landor had become a resident squire. He had sold the old properties and bought a ruined abbey in the northern angle of Monmouthshire, at the cost of some sixty thousand pounds. Colonel Wood had fitted up the southern

* The family are now represented by the distinguished Artillery officer, Col. R. E. Landor Thuillier, F.R.S., Surveyor-General of India.

tower as a shooting-box, and this was the only residence when he established himself there in 1809. In his own words, 'Llan-'thony was a noble estate, eight miles long, and produced 'everything but herbage, corn, and money.' He planted a million trees (among them a wood of cedars of Lebanon), of which but a small tithe were visible on Mr. Forster's visit to the spot a short time ago. The valley in which the Abbey stood had been celebrated in Drayton's 'Polyolbion' as one

'Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear
As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer;'

not a promising situation to build a country-house in and bring a young wife to. Under the most fortunate circumstances, it is difficult to imagine Landor a comfortable country-gentleman. For field-sports, in which the unoccupied upper classes of this country expend harmlessly so much of the superfluous energy and occasional savagery of their dispositions, he had no taste. In his walks he had shot a partridge one winter afternoon, and found the bird alive the next morning, after a night of exceptional bitterness. 'What that bird must have suffered!' he exclaimed, and never took gun in hand again. For the pastoral pleasure of farming he was much too impetuous, and had to depend entirely on others for the management of the estate. In this he was characteristically unlucky. He went to Southey for advice as to a tenant, and took one whom the more practical brother-poet knew to be totally unfit—a petty-officer of the East Indian service, without capital and entirely ignorant of agriculture. The family are immortalised in a letter of Charles Lamb's:—'I know all your Welsh annoy-'ances. The measureless B——s. I know a quarter of a 'mile of them—seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they 'appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used 'to fix his long legs on my fender and tell a story of a shark, 'every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the 'salt-sea ravener not having had his gorge of him!' It was this family of land-sharks who set upon Landor and turned him out of house and home. As a landlord he seems to have been generous, even lavish, and when driven to law for the payment of rent, was foiled by the low ingenuities of country practice, till he wrote—

'Hinc nempe tantum ponderis leges habent
Quam natione barbara degentibus.
Est noxa nulla præter innocentiam;
Tutisque vivitur omnibus præter probos.'

The damage to his trees through carelessness or malice

affected him deeply. 'We recover from illness,' he writes, 'we build palaces, we retain or change the features of the 'earth at pleasure, excepting that only the whole of human 'life cannot replace one bough.' In the midst of this turmoil, when he looked on himself as food for the spoiler, the Duke of Beaufort declined to make him a magistrate. This was hardly surprising, after his behaviour on the grand-jury at the previous sessions, when he personally presented to the judge a bill that his colleagues had ignored; but when he politely desired the appointment of some person of more information than himself for the protection of the neighbourhood, his application should not have remained unanswered. He then had recourse to the Chancellor, with the same issue. We do not understand whether a second letter, which Mr. Forster gives, was actually sent, but it is so clever and so inappropriate a composition, that it must have been taken as a complete vindication of the Duke's refusal. Then, or later, Landor hung up for posterity his effigy of Lord Eldon, of which the two first lines are a sufficient specimen:—

'Officiosus . erga . omnes . potentes . præter . Deum .
Quem . satis . ei . erit . adjurare.'

Mr. Forster fails to give with his usual clearness the immediate cause of Landor's abandonment of his country. He makes no mention of the Florentine legend of the assault on the barrister, and the only question of outlawry occurs with regard to a frivolous suit, of which no further notice seems to have been taken. Landor certainly thought his own and his wife's persons in danger at Llanthony, and his embarrassments were such as to make a temporary removal expedient: but the Court of Exchequer decided finally in his favour against his defaulting tenants, and the estate in competent hands would soon have given, and indeed did give him, a fair income. However, in May 1814, he passed over to Jersey, where Mrs. Landor joined him with one of her sisters. There occurred the first open breach in his matrimonial relations. After some imprudent words on her side, he rose early, walked across the island, and embarked alone in an oyster-boat for France. Hence he wrote to Southey that he reserved to himself 160*l.* per annum, and left his wife the rest of his fortune. He tells him of 'the content and moderation which she had always preserved in the midst of penury and seclusion,' but adds that 'every kind and tender sentiment is rooted up from his 'heart for ever.' There is a terrible consciousness of his own infirmity in the conclusion: 'She gave me my first headache,

'which every irritation renews. It is an affection of the brain 'only, and it announces to me that my end will be the most 'miserable and the most humiliating.' It is sad to place this sentence by the side of one of the very latest of his poems. In November 1863, when his last volume (Heroic Idylls) was in the press, he sent the following lines to be inserted, but the volume was already made up:—

'*To one ill-mated.*

We all wish many things undone
Which now the heart lies heavy on.
You should indeed have longer tarried
On the roadside before you married,
And other flowers have picked in jest
Before you singled out your best.
Many have left the search with sighs
Who sought for hearts and found but eyes.
The brightest stars are not the best
To follow in the way to rest.'

It is small reproach to any woman that she did not possess a sufficient union of charm, tact, and intelligence to suit Landor as a wife. He demanded beauty in woman as imperatively as honesty in men, and yet was hardly submissive to its influence; and while he was intolerant to folly, he would have been impatient of any competing ability. Therefore, eloquent as is his pleading in the following passage, and just as is the general observation, it must be taken only as the partial aspect of his own domestic calamity:—

'It often happens that if a man unhappy in the married state were to describe the manifold causes of his uneasiness, it would be found by those who were beyond their influence to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander—one, however like the vases of the Danaïdes, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have perforated all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him, as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies not one.'

We leave this painful subject with respect for Mr. Forster's delicate and candid treatment of it, and shall not revert to it in these pages. The reconciliation which followed on the present occasion seems to have been as complete as circumstances and temper made possible. After they had settled at Como, the birth of his first child gave him infinite pleasure. He called him Arnold Savage, after the second Speaker of the House of

Commons, whom he heard to have declared 'that grievances 'should be redressed before money should be granted,' and with whom he claimed a very problematical relationship. The Princess of Wales resided at this time at the Villa d'Este, where her conduct was so flagrant that Landor was surprised that her husband did not sue for a divorce. When, at a later period, his name was brought forward in connexion with the evidence he could give on the trial, he wrote to the 'Times:' 'The 'secrets of the bedchamber and of the escritoire have never 'been the subjects of my investigation. During my residence 'on the Lake of Como my time was totally occupied in 'literary pursuits; and I believe no man of that character was 'ever thought worthy of employment by the present Adminis'tration. Added to which I was insulted by an Italian 'domestic of the Queen, and I demanded from her in vain the 'punishment of the aggressor; this alone, which might create 'and keep alive the most active resentment in many others, 'would impose eternal silence on me.'

We have already alluded to his subsequent ejection from Lombardy; no unlikely event when we remember what was then the Austrian rule, and that he always designated the Emperor as the man who had betrayed his own patriot Hofer into the hands of the French, and sold his own daughter to a Corsican robber. At Pisa a girl was born to him, and he wrote a touching letter to his mother asking her to be sponsor:—

'The misery of not being able to see you is by far the greatest I have ever suffered. Never shall I forget the thousand acts of kindness and affection I have received from you from my earliest to my latest days. . . . As perhaps I may never have another, I shall call my little Julia by the name of Julia Elizabeth Savage Landor, and, with your permission, will engage some one of Julia's English friends to represent you. This is the first time I was ever a whole day without seeing Arnold. I wonder what his thoughts are on the occasion. Mine are a great deal more about him than about the house I most look for. He is of all living creatures the most engaging, and already repeats ten of the most beautiful pieces of Italian poetry. The honest priest, his master, says he is a miracle and a marvel, and exceeds in abilities all he ever saw or heard of. What a pity it is that such divine creatures should ever be men, and subject to regrets and sorrows!'

This is written from Florence, where he soon fixed himself in the Palazzo Medici, and where the great literary enterprise which had for some time possessed his thoughts was undertaken and accomplished. The one continuous link with his native country, that had remained unbroken through these wandering years, had been his correspondence with Southey. That

friendship between natures apparently so incompatible had been hardly affected and certainly not lessened in the main by the extremest divergence of opinion. This relation between the writer of the 'Vision of Judgment' and the open advocate of regicide, the author of the 'Book of the Church' and the adorer of the old Gods, the diffuse romantic poet and the close Roman epigrammatist, the decorous moralist and the apologist of the Cæsars, is a signal and instructive example of the happy intimacy and mutual comfort that may exist between men of genius, who are drawn together by heartfelt admiration and enjoyment of each other's powers, and a determination to find out, and hold by, all possible points of sympathy and common interest, letting the rest drop out of sight and all that is not congenial be forgotten. We shall have to mention the tender intimacy that existed in later days between Landor and the reverent, fervent, spirit of Julius Hare, as a further illustration of the capacities of intellectual sympathy; and we are content to refer those who have been wont to look on Landor as an ill-conditioned misanthrope, to Southey, after almost every name had passed from his perception, repeating softly to himself, 'Landor, my Landor;' and to Archdeacon Hare, two days before his death, murmuring, 'Dear Landor, I hope we shall 'meet once more.' It had been Southey's habit for many years to add to the literary toils of his ill-requited profession the careful transcription in his dainty hand-writing of his poems as he composed them, canto after canto, for Landor's perusal and criticism. He also kept him duly informed of the course of his prose writings, and had told him of his proposed Dialogues on 'The Condition of Society,' the plan of which had originally grown out of 'Boethius.' These Conversations were entirely consecutive, and the only interlocutors were himself and Sir Thomas More, 'who recognises in me,' Southey writes, 'some 'dis-pathies, but more points of agreement.' The notion had clearly touched Landor's imagination, and it is evident how much there was in this form of composition which was cognate to both his intellectual and moral peculiarities. His dominant self-assertion seized with delight a form in which it could constantly reproduce itself in the most diverse shapes, in which every paradox could be freely stated and every platitude boldly contradicted—in which, under the names he most loved and most abhorred, he could express his admiration and his hatred —in which exaggeration was legitimate, and accuracy superfluous. The literary character of the plan cannot be better drawn than in Mr. Forster's language:—

'All the leading shapes of the past, the most familiar and the most

august, were to be called up again. Modes of thinking the most various, and events the most distant, were proposed for his theme. Beside the fires of the present, the ashes of the past were to be rekindled and to shoot again into warmth and brightness. The scene was to be shifting as life, but continuous as time. Down it were to pass successions of statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen; wits and men of letters; party-men, soldiers, and kings; the most tender, delicate, and noble women; figures fresh from the schools of Athens and the courts of Rome; philosophers philosophising, and politicians discussing questions of state; poets talking of poetry, men of the world of matters worldly, and English, Italians, and French of their respective literatures and manners. . . . The requisites for it were such as no other existing writer possessed in the same degree as he did. Nothing had been indifferent to him that affected humanity. Poetry and history had delivered up to him their treasures, and the secrets of antiquity were his.'

About the time when the first income-tax was imposed, Landor had written one Conversation between Lord Grenville and Burke, and another between Henry the Fourth and Sir Arnold Savage; the first he had offered to the 'Morning Chronicle,' but it was refused as too personal. Now, in March 1822, he had written fifteen new ones, having rejected one between Swift and Sir William Temple as too democratical (what must it have been?), and another between Addison and Lord Somers as too maliciously critical of the supposed purist's inelegancies and inaccuracies of style, 'the number of which surpasses belief.' These, when augmented to twenty-three, formed the MS. transmitted through Captain Vyner to the house of Longman, which (we express a second sorrow) entirely declined their publication; so did four other publishers; but the kind activity of Mr. Julius Hare, with whom Landor had become acquainted through his brother Francis, actually forced Taylor, the publisher of the 'London Magazine,' to undertake the work.

The brothers Hare were all men of mark. The elder, Francis, well known as a man about town by the *sobriquet* of the 'Hare of many Friends,' had been brought up in Italy under the care of Professor (afterwards Cardinal) Mezzofanti, and had acquired in some degree the linguistic powers of his preceptor. He could talk to every Italian in his own dialect, and knew the appropriate saints to adjure in every Italian village. In his own language, though he wrote little, if anything, besides some contributions to this Review, he displayed a facility of expression as various and as monopolising as that of Coleridge or Macaulay. Landor with a tender humour incorporates this peculiarity into the eulogy of his friend:—

'—who held mute the joyous and the wise
With wit and eloquence—whose tomb, afar

From all his friends and all his countrymen,
Saddens the bright Palermo.'

The younger brothers, Julius and Augustus, though each in their different styles important contributors to English Divinity, live in the little volumes which all the present abundance of fragmentary literature and aphoristic reflection will not overly, the 'Guesses at Truth.' They remain a most interesting production of the Coleridgian era of English thought as exhibited in two very original minds, so full of sound knowledge and deep wit, that we can forgive such oddities as the junction of the names of Landor, Bacon, and Jacob Boehme as objects of our admiration.

Julius became indeed to Landor's mature life all that Southey had been to his youth, and never permitted any the wildest overflow of opinion or extravagance of conduct to diminish his reverence and affection. On this occasion he performed his editorial functions so scrupulously, that when the prohibition or the retention of one word was said by the publisher to make a difference of two hundred and fifty copies in the sale, he replied he had no alternative but to leave it there; in the collected edition of 1846, Landor expunged it himself. But the very antagonism of Hare's nature to the lawlessness of Landor's mind enabled him to render him a service of peculiar value in the reception of the book. He knew well the temper of the time which, by assuming that all genius was the natural enemy of public order, did a great deal to make it so; and which, having pilloried indiscriminately the decorous Wordsworth and the licentious Byron, Hazlitt living too much in the senses and Shelley too much out of them, the grand simplicities of Keats and the sweet concinnities of Leigh Hunt, and not only these men themselves, but all their friends, collaterals, and favourers, had already fixed its attention on Landor as a revolutionary poet, and was well prepared with its materials, not of defence, but of demolition. He therefore wrote a double-faced review in the 'London Magazine' of 1829, which ought to form part of the appendix of any collected edition of Landor's works. It is a dialogue on the Dialogues, in which the adverse case is put with so much force and ingenuity, as an imitation of the Landorian manner, that it quite took the sting out of the subsequent article in the Tory Quarterly. On the other hand, the characteristic merits and charms of the work are portrayed in such passages as the following, where Hare describes his own feeling on the first perusal:—

'It was as if the influence of a mightier spring had been breathing through the intellectual world, loosening the chains, and thawing

the ice-bound obstruction of death; as if it had been granted to the prayers of genius that all her favourite children should be permitted for awhile to revisit the earth. They came wielding all the faculties of their minds, with the mastery they had acquired by the discipline and experience, by the exercise and combats of their lives, and arraying their thoughts in a rich, and elastic, and graceful eloquence, from which the dewy light of the opening blossom had not yet passed away. I resigned myself altogether to the impressions which thronged in upon me from every thing that I heard; for not a word was idle, not a syllable but had its due place and meaning; if at any moment the pleasure was not unmingled, at least it was very greatly predominant throughout. If there was a good deal questionable and some things offensive in the matter, the manner was always admirable; and whenever a stone, against which I might have stumbled, lay in my path, I stepped over it, or aside from it, and would not allow myself to feel disgust or to be irritated and stung into resistance.'

How much additional pleasure would be derived from good literature if it was approached in this wise and generous spirit! Hazlitt's review in this journal shows that he had not attained it: it is appreciative of much of the literary merit of the work, but critical of defects too evident and contradictions too flagrant to be worth serious notice or objection.

The analyses of the 'Conversations' which Mr. Forster has inserted in these volumes, interesting and just in themselves, seem to us superfluously to increase their bulk. We should have preferred if he had confined himself to such notices as brought out or illustrated the author's life or character, and that might have been done with more effect, if not encumbered with general observations or paraphrases. For, in truth, the 'Conversations' are Landor's own—dialogues with his own mind. From the moment he formed the design, he precluded himself from any visionary reproduction of the personages he introduced. He carefully restricted himself from letting any of his actors say anything they were recorded to have said, or placing them in any of the attitudes that would have suggested themselves to the historical painter. And herein lie the wonderful skill and grace of the composition. The reader is quite conscious that the writer has chosen the dramatic individuality to exhibit his own opinions, instead of the ordinary process of trying to divine what the character might or would have said; yet the sense of incongruity is rare and the impression of artificial contrivance exceptional. All fictitious dialogue is open to the objection that the book is made an instrument on which the author plays for his own diversion—complicating, unravelling, the chords as he pleases, and hardly allowing to the reader

the echoes of his own judgment or discretion. He would probably like to answer the arguments adduced, or point out defects and assumptions in a very different way from the imaginary speaker, for the most honest controversialist will not always exhibit the joints of his own armour. But Landor's 'Conversations' are not usually argumentative: the interlocutors rather sympathise than dispute, and seem to strive more to enlarge and illustrate one another's meaning than to elicit a conclusion by controversy. Landor hardly condescends to reason with himself any more than with others.

The moral relation of an author to his writings is a frequent subject of literary dispute: is there the same man at the core if we could only find him? Which is the better or the worse, the lesser or the greater? We incline to believe that a man's writings, if of any worth at all, are his works indeed, and that the best destiny he can have is to be judged by them. Rousseau was teaching the mothers of France to nurse their own infants, while he was sending his own, or at least his reputed, children to the Foundling Hospital. While Landor's wilful temper was making himself and all about him unhappy, the innermost man as reflected in his books was yearning for a condition of things where all was courtesy and peace. No one could see him in high and refined society without being impressed by a dignified grace, which is just what a student of his writings would have expected from his style. In his dialogues the interlocutors, however violent in their language, and savage in their judgments, preserve towards each other a noble and respectful demeanour such as Landor would himself have done, or strove to do, if confronted with the objects of his fiercest denunciation. Though he would assert that to stand at the end of a crowded street made him burn with indignation at being a man, that he could only enjoy a theatrical representation if he were himself the audience, 'that when he 'left the gates of his London home, he felt as a badger would 'do if turned out in Cheapside,' it was surely the truer man who wrote that—

'He had never avoided the intercourse of those distinguished by virtue or genius—of genius because it warmed me and invigorated me by my trying to keep pace with it; of virtue, that if I had any of my own, it might be called forth by such vicinity. Among all men elevated in station who have made a noise in the world (admirable of expression!) I never saw any in whose presence I felt inferiority excepting Kosciusko. But how many in the lower paths of life have exerted both virtues and abilities which I never exerted and never possessed! What strength, and courage, and perseverance in some; in others, what endurance and moderation! At that

very moment when most beside yourself, catching up half my words would call and employ against me, in its ordinary signification what ought to convey the most honorific, the term *self-sufficiency*. I bow my head before the humble, with greatly more than their humiliation.'

The extravagance of Landor's political actions, whenever he came into contact with the governing portion of the world, gave the impression of a revolutionary recklessness hardly compatible with general sanity in so cultivated a mind. The open advocacy of tyrannicide as a civic duty, the indiscriminating censure of public personages, the rage against men who had raised themselves to power as well as against those born to it, the apparent hatred of law as a restraint on will, would, without his writings, have confounded him with some of the weakest and wickedest of mankind. For although they abound with passages of fierce judgments and strong denunciations, it becomes clear, that so far from abhorring power or even absolutism for its own sake, the true motives of his indignation are the malice and the ignorance which render hurtful or useless to humanity those influences that ought to tend to its happiness or its development. Before true kingship he 'felt his mind, 'his very limbs, unsteady with admiration:'

'When shall such kings adorn the throne again?
When the same love of what Heaven made most lovely
Enters their hearts; when genius shines above them
And not beneath their feet.'

Courts and cabinets, and the ordinary incidents of monarchy, provoked him into such words as these:—'Kings still more 'barbarously educated than other barbarians, seeking their 'mirth alternately from Vice and Folly—guided in their first 'steps by duplicity and flattery—whatever they do but decently 'is worthy of applause, whatever they do virtuously, of admi-'ration.' His special hatred of Bonaparte came from the thought that he might have given the French Revolution its true crown and consummation, have accomplished and projected its ideas, instead of merging it in the vanities and vulgarities of common despotism. Thus the invasion of Spain and the occupation of the Tyrol were to him especially horrible. There is in the collected works a trumpet-call of Liberty over the grave of the peasant-hero which sums up his sense of what Napoleon was and did.

'He was urged by no necessity, he was prompted by no policy; his impatience of courage in an enemy; his hatred of patriotism and integrity, in all of which he had no idea himself and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.'

The Republic was no doubt his ideal; but Liberals, he says, 'are republicans as curs are dogs,' and 'the discovery that 'everybody in England who had made money was discon-'tented cured me of Radicalism.' Nor could he regard the most complete despotism as entirely injurious to mankind, for the only people of whom he writes with constant respect are the Turks: 'Coming from Turkey to France was like passing 'from lions to lap-dogs: they alone of all nations have known 'how to manage the two only real means of happiness, energy 'and repose.' And in accordance with this feeling, he lamented continually the issue of the conflicts on the Loire, commonly called the Battle of Tours, as the greatest misfortune of the European world. In the whole range of his poems and 'Conversations' there is not one word of apology for democratic license, nor one whit less condemnation of the injustice or folly of the ruled than of the rulers; it is his judgment of popular applause that

'The people never give such hearty shouts
Saving for kings and blunders.'

In the matter of the affections there is less discrepancy between his writings and his life. If a woman could have forborne, and swayed herself according to, the vacillations of his temper, his whole character might have been modified, and his happiness saved in his own despite. It was a kind of pride with him that all children loved him. In his demeanour to his own his tenderness was excessive. That his boy of thirteen had not ceased to caress him, is spoken of as a delight he could not forego, by sending him to England even under the care of the scholar he most respected, Dr. Arnold—unmindful of his own fine words:—

'The worst
Of orphanage, the cruellest of frauds,
Stint of his education, while he played
Nor fancied he would want it.'

He was always drawing analogies between children and flowers; and there was no mere fancy in the well-known lines—

'And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
Whene'er their genius bids their soul depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.'

In his garden-walks he would bend over the flowers with a sort of worship, but rarely touched one of them.

'I remember,' he wrote to Southey in 1811, 'a little privet which I planted when I was about six years old, and which I considered the next of kin to me after my mother and elder sister. Whenever I returned from school or college, for the attachment was not stifled in that sink, I felt something like uneasiness till I had seen and measured it.'

The form which the notoriety of this sentiment took in the Florentine legend was that he had one day, after an imperfect dinner, thrown the cook out of the window, and while the man was writhing with a broken limb, ejaculated, 'Good God! 'I forgot the flowers.'

If any man could be believed as to his own estimate and desire of fame, that which Landor acquired by these two series of 'Conversations' was precisely what he wished. They were more than admired—they were loved by the very men whose opinions he most esteemed, and enjoyed by a small but competent audience beyond. The exercise of composition had been in itself most useful to his mental temperament; and thus Mr. Forster is fully justified in regarding the latter years of his residence at Florence as the brightest, at any rate the least clouded, of his life. His domesticity, though not cheerful, was not angry; his children, still in bud and flower, not yet burdened with doubtful fruit; his few relations with residents in the city friendly without familiarity; and the pilgrimage of literary sight-seers sufficient for the variety of life without any unseemly intrusion. His house was sufficiently spacious for the climate, and all the more so from the absence in the rooms of all that he called 'carpentry,' which he especially disliked. Even mirrors and lustres he eschewed as only fit for inns, if not magnificent. On the other hand, the decorations of Art were abundant, and it was the habit of the place to look on him as the victim of the ingenious imposture which fills so many English galleries with the fictions of great pictorial names. No doubt his overweening positiveness served him as ill here as elsewhere, and he would refer anyone who doubted his Raphael or his Correggio rather to the Hospital of St. Luke's in London, than to the Academy of San Luca at Bologna. But it is to be remembered that Italy at that time had not been so thoroughly ransacked as now, and that Landor anticipated the public taste in the admiration of the painters of the early Italian schools. Thus, amid some pretenders to high birth and dignity, his walls presented a genuine and most goodly company of such masters as Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, Gozzoli, Filippo Lippi, and, native to the place,

'The limner cowled, who never moved his hand
Till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer.'

The purchase of such pictures, at the moderate prices then demanded for them, was one of his chief amusements. His repugnance to common relations with mankind showed itself in a peculiar way with respect to the pleasures of the table, in which he took an unreserved enjoyment; his highest luxury was dining alone, and with little light, and he would often resort to Florence for that purpose. He said 'a spider was a gentle-'man—he eat his fly in secret.' But this dislike to conviviality did not at all prevent him from performing agreeably the duties of host, and the repast was ever seasoned with allowable delightful talk. His trenchant opinions on subjects of literature were always explicable by some reference to his own habits of thought and lines of knowledge. When he told you that 'Horace and Virgil could not write Latin, but Ovid 'did,' you felt it to be an extravagance of a man speaking of his own literature. 'Roscoe's works one feather-bed of 'words;' 'Gibbon, an old dressed-up fop, keeping up the 'same sneering grin from one end of his history to the other 'with incredible fixity;' 'Young, in his snip-snap verse, as 'sure to destroy a poetical thought he has got hold of as a 'child a butterfly;' and such-like summaries were not mere paradoxical ebullitions, but witty ways of stating serious conclusions on English literature. In a letter to Mr. Crabb Robinson he designates Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth as three turrets, none of which could fall without injuring the others; and outside that fortress he was not very willing to acknowledge any great poet in contemporary writers. He rarely persisted in his harder judgments. Of Byron, in an early 'Conversation,' he had drawn a clever fictitious portrait—'strong as poison, and original as sin;' and he never liked him till after his heroic death, for so we may call it in spite of Goethe's solemn judgment—

''Till, from all earthly fetters free,
He strove to win the hero's lot;
But Fate decreed that must not be,
And murmured, "Thou hast earned it not."'*

Shelley he had refused to know from some private reasons, which he afterwards passionately regretted, and always wrote and spoke of him with infinite respect. Of Keats he felt that 'time only was wanting to complete a poet who already sur-'passed all his contemporaries in this country in the poet's

* Euphorion's song in the second part of 'Faust.'

'most subtle attributes.' To Walter Scott he was more than specially harsh, calling him a 'great ale-house writer;' but in later days he fell back on the old books with more than enjoyment, and wondered that we do not glory in them more: 'The 'Germans would, and so should we, if hatred of our neighbour 'were not the religion of authors, and warfare the practice of 'borderers.' Of the Brothers Smith he candidly avowed, 'I 'ought especially to hate Bobus and Sydney for licking me out 'and out, Bobus in Latin poetry and Sydney in English prose; 'but Bobus has had no rival in Latin this 1800 years.' (Lord Dudley ranked the Latin poets--Lucretius, Bobus, Virgil.) If space permitted, we should more than indicate the rare and generous delight with which Landor ever welcomed the apparition of genius; it was as a fresh metal to the mineralogist, as a new planet to the astronomer; the ardour was sometimes excessive, but often more than justified by the event, and those who are now received with the trumpets and shawms of popularity look back with deeper gratitude to the prescient praise of the young-hearted veteran who decorated them from the laurels and myrtles of his own classic garden. So was it to the very last —to the boy-poet, whose fine verses close these volumes: who

> 'Came as one whose thoughts half linger,
> Half run before—
> The youngest to the oldest singer
> That England bore;'

and took away the affectionate benediction of his predecessor in the noble art of keeping alive among men the form and spirit of ancient song.

Mr. Forster has done well in dilating more largely on Landor's early than on his maturer life. The former is new to the world, the latter is in his works. He moved little from Florence, once to Rome with Julius Hare, once to Naples with Lord Blessington, and in 1832 to England. We can well picture him in the Vatican before the silent presences of history.

> 'Vos nudo capite atque vos saluto,
> Qui saltem estis imagines proborum,
> Ne, multis patria procul diebus,
> Oblitus male moris usitati,
> Viso quolibet aut probo aut amico,
> Dicar rusticus ad meos reversus.'

At Naples he met his old competitor in politics and learning, now relaxing himself in Italian composition, the author of the once famous, now forgotten, 'Pursuits of Literature;' and on a sultry day, with the *Pifferari* blowing under the window, thus greeted him:—

'The Piper's music fills the street.
The Piper's music makes the heat
Hotter by ten degrees:
Hand us a Sonnet, dear Mathias,
Hand us a Sonnet cool and dry as
Your very best, and we shall freeze.'

In England he had a most courteous reception, not only from fashionable people turned radicals, which amused him highly, but from Charles Lamb at Enfield, Coleridge at Highgate, and 'dear Julius Hare' at Cambridge. The last he saw for the first time, and their three days' intercourse made an epoch in each existence. Then to the Lakes, and to Southey, his devotee, and with a passing visit to Wordsworth (who, he thought, meant to hit him a double blow, by a remark, 'That 'Prose will bear a great deal more of Poetry than Poetry will 'of Prose') to his friends at Warwick. That once great town, he found, was joining its own noises to those of Leamington, which, he remarks, 'is almost all built on a property that I 'only escaped the encumbrance of by a single life.' Julius Hare and Worsley, the present Master of Downing College, accompanied him on his return to the Villa Gherardesca, which he never left till his self-banishment in 1835. Within that period he wrote the 'Examination of Shakspeare,' of which Charles Lamb said, 'That only two men could have written 'it—he who did write it, and the man it was written on.' There is no gentler verse in the language than the scrap found in 'Willy's Pocket,' no grander counsel than this to the young, rich and poor:—

'Young gentlemen, let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally a greater or better man than the lowest here. He willed it and became it; he must have stood low; he must have worked hard, and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning; he warned and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations—he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overcame Arrogance with Sedateness, he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence, and he fairly swung Fortune round. The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may: the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine of the silkenly and lawnly religious: it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it.'

The story too of the youth who failed at college, and died broken-hearted on the banks of the Cherwell—'literarum

'quæsivit gloriam, invenit Dei,' is unsurpassed in the beauty of pathos. This was followed by the letters of Pericles and Aspasia, a book well described by an American critic as one 'that we are frequently forced to drop, and surrender ourselves 'to the musings and memories, soft or sad, which its words 'awaken and cause to pass before the mind.' Its pages take you to the theatre where 'Prometheus' is played, to the house where Socrates and Aristophanes meet, to the promise of the youth Thucydides, and to the Statesman who dies, 'remembering 'in the fulness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory 'and Aspasia her happiness to me.'

These Epistles are a treasure-house of fine apothegms: one, on the duty of the historian as distinguished from that of the archæologist, is worth recording in reference to the novel treatment of the matter in our days:—

'We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes as in a history put valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence—tell me their names that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's: leave Weights and Measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade; place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her Eloquence and War.'

Goethe somewhere says 'that the monument of a man should 'be always his own image,' and Landor, enlarging on this theme, insists that it should be only a bust and a name. 'If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, 'let them both perish.' We agree with these great authorities as to the monuments, but no one more than Landor has shown, by his own incisive epitaphs, the power and the duty of fit memorial inscriptions: they are in truth the best securities for historical fame, and even in their vulgarer forms transmit to the gratitude of posterity services and examples which it is too much to expect the mere name to suggest and record. Latin is no doubt the fit lapidary language, but when in English can be composed such inscriptions as that of Lord Macaulay on Sir Thomas Metcalfe, or that of Landor on Southey, it may well be the vehicle for the commemoration even of the greatest men.

Landor's exile in England, for such it strictly may be termed, was passed chiefly at Bath, the scene of his wilful and

wayward youth; he loved that graceful town and was fond of comparing it with Florence. In the hospitable and intelligent society of Gore House he had a London home, and a constant literary activity occupied his time and sustained his spirits. The 'Dialogues on Dante,' which he entitled the 'Pentameron,' were criticised in the 'British and Foreign 'Review,' and we have to thank Mr. Forster for Landor's unpublished 'Reply,' written under the false impression that Mr. Hallam was the author of the article—an interesting summary of Landor's estimate of his own literary worth and a curious deprecation of the common judgment of the foibles and limitations of his genius. Perhaps as years had gone by and carried with them the choice adherents of his name and fame, he had fallen back on some hopes of a broader though lower level of recognition. So certainly it became with the intimacies of his private life; the circle of his acquaintances was no longer confined to those who knew how to manage and elude, or who for love's sake endured, the susceptibilities of his peculiar temperament. Hence strong likings suddenly changed into hatred and disgust; hence uncontrollable passion at deceptions and self-deceptions; hence wild literary revenge for supposed social injuries; hence the acts which the indiscriminating judgment of Law might not excuse, but which the Press and Public might have regarded with some consideration for a life so honest and a heart so high.

Of the sad six years of his final return to Italy there is one bright portion in the summer he passed at Siena in a cottage hired for him by Mr. Browning, 'The kind friend,' he writes, 'whom I had seen only three or four times in my life, 'yet who made me the voluntary offer of what money I wanted, 'and who insists on managing my affairs here and paying for 'my lodgings and sustenance.' He also resided in the family of Mr. Story, the eminent American sculptor, who declares, as Mr. Browning records, 'that his visit has been one unalloyed 'delight to them, and this quite as much from his gentlemanli-'ness and simple habits, and evident readiness to be pleased 'with the least attention, as from his conversation, which 'would be attractive under any circumstances. He may be man-'aged with the greatest ease by civility alone.' Landor continued his verse composition almost to the very end. In the last Conversation he wrote, Andrew Marvel felicitates Henry Marten with having met with Oliver Cromwell and conversed with John Milton: 'Believe me, it is somewhat to have lived 'in fellowship with the truly great and to have eschewed the 'falsely.' This Landor had ever done, and if Antipathy had

been the presiding genius of his life, the reason assuredly was, that he demanded from all men his own nobility of mind, in addition to all the qualities of temper and wisdom which he never forgave himself for not possessing.

We shall rejoice if this Biography extends the knowledge and use of Landor's writings: we say advisedly the use, because though often surprised that they are not more the objects of literary delectation and amusement, we still more regret the neglect of their obvious utility as examples of English composition. His style is so natural an outgrowth of a rich imaginative mind, and so clear a representation of thought, that its study is not likely to lead to any servile imitation, while it conveys the most distinct impression of the charm and power of form. Abounding in strong, even passionate diction, it is never vague or convulsive; magniloquent as declamation can demand, it is never pompous or turgid; humorous throughout, it avoids contortion and abhors caricature. In strange contradiction to the temper of the writer, its chief characteristic is self-command, and it bears a weight of paradox with as much ease and dignity as ordinary writing its lightest common-place. Though not alien to the treatment of modern life, it is undoubtedly most at home in the old world; and in such conversations as those of Lucullus and Cæsar, Epictetus and Seneca, Epicurus and the Grecian maidens, Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero, and in the Epistles of Pericles and Aspasia, there is a sense of a fitness of language that suggests the desire to see them restored, as it were, to the original tongues. Not only, indeed, would passages from these works be the best conceivable objects of translation in any classical examination, but versions of them, by competent scholars, might well be applied, as has been proposed with the 'Dialogues 'of Erasmus,' to the purpose of early instruction in Latin, and alleviate the difficulty in which all teachers of schools, at any rate, are placed by the absence of any original writings in that language which combine interest of subject with the facility of construction and purity of style required in an instrument of linguistic education.

For the greater part of his English verse we cannot expect more than the sympathy and admiration of poets. The imagination of the reader is too often necessary to supplement that of the writer to make his poems popular even with those who are capable of appreciating their sentiment and imagery. But what may be pressed upon the public judiciously and with every hope of success by the lovers of Landor's fame, are such smaller pieces as were inserted in the first issue of Mr. Locker's

delightful little volume of 'Lyræ Elegantiarum,' and unfortunately suppressed as an infringement of copyright. If they had been retained, they would have given additional zest not only to that Selection but to the volumes before us, of which they would have been the heralds and indicators. They are the very perfection of poetic epigram—real flowers of harmonious thoughts. They dwell on the memory like combinations of certain notes of music with circumstances of life. The following are not given as better or worse than others, but as illustrations of their effect, recalling the perfection of Goethe and Voltaire:—

'Ah! what avails the sceptered race,
  Ah! what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, when these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
  I consecrate to thee.'

'Mild is the parting year, and sweet
  The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on, more rudely fleet,
  And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
  But mourn that never must there fall,
Or on my breast, or on my tomb,
  The tears that would have soothed it all.'

'Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
  With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
  That he is old and she a shade.'

'Tell me not things past all belief—
  One truth in you I prove:
The flame of anger, bright and brief,
  Sharpens the barb of Love.'

We believe that Landor prided himself on his Latin more than on his English writings. He undoubtedly possessed a command of the Latin language which enabled him to use it for every purpose, and to adapt it to every theme, from the fables of Greek mythology to the incidents and characters of his own day. It is not easy to convey a notion either of the merits or of the faults of his Latin poetry to those who cannot judge of it for themselves. Its character cannot be illustrated by a comparison with any other Latin poetry, ancient or modern. Its style is not that of either the golden or the silver, or of any earlier or later age of Latinity. It is the style of Landor, and it is marked with the stamp not only of his intellect, but

of his personal idiosyncrasy. This is the cause of that obscurity which must be felt, even by scholars, to mar to some extent the enjoyment of his Latin poetry. He was perfectly able to write in a style transparent as that of Ovid. But such was not his pleasure. He despised popularity; he disdained imitation; he abhorred all that savoured of mannerism, conventionality, and common-place. He aimed at independence, originality; at the quality for which Mr. Matthew Arnold has endeavoured to naturalise in English literature—the French word *distinction*; and thus it happened that when he might have clothed his thoughts in clear, simple, and natural language, he preferred forms of expression in which the stone is often too hard for common readers to get at the kernel. Nevertheless there are in these poems passages of exquisite tenderness and pathos, and others which display an extraordinary power of word-painting. We do not know which of them were Landor's favourites; but if we did, it is possible that we might not share his opinion. No doubt the author's poetical faculty is more largely developed in the longer compositions; but the shorter are more deeply impressed with the signature of the man; not, indeed, always in the most winning aspect, or the gentlest mood of inspiration. Now and then harmlessly playful, but much oftener instinct with the bitterest sarcasm; keen and poisoned shafts, levelled sometimes at the objects of his political animosity, sometimes at persons from whom he believed himself to have suffered a private wrong. If it may be said that he set any model before himself, it must have been Catullus. But neither the Idyllia Hæroica, nor Gebirus, nor Ulysses in Argiripa, approach the Atys or the Epithalamium. The Hendecasyllabi remind us not unfrequently of the poet of Como.

We trust soon to see on our tables some editions of Landor's writings more commodious to hold and to read than the huge double-columned volumes printed in 1856. They have the merit of an excellent index of contents, by which any topic may be at once referred to, but no other. Taylor's handsome octavos are long since out of print, and many who may be stimulated by Mr. Forster to desire to know more of Landor's works will hardly know where to look for them. Selections are the literary fashion of the day, and he could not do better than follow up this Biography, as soon as possible, by a choice of pieces such as his judgment could so well make, leaving us to look forward to a complete and re-arranged edition worthy of this great master of English prose.

We should also be glad to have engravings of the last

vigorous but over-dark portrait of Landor, by Fisher, in the National Gallery, and the fine sketch by Robert Faulkner, in the possession of Lord Houghton: the frontispieces in these volumes are no representations of the man. The first, indeed, is interesting, as indicating in the boy the unboyish contemplation and premature self-absorption that developed itself so fatally to his happiness; but there is no trace of the sweetness and humour of the mouth which redeemed the anti-social character of the upper features. The second is as unsatisfactory as engravings not of, but from, paintings usually are, and Mr. Boxall's work is seen at a great disadvantage. The accurate vignette of the Fiesolan Villa will still recall to some living men the eloquent voice that has added one more illustration to that famous Hill, and before some eyes yet unclosed will rise again the glorious prospect from that garden-gate justifying the Landorian inscription:—

Hominum . satis . superq .
Multi . viderunt. Naturæ . nemo .
Hospes . introgreditor .
Et . in . parvis . eam . ut . in . maximis . mirabilem .
Pio . animo . heic . et . ubique . contemplator.

Art. X.—*Report of the Royal Commission on the Laws of Marriage.* London: 1868.

The Blue Book we have prefixed to this article is of the very greatest importance in a social and national point of view. It is but too significant of the want of system that pervades the whole of our Jurisprudence, and of the difficulty, under Constitutional Government, of establishing uniformity and order in any department of Legislation, that, after the lapse of many centuries, the laws which regulate the most general domestic relation in these kingdoms should be so intricate, confused, and conflicting, and so warped by local and sectarian prejudice, that they form a mass of perplexing anomalies, unequal in their operation, and too often fraught with mischievous consequences. After having been condemned by a succession of jurists, and by the painful experience of several generations, as unfitted to a civilised country, the Marriage Law of England was reformed in the latter part of the reign of George the Second in so harsh and one-sided a manner that, in the opinion of many persons, the remedy was worse than the evil it cured; and though its most glaring defects have been

lessened, it still continues in its altered shape the chief part of this branch of the English law; while the changes of time have made it inapplicable in some respects to the present age. North of the Tweed, the Scottish Marriage Law—still the image of its Canon original, and where it differs differing for the worse—is supreme throughout its ancient domain, its perilous facility and uncertain laxity having been only partially checked, and occasionally causing ruinous litigation, and destroying the peace and honour of families. And when we come to Ireland, we find a medley of jarring marriage laws in the same nation—a code essentially similar to that in England, but applying to a mere fraction of the population, and a custom, completely antagonistic to it, prevailing among the great majority—the whole a mass of obscure privilegia, diversified by sectarian distinctions, often mischievous in its practical results, and reflecting the religious divisions still deeply marked in the general community. Thus the three kingdoms, though long united and associated with each other by innumerable ties of the closest and most enduring kind, have respectively different and hostile usages with regard to the contract which, of all others, should be governed by the same legal principles; and depending upon the same observances, in a well-organised civil society; and, what perhaps is worse, each of these systems, when viewed apart, is faulty in itself, and abounds in evident and serious abuses. If we pass, too, from Great Britain and Ireland to other and distant parts of the empire, we find somewhat similar difficulties and confusion, the Marriage Laws of India and the Colonies being in many particulars uncertain and defective; nor is the law which regulates the marriages of British subjects beyond our dominions, even as regards our own jurisprudence, in altogether a satisfactory condition.

The mischievous results of this state of things appear abundantly in our Law Reports, and have often been made a subject of comment by judges, public writers, and satirists. 'The Law,' said Maynard, before the Restoration, 'lieth very loose as to 'things essential to marriage;' a truth attested in the following century by the numerous irregular and clandestine unions solemnised in the Fleet, and other places of a similar kind, by degraded clergymen. The change which took place in 1754, but which was confined to England only, introduced inconveniences of a different class; it was the parent of Gretna Green marriages; it fettered the contract with conditions distasteful to a large part of the community; it afforded facilities to fraud and seduction; its tendency was to discourage marriage; and it sometimes invalidated on frivolous grounds

unions of a genuine matrimonial character. These evils have, to a great extent, been remedied by subsequent legislation; but there is ample evidence that marriage in England is still hampered by formalities and observances unworthy of a refined jurisprudence, and not innoxious in their social effects, and yet that the law often falls short of accomplishing its intended objects. As for the Scottish Marriage Law, its operation in encouraging hasty and secret connexions, and in nullifying subsequent regular marriages, has been apparent during more than a century; the injurious results of the law in Ireland in promoting clandestinity, making marriage depend on obscure conditions difficult to ascertain, and discriminating marriage by divisions of sect, have been long familiar to Irish lawyers, and signally proved in some recent instances; and numerous statutes and some painful cases attest the defects of the Marriage Law in force in India and our colonial settlements. Yet, though these evils have been admitted for years, it is only of late, since the codifying spirit has grown up and formed a school of thought, and since, too, several notable examples have illustrated the remarkable conflict and vices of these systems of law, that any serious attempt has been made to devise a general and uniform Law of Marriage for the United Kingdom, in harmony with sound and rational ideas, or to amend thoroughly the Marriage Law prevailing in other parts of our empire. At last, in 1865, a Royal Commission was appointed, charged 'to 'inquire into, and report upon,' the Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom, and to suggest reforms that might seem expedient; and the scope of the inquiry was enlarged to the Marriage Laws of India and the Colonies, as respects 'European 'British subjects,' and to the principles of British law that apply 'to the marriages of subjects in Foreign Countries,' a change here being also necessary. The Commission, which, we need hardly say, was composed of lawyers of the very highest eminence, examined a great number of witnesses, and collected a good deal of written testimony from a variety of sources upon their subject; and their final Report, which, it is understood, was framed after much deliberation, was not published until last autumn. The document embodies, in an appendix, the full, detailed, and important evidence given to the Commission at different times; it contains a vigorous and accurate sketch of our Marriage Laws as they actually exist, of their working, and their social results; and it proposes a comprehensive scheme of reform which, if imperfect in some respects, and somewhat complicated in its provisions—with the view of satisfying the jealousies, the prejudices, or the requirements of several in-

terests and classes, and of avoiding an abrupt departure from settled local or national usages—would, nevertheless, if carried out, be an immense improvement in our Jurisprudence, and be attended, in our judgment, by very beneficial general consequences. In some particulars, however, the plan of the Commissioners seems to us liable to exception; the Report is not so elaborate and complete as we had expected it would have been; and its language is sometimes wanting in clearness, and fails to convey its meaning precisely.

The Commissioners ought, we think, to have prefaced their Report by a succinct account of the History of our Laws of Marriage, for such a sketch would have elucidated their character and tendencies in their actual form, and would have indicated the general principles to be borne in mind in trying to amend them. In England, from a very early period, public usage guarded Marriage with solemnities, intended evidently to effect the objects which legislation should aim at now—that the contract should be deliberate and public, and known to interested third persons; and it would appear that the law fell in, in a special manner, with national opinion. In Saxon times, and long after the Conquest, a regular marriage was always celebrated in the face of the church and the congregation, after a three-weekly publication of banns, and in the presence of a priest in orders; and, according to the better opinion, the presence of a clergyman was necessary to give validity even to an irregular marriage in which the other observances were wanting, a marked distinction in this respect dividing England from the rest of Christendom, where clandestine unions, however informal, were not, till later, liable to impeachment. All marriages, too, as we know from Chaucer, save those solemnised in the customary way, were effectually condemned in the popular sentiment; and it is questionable whether an irregular marriage carried with it all the civil privileges incidental usually to the relation, such as the widow's dower and the husband's courtesy. As the influence of the Canon Law, however, extended gradually over England, the rules of the 'King's Ecclesiastical Law,' as it was significantly termed, with respect to Marriage, were modified to a certain extent; and a foundation was laid for the secresy in the contract, and the uncertainty and complication of the law, so mischievous at a subsequent period. Besides regular or irregular marriages, precontracts of marriage came into use, and acquired a peculiar matrimonial character; and if two persons agreed to marry, by words expressive of present consent, or if a promise of marriage were made, and followed by cohabitation, however transient,

it became the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts to give effect to these loose contracts, and to compel the parties to go through a formal and public marriage ceremony. So binding, too, were these engagements, that they were indissoluble when once made; and however clandestine they may have been, they annulled even the most regular marriages, if solemnised afterwards, that came in contact with them. In a word, a precontract, as it was called, gave an inchoate and indefeasible right to the specific performance of a subsequent marriage, to be decreed by the Spiritual Court; and however indefinite, or kept secret, only differed from 'very matrimony' in this; that it was not cognisable in the Temporal Courts, and until completed by the ordinary process, did not confer the rights of property or the personal status of the conjugal relation.

This innovation, and the growing practice of dispensing with public marriage by license, introduced by degrees considerable confusion into the original law of marriage in England; and this was increased by the curious subtleties and unjust refinements of the Canon Law, with reference to the competence of persons intending to enter into the contract. The case of Anne Boleyn is a notable instance of the mischievous effect of precontracts. Her marriage with Henry VIII. was invalidated on this as well as on other grounds; and we know from the legislation of the period that 'regular marriages in the face of the Church' were not seldom 'avoyded' by mere private engagements. A statute of Henry VIII. endeavoured to abolish the operation of precontracts, as necessarily inducing 'very matrimony;' but this, like other reforms of his reign, was too violent and in advance of the age; and soon after the accession of Edward VI., precontracts regained their former efficacy, and marriages, however solemn, were exposed to the peril arising from these informal agreements. It is not, nevertheless, to be supposed that at this, or at any other time, the great mass of marriages were celebrated in any but the regular manner; and as persons contracting an irregular marriage, or having recourse to a private precontract, were subject to ecclesiastical censures, some check was placed upon these abuses, so long as the Church retained her ascendency. Soon after the Reformation, however, the mischief of this state of things increased; and, in the reign of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts, clandestine unions, if we may judge from the Law Reports, were not infrequent, and regular marriages were too often annulled in favour of hasty and equivocal engagements. The divisions of sect in the kingdom, moreover, introduced new and peculiar difficulties.

Catholic priests were forbidden to celebrate marriages, though the interdiction was commonly disregarded; and marriages celebrated by Dissenting clergymen, not being in the presence of priests in orders, were legally nothing but precontracts. The legislation of Cromwell put an end to this perplexity and dangerous confusion. It required that marriages of all kinds, and all contracts leading to marriage, should be solemnised with witnesses before justices of the peace, with securities for publicity and registration—a reform, after two centuries have passed away, adopted in part by the Civil Code of New York. The Restoration, however, brought back the old order of things, with its train of evils; and during the three succeeding generations the Law of Marriage became less and less adapted to the wants of a civilised society. As a rule, indeed, marriages were solemnised after banns and in the face of the Church; and in the rural districts the old wise ceremonies were usually observed by the humbler classes. But the safeguard of banns had already proved of little value in the large growing towns. In these communities it was too easy to contract clandestine, incestuous, and polygamous connexions. Marrying by licenses, given with dangerous facility, had also become a fashionable practice; and encouragement was, accordingly, afforded to hasty, reckless, and secret marriages. These mischiefs, however, were only slight compared to others sanctioned by the law. As irregular marriages were still allowed, a systematic trade in them had grown up; and degraded clergymen were always to be found to join the hands of any couples who chose to present themselves before them, at any place or time, without notice or witnesses. This was the period of the infamous Fleet marriages, and when Parson Keith and his fellows flourished; and it is needless to say that, in numberless instances, young heirs and heiresses were entrapped, and that clandestinity, fraud, and family dishonour were often the result of these shameful ceremonies. The law, moreover, as to precontracts still rendered it easy to form these engagements; though it would appear that, as time went on, cases of precontract became rare, because, probably, no restraint existed against marriages which, however irregular, were 'very matri-'mony' for every purpose. During this period, too, the character of the marriages of Nonconformists, and of Jews and Quakers, if not solemnised by a minister in orders, as they seldom were, was but ill-ascertained; and when we add that, perilous, uncertain, and mischievous as the whole law was, it left the age of marriage at the limit at which it had been fixed by the Canon Law—fourteen for males, and twelve for females

—it will be evident that the time had arrived for a complete reform.

It has often happened in our legislation that a movement against long-continued abuses has led to equal if dissimilar mischiefs. This was, in a peculiar manner, the case with the change which, under the auspices of Lord Hardwicke, now took place in the Marriage Law of England. The celebrated Act, the 26 Geo. II., of which he was the principal author, checked, indeed, considerably the ill-defined usages that before had constituted or caused marriage, and laid down a general and precise scheme for solemnising and registering marriages in England; but it left some of the old evils in being, and, through its harsh and unwise severity, it was the origin of others of an opposite description. This statute put an end for ever to the binding efficacy of precontracts, by declaring that no suit should be instituted on any 'contract to 'compel marriage;' and it thus closed what had formerly been a source of no little social disorder, and had often proved the means of dissolving the most regular and formal unions. It also struck a rude blow at the whole system of irregular marriages, and made these scandals comparatively rare, by enacting that, as a general rule, every marriage to be valid should be preceded by banns, or by an ordinary or special license, and be solemnised in a church or public chapel; by making it felony if a clergyman performed the ceremony without these observances; and by requiring that marriages should be celebrated in the churches only where the banns had been published, or, in the case of marriages by ordinary license, that one or both of the parties should have resided for a period not less than four weeks, immediately before the issue of the license, in the parish where the marriage was to take place. Several other precautions were superadded; and the evidence of the contract was preserved by a system of registration in every parish, which, though not sufficiently comprehensive or general, was, nevertheless, of great value. These provisions afforded considerable securities against hasty and clandestine unions, destroyed the trade of degraded clergymen, and in part succeeded in introducing sound principles into the English Marriage Law; but in other respects the measure was faulty and extremely objectionable in its operation. In the first place, it did not get rid of the abuses in the mode of marrying by banns, already making themselves apparent; and it thus failed to prevent many unions of an illegal or highly censurable character. In the next place, it fenced the contract round with various strict and regular formalities, all rendered essential to

its validity, while it made no allowance for their nonobservance through innocent mistake or criminal fraud; and it thus exposed a number of marriages that seemed unimpeachable in all particulars, to perilous and often hidden impediments. Again, too, by insisting that the Church should be the only authority recognised for the purpose, and that—except in the case of Jew or Quaker marriages, which were placed in a separate category, and of the few celebrated by special license—all marriages in England should be solemnised in edifices of the Anglican establishment, the statute imposed a heavy burden upon the consciences of Nonconformists, making the ceremony in this way offensive to a considerable portion of the nation, and thus indirectly encouraging concubinage. The law, too, while it made no change in the age at which marriage was permissible, and while it set no special restraints on the marriages of minors after banns, annulled the marriages of minors by license, unless their parents or guardians signified their consent—a condition certainly not in accordance with the tone and habits of English society, injudicious therefore, and full of mischief, and yet, as we shall see, capable of being easily and completely evaded.

Lord Hardwicke's Act continued in force from 1754 to 1823, and though it is still, to a great extent, the pattern of the Marriage Law of England, it was a crude and unpopular piece of legislation. In Lord Stowell's language, 'it swept away the 'whole subject of irregular marriages, by establishing the 'necessity of resorting to a public and regular form, without 'which the relation of husband and wife could not be constituted,' and in this respect its aim was good; but it was at once too lax and too severe, and its general operation was not successful. As it left the law of banns in its former state, persons easily eluded the restraints it imposed, and by publishing their banns in places where they were unknown, or in the large churches of populous cities, where numbers of banns were published together, were able to contract clandestine marriages, an evil continually upon the increase, as travelling improved and the population augmented. On the other hand, the law was strict in requiring a correct publication of banns in the case of marriages of this class; and marriages apparently perfectly regular were in too many instances set aside from mere errors in the names of the parties. The rule was less severe in the case of marriages solemnised by either kind of license, an indulgence that led to the multiplication of these costly and rather invidious privileges; the long period of four weeks' residence, rendered necessary to obtain an ordinary

license, being, nevertheless, a very serious grievance, and probably having a bad moral tendency. Very difficult questions also arose by reason of the condition that marriages should be solemnised only in the churches indicated by the preliminary formalities; and not a few marriages that ought to have been unquestioned, were impeached from mistakes in this particular. Above all, provision was not made for upholding marriages that failed to comply with the many intricate regulations of the law, in consequence of mere misapprehension or of deliberate and unprincipled deceit; a misdescription arising from ignorance might annul a marriage publicly celebrated; and innocent women were sometimes sacrificed through a ceremony in outward seeming legal, by a false name or a personated clergyman. It is unnecessary to say that such rules as these too often endangered a domestic relation that of all others ought to be most secure, and degraded matrimony into concubinage; and indirectly they encouraged seduction, and perhaps lowered the conception of marriage by making it depend upon external forms. Again, the whole body of Nonconformists complained justly of being subjected to the yoke of the Church in this matter, and of being compelled to marry in places and with ceremonies repugnant to them; scenes of bickering and indecorum were often the consequence; and it cannot be doubted that this monopoly had a direct tendency to discourage marriage. The condition that annulled the marriages of minors by license, without the prescribed consent, was condemned by many statesmen and moralists, and was described by Sir James Mackintosh as 'protecting patrimony 'against matrimony;' but though it checked some imprudent marriages, and protected some youthful heirs and heiresses, it was more vexatious than generally useful. Owing to the laxity of the law of banns it was evaded repeatedly even in England; and as it had no effect in Scotland, its chief practical operation was to originate and increase Gretna Green marriages.

A law so faulty and severe as this was not likely to become permanent; and Lord Hardwicke's Act was repealed in 1823 with, it is said, 'general and national rejoicing.' The new code that was substituted is embodied in the 4 Geo. IV. c. 76, and the 6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 85, which, with some explanatory and amending statutes, form the existing Law of Marriage in England. The principle of the new code was to retain the provisions of Lord Hardwicke's Act against irregular and clandestine marriages, and that by almost the same means; but to relax the harsh and unwise conditions that invalidated marriages in so many instances, and to give Non-

conformists opportunities of marrying without the intervention of the Church or its ministers. The law of banns was left almost untouched, no reform, accordingly, being made in the abuses arising from its laxity; and improper marriages of this class multiplied as the facilities of concealment increased. The correctness required in the publication of banns under the former law was, however, dispensed with, at least to a considerable extent; and an error in a name was not permitted to invalidate a marriage, unless caused by the wilful default of both the parties. The period of residence in order to obtain an ordinary license was much abridged; and in this way what experience had proved to be a check upon marriage was fortunately removed. No change, however, was made in the formalities for solemnising marriages of these kinds; it was directed that marriages after banns or by license should, as heretofore, be celebrated in the churches pointed out by these preliminary requirements; and, speaking generally, the law prescribed the observance of all the old rules. But allowance was made for mistake and fraud in not complying with these conditions; and unless both the contractors wilfully concurred, a marriage was not invalidated for want of the 'due publi-'cation' of banns or license, or for not being celebrated in a church as prescribed, or even through a personated clergyman—securities of much practical value. At the same time, while the legal age for contracting marriage was left as before, the marriages of minors without the requisite consent were not annulled though subjected to penalties; the law, however, giving parents and guardians a power to prohibit such unions, and compelling the clergy strictly to obedience—a reform also in the right direction. The code, moreover, deprived the Church of the monopoly of marriage it had enjoyed, and provided a machinery for the celebration of marriage to ease the consciences of Nonconformists. The country was divided into districts, and civil officers appointed for the purpose; and persons were enabled to marry through superintendent registrars' certificates and licenses—preliminaries, analogous in some respects to the banns and licenses of the Church, but less liable to fail in their object, and with formalities and under conditions assimilated for the most part to church marriages, but as a general rule more stringent. Unless when marriages were celebrated by the Church, the presence of a civil officer of the State—except in the cases of the marriages of Jews and Quakers, now, for the first time, in other matters brought under the new law—was made necessary to the validity of these unions; and they were to be solemnised, with the above

exceptions, either in places of worship properly registered, or in a registrar's office without a religious ceremony. The great majority of Nonconformist marriages in England takes place under these provisions; and though the law is very far from perfect, it is a considerable improvement on the former system. The new code, we should add, creates a central registry for marriages in England, a necessary supplement to the local registry established under Lord Hardwicke's Act, and of great advantage to the general community.

Such, in its mere outline, has been the history of the English Marriage Law in its slow development. Evolved as that law has been by degrees—one part of it antiquated usage, another the result of a crude change, since only partially and feebly modified, and the whole complicated, obscure, and prolix—it accords ill with a civilised jurisprudence. In its actual working it fails to attain, in a great degree, its avowed objects, and really is exceedingly lax; but it is occasionally harsh and unjust, and it prescribes observances, even now attended sometimes by evil consequences. Of this there is more than sufficient evidence in the Commissioners' Report and the Appendix to it. The law, for instance, wisely asserts the principle that marriage should be preceded by notice, in order to secure deliberateness in the contract, publicity, and the knowledge of third persons interested, and it seeks this end through the threefold system of banns, licenses, and notices to registrars. But, except in thinly-peopled country districts, banns have long ceased to assure notice; though this is the mode of marriage adopted in the immense majority of cases in England. The law allows banns to be put up, and a marriage to be solemnised afterwards, in a church of the parish wherein either party shall have had a nominal residence for a period of fifteen days before; it positively discourages the inquiries which ought to be made upon the subject; and it does not impose a penalty directly on false statements made when the banns are put up. The result is that persons who wish to avoid publicity have their banns put up in the churches of parishes where they are unknown, without fulfilling really the condition of residence, or in the churches of populous cities where the number of banns conceal their names, and, accordingly, that a door is opened to objectionable unions of every description. This is well pointed out by Sir George Prevost, Archdeacon of Gloucester, in this evidence:—

'A person living in the country sends down to some low lodging house in Bristol, or Gloucester, and takes a lodging, and deposits a

bag or something there, and never comes near the place. In some cases I have known that no lodging at all has been taken. Banns are asked and there is a profession made of their residing there. This has led to marriages being contracted that are within the prohibited degrees, and the marriage of minors.' . . . 'I suppose in populous parishes like St. Mary Redcliffe and other parishes in Bristol and other large towns, it is quite impossible for the clergyman to make inquiry in every case?—Yes. If he does it is very difficult for him to ascertain the facts. We have asked Mr. Robert Phillimore as to the law, and he seems doubtful about it. . . . Thus people go to be married from the country to large towns, their marriages are put up, deceitful, and clandestine marriages, marriages within the prohibited degrees, are frequently so contracted.'

The Bishop of Oxford, whose experience entitles his opinion to peculiar weight—he acted as a surrogate for some years—confirms this statement in all respects; indeed all the witnesses agree on the subject:—

'I was for five years rector of a large parish in which a very large number of marriages were celebrated. It was one of the chief places to which marriages which wanted to escape observation flowed from the surrounding country. A large number of marriages of non-parishioners took place in it. The effect of this was that those who wanted to be married, and who ought not to be married—persons within the forbidden relationships and the like—flocked to my parish.'

Nor does a license afford notice sufficient to satisfy a sound law. In order to obtain an ordinary license—special licenses are so rare they need not detain us—a person has only to swear that one of the parties to an intended marriage has resided during the fifteen days preceding in the parish in which the church selected for the marriage is situate, adding other particulars of no great value. No inquiry with respect to the status of one of the parties at least to the contract is, in many instances, possible under this system, and, as to both, it is often impracticable—the application for, the grant of the license, and the ensuing marriage being permitted to be almost simultaneous; and we should add, that if the oath taken be false, it is not punishable as a crime. Provisions like these are obviously inadequate to secure the notice the law should require, and afford facilities to improper marriages, though the high price of a license in England is some check in a contrary direction. Yet the Bishop of Oxford complains that under the system of licenses, 'marriages of an improper description are 'far from infrequent. In my diocese we have instances 'every year, such as an uncle marrying his niece, a widower 'marrying the sister of his late wife and the like, through the

'present facility of escaping notice. . . . These marriages are 'void, but still the evil remains, and a great evil it is.'

In fact, the notice before marriage that ought to be assured by a good law, is provided for, even approximately, only in the class of marriages through the registrars. The notice to a registrar gives information on the points on which information is expedient in the case of persons about to marry; it affords an opportunity for inquiring, to some extent, into the status of both parties; it is strict as to the conditions of residence, and it is perjury, and made highly penal, to accompany it with a false declaration with respect to the statements required in it. As marriages, however, of this kind are rare, this system and practice is exceptional; so that, viewed as a whole, the law takes no proper securities for enforcing the observance of what ought to be a most important principle of a wise and civilised Law of Marriage. On the other hand, formalities are enforced, and conditions required, of an intricate kind, and occasionally mischievous in their results. A mistake in a name in the publication of banns does not at this day annul a marriage, unless made wilfully by both parties; but cases of grievous hardship and wrong have occurred even under this rule. Mr. Boyd Kinnear observes pointedly in his valuable evidence to the Commission:—

'It seems simple and certain enough to say that persons must not wilfully allow banns to be published under wrong names. . . . But only a year ago in Wells *v.* Cottam, 3 Sw. and Trist. 364 and 593, a marriage by banns between George Henry Wells and Martha Cottam, the man's name having been altered by himself, in the notice given for the publication of the banns, into Henry Wells, and . . . knowledge of that fact having been found by a jury, was declared null and void by the husband's father . . . the consent of the woman to the undue publication having been obtained by the covert solicitation of the man. . . . There exists also a class of cases in which there has been no intention to evade the law, but in which failure to comply with the statutory enactment avoids the contract. Thus in R. *v.* Inhab. of Tibshelf, 1 B. and Ad. 190, it was held that a marriage in which a woman had been described by the name entered in her register of baptism, but so entered by mistake, was void, though the object of all the parties to the marriage had been to conform to the law and to make the marriage valid. . . . Again, when there has been a change of name, or a name of reputation different from the true name, whether christian or surname, it often becomes almost impossible to say what form of publication of banns will constitute a valid marriage.'

Again, the proviso, saving a marriage unless both the parties wilfully err, does not always preclude the rules that annul

marriages celebrated without 'due' publication of banns, or without the proper grant of a license, or outside a church as prescribed by law, or without the presence of an ordained clergyman, from being attended with unfortunate consequences. For instance, Mr. Boyd Kinnear comments thus on the condition as to a church being the place required for solemnisation:—

'It is easy to say that marriages must be celebrated in a church in which banns have been in use or published. But what is a church? The chapels of foreign countries have been held not to be a church because banns have not usually been there published. But a marriage in the ruins of a consecrated church has been held valid. So a marriage in the vestry has been lately held valid. On the other hand, the Legislature is called upon every session to cure defects in marriages celebrated in places not legally qualified. . . . And Parliament would probably refuse to legislate *ex post facto* to cure such defects, in the case of litigation having already arisen.'

As to these conditions generally, the Commissioners observe:—

'It is obviously possible that such expressions as *knowingly and wilfully* and without *due* publication of banns, may occasionally give rise to difficulties, especially when the rule that everyone is presumed to know the *law*, is taken into account. The Legislature has, on various occasions, recognised that possibility by passing special Acts for the confirmation of marriages solemnised in particular places in which it has been suggested that authority to publish banns may have been wanting. . . . The *facts* in such a case may be notorious; and if the law be as supposed, and if knowledge of it is to be imputed, the law may be said to have been knowingly and wilfully violated' [in this and in other instances].

The formalities in the case of marriages through registrars are very intricate, and non-compliance with them is followed by the results we have referred to, of course subject to the same saving. With respect to these formalities, Mr. Boyd Kinnear says:—

'Of this branch of the system, in so far as simplicity is concerned, I need only say that I believe very few barristers out of Doctors Commons could, without reference to the statutes, state its requisites, and that probably not five women in the kingdom would know where to turn to find these requisites.'

While, therefore, the Law of Marriage in England is, in part, founded on sound principles, it is too lax in one of its main divisions, and does not attain its professed object, whereas, in others, it is unwisely severe, and sometimes injurious in its effects. It is, besides, unnecessarily complicated, involved, and hardly intelligible to an unprofessional mind: a great evil,

but the natural result of a system devoid of scientific method, reformed piecemeal, and still a medley of ancient usages and crude legislation. Yet, in our judgment, it more nearly conforms to what a Marriage Law ought to be than the loose, faulty, and impolitic customs, which, abrogated everywhere else in Europe, still enter into the Law of Marriage in Scotland. In that kingdom, as in Continental Christendom, the Canon Law supplied the principles that regulated the contract from early times, 'comprehending,' as it has been said, 'in this 'respect, the civilised world in one moral territory.' The rules, accordingly, with respect to marriages, whether regular or irregular, and precontracts, became gradually the same in Scotland and England; and, doubtless, the results were the same, that is, marriages were usually regular, after banns, and in the face of the Church; but occasionally they were of an irregular kind, without preceding notice, and clandestine; and the interchange of present consent, or a promise of marriage followed by cohabitation, however equivocal and brief in duration, had the effect of binding two persons together by a tie strictly of a matrimonial character. After the Reformation, the discipline of the Kirk extended the probationary period for banns, and required that persons intending to marry should give proof of residence in the parish, verified by satisfactory evidence, for six instead of three weeks; and, in the following century, laws were passed condemning irregular marriages and precontracts, but not absolutely vitiating these engagements, as was the case in England afterwards, and had been previously in most other countries. At the Revolution, the Presbyterian clergy obtained an exclusive right to celebrate marriage in the manner directed by the law, the clergy of other religious communions being deprived of their privilege in this respect; and, save that an exception was made in favour of Episcopalian ministers during the Tory reaction in the reign of Anne, they continued, almost down to our time, the only officials invested by the State with the power of solemnising regular marriages. But, as we have seen, irregular marriages and precontracts, although censured, were not wholly invalidated by the law; and the formalities attached to the regular ceremony, and the monopoly almost assured to the Kirk, had a direct tendency to encourage and multiply these undesirable unions. Though the majority of marriages contracted in Scotland were of the regular and formal kind, it is said that, during the last century, one-third, at least, were of an opposite character; and this number was considerably increased by the Gretna Green marriages of English couples, who crossed the border in order to evade the

requirements of Lord Hardwicke's Act. In 1834 the power of celebrating a regular marriage was given to the clergy of all religious communions, the rule as to banns, however, being unchanged; and since that time, and also because opinion in Scotland has improved on the subject, other kinds of marriage have become comparatively of rare occurrence—a diminution owing, in part, also to the abolition of Gretna Green marriages through an efficacious, if rather one-sided statute. Irregular marriages and precontracts are still, however, recognised by law, and clothed with a matrimonial character. They are far from uncommon, and of late years an indirect encouragement has been given to them. For, on the one hand, the old penalties on irregular marriages are not now enforced; and, on the other, judicial decisions have, practically, all but* obliterated the distinction between irregular marriages and precontracts, and have acknowledged both as 'very matrimony,' though, in the case of one class of precontracts, they require a peculiar kind of evidence.

The Marriage Law of Scotland, accordingly, though somewhat obscured in the course of time, and modified partly by legislation, is still, in its leading principles, the same as the Canon Law of the Middle Ages. The Commissioners' Report gives us a clear sketch of this law in its existing shape. Before the preliminaries of a regular marriage in Scotland, both parties ought, strictly speaking, to reside in Scotland, during at least six weeks, in the same or in different parishes; but this condition is usually dispensed with, if one of the parties is out of the kingdom and the other resides for the prescribed period. The banns are then put up in the parish, or parishes, where the parties reside, if both are resident in Scotland, and, if not, in the parish of the party resident, and they must be put up in a church of the Kirk, and accompanied by a certificate of residence from two householders or an elder of the parish. According to the proper legal usage, the banns are then published on three successive Sundays—so that when the law is exactly obeyed, a probationary period of nine weeks, six of residence and three for the currency of the banns, precedes a regular marriage in Scotland; but, in the case of the wealthier classes, this condition is evaded generally, and, in

* We say 'all but' for there is some doubt whether, without an action of declarator during the life of the parties, a promise followed by cohabitation is, even now, 'very matrimony' to all intents and purposes. The current of modern opinion is in favour of the affirmative of this question; but ancient analogy is against it; and some eminent Scotch lawyers incline to the negative.

consideration of a money payment, the publication of banns may be accelerated, and take place on a single Sunday. The fees, however, charged for this privilege are in many parishes exorbitantly high, the result being that the limitation of nine weeks extends to the mass of regular marriages—a premium, it has been significantly remarked, on irregular marriages and concubinage, especially among the lower orders. After these formalities regular marriages may be celebrated by the clergy of all communions, now on an equal level in this respect. There is no restriction as to time or place; and the ceremony may be, and often is, performed at night, and in a private house, this practice being common among the body of the people who are Presbyterian, but rare among the members of the Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic Churches. A system of registration is also provided for preserving the evidence of regular marriages, and it is said to work well in practice, though its principle is to throw the duty of registering, not on the minister celebrating, but on the persons entering into the contract—a principle, as it appears to us, ill-calculated, theoretically, to attain its object.

So much for regular marriages in Scotland– unquestionably, at the present time, comprising all the marriages in that country, except a comparatively small number. But irregular marriages and precontracts, no longer really distinguishable from each other, although not usual are allowed to exist, and gain a complete matrimonial character; and this principle affects the whole law, and stamps it with its peculiar complexion. Now, as seven hundred years ago, an irregular marriage may be contracted in Scotland, by mere words of present consent, at any hour, at any place, without any antecedent notice, in the absence of an officiating person, without formalities, and without a witness. 'The leading principle,' said Lord Deas, in a recent judgment, 'is that consent makes marriage. 'No ceremony, civil or religious, no notice before or publica-'tion after, no consummation, no cohabitation, no writing, no 'witnesses even, are essential to the constitution of the most 'important contract which two private persons can enter into, 'whether affecting their domestic arrangements or the pecu-'niary interests of themselves and their families. Matrimonial 'consent can be verbally and effectually interchanged when no 'third person is present; and if it can be proved, even at the 'distance of years, by subsequent written acknowledgments, or 'oath of reference, the parties will be held to have been married.' Nor is even a solemn consent, informal and secret though it may be, required to constitute this relation; an irregular marriage, or what now is practically the same, a precontract of

marriage, will be inferred from a mere promise, if followed by cohabitation, however brief, and will be equivalent to 'very matrimony.' 'What is more remarkable,' adds Lord Deas, 'even 'consent is not essential to marriage. A promise of marriage '*subsequente copulâ* makes marriage without inquiry, whether 'the parties meant marriage or not. There may unques- 'tionably be a marriage by promise *subsequente copulâ*, when, 'in point of fact, consent has never been interchanged, and 'when the parties do not even dream that the law holds them 'to be married persons.' The promise, however, through the medium of which concubinage is thus transformed into matrimony, must be in the writing of the person making it, or must be confessed upon oath—rules gradually adopted to secure some evidence of a trustworthy kind, but arbitrary and by no means wise; and though, in general, an irregular marriage or precontract will invalidate a ceremony, however solemn and formal, that comes into competition with it, the law will not allow a person to be put to an oath to admit a promise in order to prove an irregular marriage, when the effect would be to impeach or cancel a subsequent marriage regularly celebrated. It should be added, too, that irregular marriages may be inferred in Scotland from 'habit and repute;' and though this principle is not peculiar to the Scottish system, and the jurisprudence of all civilised nations allows marriage to be proved in this way—the *usus, in truth*, of the Civil Law—it is obvious that what constitutes the standard of 'habit amd repute' may not be uniform, and irregular marriages may in Scotland be sustained by evidence 'of habit and repute,' that, in the case of marriages in other countries, would really be of little value. 'Evidently,' say the Commissioners, 'there is a wide prac- 'tical difference between the effect of cohabitation with repu- 'tation of marriage, in a country the law of which requires 'some definite and solemn acts or act for the constitution of 'the contract, and its effect—though still considered merely as 'evidence—when no such solemnity is required, but when the 'relation may be constituted at any time by the private con- 'sent of the parties;' and in this manner the law of Scotland almost creates, through 'habit and repute,' a peculiar class of irregular marriages. It must, moreover, be borne in mind, that as the *lex loci* governs this contract, all persons, though not of Scottish domicile, who marry in Scotland are bound by its law, and may enter there into irregular marriages—a rule, however, in part, modified by the statute against Gretna Green marriages, which, in such cases, requires a residence of not less than three weeks in Scotland before the effects of the

law attach. A system also exists in Scotland for the registration of irregular marriages, but it is not possible to ascertain how it really works.

Such, briefly, is the Marriage Law of Scotland—in our judgment essentially unsound, and notwithstanding much bold assertion, often mischievous in its general operation. Its principles, no doubt, as to regular marriages are in some particulars wise and judicious; the certificate, for instance, required to precede the publication of banns is a useful security; and, on the whole, it is well that the contract should be freed from conditions of place or time, at least as absolute and indispensable. These rules tend to simplicity and safety, two of the chief objects of a good marriage law; and as an overwhelming majority of marriages in Scotland are of the regular kind, it has been argued that a system attended with these results, in its ordinary working, is practically of a high order of merit. A sober criticism of the law, however, ought, we think, to lead to a different conclusion. In the first place, the preliminaries required for a regular marriage impose a period of residence on the parties preposterously long; it is absurd that six, or even nine, weeks should be necessary in an age of locomotion; and it is clear that this has a bad moral tendency. This impediment to regular marriages promotes irregular marriages and concubinage; and the high charge for expediting banns has the same effect the Commissioners assure us. But the grand blot in the Scottish Marriage Law—that which pervades and vitiates it as a whole—is its elevating vague and equivocal connexions, however clandestine and inconsiderate, into actual, though irregular, matrimony. How is it possible to defend this—if society has an interest in this relation—if marriage ought not be made the sport of recklessness, criminality and fraud—if the condition of persons married should be defined clearly and easy to ascertain—if, in the case of the young, the authority of parents ought to have some influence in regulating the contract? How can a law be theoretically vindicated which permits a boy of fourteen to make a girl of twelve a wife beyond recall—the age of marriage is the same in Scotland and England—by a word or two uttered hastily in secret; which encourages an artful woman to seek in the passion of a thoughtless admirer the means of regaining a position she has forfeited, and compelling him to marry on a mere promise; which actually gives opportunities to the seducer through the arbitrary rule that, to be of any avail, his promise must be 'by writ or oath,' and through its obvious tendency to break down the distinction between concubinage and matrimony;

which exposes marriages, however regular, to be set aside at any distance of time, in favour of hidden, perhaps forgotten ties, and the peace of families to be thus invaded; and which renders the evidence of marriage uncertain, and more or less imperils the whole relation? And is the example of all Christendom, except Scotland, in abolishing a usage found to be pernicious of no significance; and will Scotland herself deny its importance?

It has been urged, however, that no law should be tested by its possible results, or even by rare and extreme cases, and that, looked at practically, the Scottish law of irregular marriage is not objectionable. Taking this criterion, we assert with confidence that this law has been fraught with hurtful consequences. It is impossible to conjecture the number of irregular marriages contracted in Scotland; but they are far from infrequent even at this time; and these connexions are so ambiguous that many persons do not know their legal position. 'The consequences,' says Lord Deas, 'of the peculiarities of 'our marriage law is that there are at all times in Scotland a 'large number of individuals who cannot tell whether they 'are married or unmarried, and a still larger number of children 'as to whom no one can affirm whether they are legitimate or 'not'—a strange state of things in a civilised society. Again, having regard to the tone of social morality existing in Scotland, we incline to think that experience confirms what theory would induce us to believe, that the facility of contracting irregular marriages has a bad effect on the female character, and tends to the increase of concubinage. The crying evil of the system, however, is the uncertainty it introduces into the conjugal relation; in the language of the Commissioners' Report, it has repeatedly made 'the social position 'of individuals, the status of descendants, the honour of families, 'the validity of matrimonial engagements solemnly entered 'into in the belief that there was no impediment, and the suc'cession to dignities and estates depend upon obscure and 'complicated issues of law and fact which have divided the 'Court of Session and the House of Lords itself.' Could it, indeed, be otherwise when, in the Dalrymple case, a marriage was established by two scraps of paper given in secret to a young lady by an ensign, and a regular marriage was, four years afterwards, annulled by this clandestine tie; when in the case of Honeyman *v.* Campbell, doubtful phrases such as 'virtuous felicity' were interpreted into a promise of marriage, and performance of the contract was decreed; when in such a case as Macadam *v.* Walker, the act of a man intending

suicide, declaring his former mistress his wife, was held to constitute 'very matrimony;' when—not tediously to multiply examples—the mere reading of the marriage service through, if we may judge from the correspondence of the parties, without any matrimonial purpose, had the effect of marriage in the opinion of the Court of Session in the Yelverton case? It should be remembered, moreover, that the actual number of cases litigated is no measure of the uncertainty produced by this state of the law; no more than the Divorce Court is a gauge of the amount of conjugal wrongs in this kingdom. And when we add that, in this state of the law, marriage may be not only clandestine and dubious, but that it may be contracted in the most reckless haste, it seems hardly necessary to say more.

Most of the pleas, indeed, in favour of this law seem to us either to treat the subject without regard to the interests of society, or to run off upon irrelevant topics, or to rest upon unsound assumptions. The Scottish law of marriage, it is said, by inferring matrimony from circumstances in which the laws of other countries would not infer it, protects the weaker against the stronger sex, and makes itself the shield of female honour. Granting that this most questionable assertion is correct, a security of this kind may be too burdensome; a rule by which a certain number of women, who place themselves in the ambiguous situation implied in an irregular marriage, are relieved from the consequences of their own conduct, but by which a license is given to clandestinity, and regular marriage is put in jeopardy, contains evidently less good than evil, if we regard the welfare of the general community. Again, stress is laid on the safety and simplicity of the Scottish law, and it is contrasted favourably with the intricate formalities and harsh conditions of the law in England. But, in the first place, this praise is applicable to the Scottish law of regular marriage only; it keeps out of view the insecurity and confusion caused by the usage of irregular marriage; and, in the second, it is no proof of the abstract merits of the Scottish law that it excels the English in certain particulars. As for the argument that the Scottish law promotes morality, we question the fact; the evidence in the Commissioners' Report preponderates greatly against such an assumption. Mr. Seton thinks that 'the 'Scottish law is unfavourable to morality and productive of 'illegitimacy;' Dr. Strahan that 'the notion of sin as con-'nected with concubinage is almost obliterated;' Mr. Macpherson that few women among the 'working classes' preserve their virtue; the laxity of the law of marriage being in some

measure the cause of this licentiousness. It is said, lastly, that the Scotch, as a people, are satisfied with their marriage law, and, accordingly, that it should not be altered. But, in the first place, there is much proof that this satisfaction is confined to the rules relating to regular marriage, and that the Scotch cling to their own system in part from prejudice, and in part from a well-founded dislike of the English law; and, in the second place, the verdict of Scotland cannot solely determine this matter. As all British subjects who marry in Scotland are bound by the Scottish law of marriage, we trust that we do not vex the thistle when we say that this question ought to be settled with a due respect for imperial interests.

It should be observed, too, that even those persons in favour generally of the Scottish Marriage Law object strongly to some of its principles. The learned advocates who appeared before the Commission, for the most part praised the system as a whole, but found fault with separate branches of it; and a corpus juris can be hardly excellent if objectionable in some of its main divisions. For instance, correctly as we think, Mr. Macpherson censures the doctrine of irregular marriage by mere present consent:—

'As to marriage by exchange of consent *per verba de præsenti*, I must say that I consider it by far the least valuable and the least important of our irregular marriages, or rather modes of proving marriage; and I think so because I see by far the greatest number of litigations have arisen out of marriages of this kind. It is the most dangerous of all kinds of exchange of consent, because it alone affords no time for reflection—everything is perilled in the words used with matrimonial intent. There is no *locus pœnitentiæ*, even though no copula have followed. I think the reasons of policy for supporting such marriages weaker than those which apply to the case of a woman yielding on the faith of a promise of marriage. Moreover, when I look at the kind of cases that are reported I see that the *verba de præsenti* are very often introduced after a course of illicit intercourse. I by no means wish to discourage the conversion of irregular relations into marriage, but I wish it done deliberately, and I would give an opportunity of pausing after the exchange of consent *per verba de præsenti*. My feeling is that unless when cohabitation or copula have followed, this kind of marriage might be done away with without serious injury.'

The Lord Advocate perceives the serious mischief of the peculiar evidence, 'writing or oath,' required to prove a promise that will avail to give effect to an irregular marriage; and as he is quite aware that it would never do to rely upon a mere verbal promise, in the ordinary cases of this kind, he would abolish this class of marriages altogether.

'It does not appear to me that the law of promise *subsequente copulâ* should be retained. I am against its retention for this simple reason that the promise is required to be proved by writing. We can well see that if you could always prove the promise it would be a very just law, but it does not operate as a just law, because, if except by writing you cannot prove it, it is not one case in a hundred that is reached by it; and I am half afraid that the cases that are reached by it are just the cases that ought not to be.'

'Mr. Boyd Kinnear disapproves of the looseness of the proof on which a marriage may be established in Scotland by 'habit 'and repute;' this very latitude being, however, the natural result of the rest of the system:—

'The method of establishing a marriage by "habit and repute," may, I think, be not unreasonably objected to. The chief plea in support of it is, that when persons have for a very long time represented themselves to their neighbours as married, they ought not to be entitled to outrage decency by declaring that they never were married. But it may be questioned whether this possible scandal is a greater evil than the exceedingly doubtful and difficult question which the disavowal of the marriage must awaken, seeing that there the point to be ascertained is, not the intention of the parties to marry or not, but the prevalent opinion as to what their intentions were.'

We do not, therefore, hesitate to assert that the Scottish Marriage Law is essentially faulty, and requires a thorough though cautious reform. Passing over to Ireland, the same law there is grievously defaced by the animosities of creed that have long distracted that ill-fated country, is mischievous in its general tendency, and occasionally is fertile in serious evil. Until the eighteenth century it was almost identical with that of England, and followed by nearly the same consequences; that is, marriages were for the most part regular, but irregular marriages and precontracts were tolerated, and by no means infrequent. After this period, the Marriage Laws of the two countries have diverged widely; and at this moment, although a kind of superficial resemblance exists, they are really of a very different complexion. In the first place, Lord Hardwicke's Act was never introduced into Ireland; it was considered inapplicable to a nation, divided into a colony and an outlawed people; and the Irish Marriage Law was kept free from the rigid technicalities and harsh conditions that characterised that remarkable statute. As, however, the trade of Keith and such men grew up on the Irish side of the Channel, some precautions were taken against clandestine marriages, and those of minors without the consent of parents; but these were of little practical value; it was not until 1818 that precontracts were deprived

of their efficacy; and it was not necessary until 1844 that even marriages celebrated by the Established clergy should be protected by forms analogous to those prescribed by the English law as settled in 1823, 1835. The result was that irregular marriages were more common in Ireland until a recent period than they had been in England since 1754; and to this day the Irish Law Reports occasionally attest the cruel litigation arising from these equivocal connexions. But the distinctive peculiarity of the Irish Marriage Law has long been its sectarian character, that it regulates the conditions of the contract according to religious distinctions. After the Revolution and the Penal Code, the principle of the English law, that any priest in orders could solemnise marriage, could hardly survive in a nation in which the Protestant Establishment was supreme, and in which the Roman Catholic Church and people were kept down in absolute subjection. Accordingly, while the clergy of the Establishment were permitted to marry persons without any reference to their religious faith, the Roman Catholic clergy were disabled from celebrating marriage between any persons except those of their own creed; and it was enacted by a well-known statute that 'every marriage between a Papist and any person who hath been or hath professed him or herself to be a Protestant, at any time within twelve calendar months before the celebration of such marriage, or between two Protestants, by a Popish priest, shall be null and void without any judgment, process, or sentence of law.' But no restrictions were imposed on the celebration of marriages by Roman Catholic clergymen when both persons contracting were of the proscribed communion, the theory being that the Catholics of Ireland were not worthy the notice of the State; and, consequently, this large class of unions was left to the old usage of the Common Law, and Roman Catholic priests had full liberty to marry Roman Catholics as they pleased in any irregular or clandestine way, the discipline of their Church, however, rendering this practice sufficiently uncommon. At the same time, with curious infelicity, the law gave permission to the ministers of the Protestant Nonconformist congregations, whose orders it did not of course recognise, to celebrate marriages between persons professing Protestant Nonconformity, disabling them, however, in all other cases; the element of creed being here, too, and as to a considerable class of marriages, made essential to the validity of the contract.

Such, but slightly modified, was the Irish Law of Marriage until the present generation. Though, owing to the general morality of the people, and the strict rules of the Roman

Catholic Church, its results did not correspond to its vices, they were, nevertheless, much to be regretted. The laxity of the law, in all its parts, gave facilities to irregularity of many kinds; and, as we have said, clandestine marriages were not rare, especially among the careless youth of the upper classes. The sectarian principles embedded in the law were, however, its worst and most general evil. Notwithstanding the ascendency of the Established Church, and the privileges it enjoyed in this matter, the immense majority of marriages in Ireland were solemnised by the Roman Catholic priesthood; and the hidden accident of the faith of the parties was made the criterion of the validity of the contract. Nor were the instances by any means few in which these marriages were annulled, on proof of the profession of Protestantism, though we are happy to say that it was never usual to make religion thus the means of seduction. On the other hand, the latitude allowed to the Roman Catholic clergy to celebrate marriage, gave a perilous license to clandestinity, and exposed regular and formal marriages to be invalidated by secret connexions; and several occurrences of this kind took place, the Roman Catholic hierarchy, however, having always done a great deal to prevent them. Again, too, every marriage celebrated by a Protestant Nonconformist minister depended upon a condition of sect, and as such marriages, even in any case, might have been upheld as valid precontracts, so long as these engagements were binding, the danger here was considerably increased, when precontracts lost a matrimonial character. The law, finally, tended to widen the unfortunate dissensions of class and creed already deeply marked in society, to embitter religious feuds and passions, and literally—reversing the injunction of Scripture—to put asunder those who had been joined together in the most sacred relation in life which the State is especially bound to protect. At last, a marriage solemnised by a Presbyterian clergyman between a person of his own creed and an Episcopalian Protestant, having been declared null in 1844, the Marriage Law of Ireland was reformed, but in so narrow and partial a manner, and with such deference to the former system, that though some improvement was effected, its greatest defects have not been removed. The leading principle of this new code was to transfer to Ireland, in the case of marriages celebrated by the Established clergy, the rules of the law then in force in England, with some modifications and amendments; to give Irish Protestant Nonconformist ministers a power of celebrating marriage as in England, through the intervention of civil

registrars, and with formalities very analogous—a peculiar exception being however made as to one class of Nonconformist ministers—to imitate the English law in the instances of marriages without any religious ceremony, and of the marriages of Jews and Quakers; to create a system of general registration to embrace marriages of all these kinds; but, at the same time, to leave wholly untouched the principles relating to marriages solemnised by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, five-sixths probably of those in the country. This code, therefore, it will be seen at once, is the *privilegium* of a few, not the law of a nation; like the Constitution itself before 1829, it does not reach the great mass of the people; and it leaves, as to the vast majority of Irish marriages, the old law in full force with its whole train of consequences.

From these remarks, and the Commissioners' Report, an accurate notion may be gathered of the existing Law of Marriage in Ireland. The clergy of the Established Church may marry persons of all communions, no condition of sect interfering with them. These marriages, however, as in England, must be preceded either by banns or license, or be solemnised on registrar's certificates; they are attended by nearly the same formalities, and are subject to analogous restrictions to those of the same kind in England; they are usually celebrated after licenses; and the Irish system of licenses affords more security for notice than the English. These marriages, however, though more favoured, and safer than those of any other class, are of comparatively rare occurrence; the Established Church having no attraction, in this as in all other respects, for the great body of the Irish people. Presbyterian ministers may celebrate marriages, both or either of the parties being Presbyterian—no inquiry, however, being allowed into this circumstance after the ceremony—the preliminaries to these marriages being banns, licenses, or the registrar's certificates, resembling those in the case of church marriages, but more inquisitorial and strict, and the formalities and conditions being also similar, but somewhat more precise and rigid. These marriages, accordingly, nearly correspond to those solemnised by the Established Church; and, in this matter, Presbyterian ministers enjoy a privilege withheld from those of the other Protestant Nonconformist congregations. The marriages of Protestant Nonconformists must be solemnised by ministers of their respective creeds, in duly registered places of worship; and these marriages, and also the few which occur without a religious ceremony, and those, finally, of Jews and Quakers, take place through the intervention of civil registrars, must be

preceded by formal notices, and are subject to limitations and rules akin to those of the same classes in England, except that the notices in use in Ireland are more searching and likely to attain their object. A general system of registration, on the English pattern, to preserve the evidence of all these species of marriages exists; but as they do not, perhaps, exceed one-fifth of all that take place in the country, this system is of no great value. While the Marriage Law of Ireland, therefore, has been assimilated to that of England, with respect to certain classes of instances, and in some particulars is a better code, it differs from it in this essential point, that it does not apply to the mass of the nation; and it is met in the bounds of its narrow domain by a law or custom which not only affects it, but alters the type of the Marriage Law, regard being had to the whole community. This law or custom, we need not repeat, is that by which Roman Catholic clergymen have the power of solemnising marriage in Ireland. Now, as at all times, Roman Catholic clergymen may marry persons of their own faith, according to the rules of the Canon Law; and though the Church, except in rare cases, prohibits any but regular marriages, they may legally celebrate the most irregular marriages, without notice, at any place or time, and without the presence of any witnesses. But if a Roman Catholic clergyman marries two persons, one or both of whom are Protestants, or have professed Protestantism within a period of twelve months, this hidden and perhaps undiscoverable accident reduces the ceremony to a mere nullity. As in Ireland, however, the overwhelming majority of marriages are solemnised by the Catholic priesthood, it is obvious how this state of the law encourages clandestinity and irregularity, may imperil even the most regular marriages, and enables crime and fraud to dissolve unions sacred in the sight of justice and conscience. These mischiefs, too, are aggravated by the fact, that though a system of registration for these marriages has been lately established, it is exceedingly inefficacious and defective.

The consequences of this state of things are revealed clearly in the Blue Book before us. Considered apart, and so far as it is not affected by an alien element, the Code enacted in 1844—though in part liable to the objections that may be urged against the English law—may be said to have worked tolerably well; but even from this inadequate point of view, its sectarian distinctions are very impolitic, and excite a good deal of jealousy and dissension. And this sentiment is only increased when the law is surveyed as a whole, though this is

but one of its lesser evils. The Rev. Robert Wallace, speaking on behalf of the Irish Wesleyans, thus refers to this subject:—

'We are dissatisfied that the law itself should be divided into so many parts, that is, that instead of having a law for all parties, the law should be made in reference to such a number of parties; we complain that the laws affecting the celebration of marriage are so numerous . . . for instance, marriage is celebrated in Ireland lawfully in several different ways: there is one law for the Established Church, one for the Presbyterians, one for the Nonconformists, one for the Roman Catholics, one for the Quakers, one for the Jews, and a law for civil marriages when there is no religious service, so that in reality there are seven different methods of celebrating marriage legally in Ireland. . . . Though no one denomination may have a special right to complain, each one has a general right to complain.'

The Commissioners refer in the following language to the tendency of marriages by Roman Catholic clergymen to lead to clandestinity and irregularity, noticing, however, fairly the regulations imposed by their Church in order to check these mischiefs:

'By the Common Law a marriage solemnised by any Roman Catholic clergyman, whether publicly or privately, at whatever time or place, and in whatever form or manner (between parties competent to marry), was valid, without any previous publication of banns, license, notice, residence, or consent; and this is still the law of Ireland as to all Roman Catholic marriages. . . . Every Roman Catholic marriage ought, according to the law of that Church, though not under pain of nullity, to be preceded by the publication of banns for three Sundays, unless dispensed with, as in Ireland it usually is, by episcopal license. Of these matters, however (being requisites of marriage by the internal economy only of the Roman Catholic Church), the law of the land takes no cognisance; and a marriage contracted in the presence of any Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, between two Roman Catholics, although contrary to the law and discipline of their own Church, would be legally valid.'

How many clandestine or irregular marriages occur under this state of the law it is impossible to ascertain or conjecture. From the following observations it is clear that some Irish Protestants believe that marriages of this kind are not uncommon, and still cling to the old penal statute in order to protect their families from them; nor should it be forgotten that, as the law now stands, a valid, though clandestine, Roman Catholic marriage will annul the most regular and public union:

'If a Roman Catholic priest were permitted lawfully, without notice, without witnesses, without registry, without respect to the age or nonage of the parties married, to marry a Protestant with a

Roman Catholic, without any change in the law of Roman Catholic marriages, as it now stands, my firm belief is that, in the north of Ireland, it would produce a civil war within twelve months.'

Dr. Ball, too, the Vicar-General of Armagh, Mr. Disraeli's Attorney-General for Ireland, and possessing an almost unrivalled experience in the working of the law of marriage in Ireland, observes significantly:—

'The Roman Catholics never litigate the validity of their marriages. There is no use in their doing so. No matter what there may be objectionable in the circumstances, a marriage of two Roman Catholics by a priest could not be broken. . . . My opinion is that the educated Roman Catholic laymen of Ireland would be content to have their system of marriages regulated in some degree by the State, not so as to interfere with the constitution of marriage by a religous ceremony, but so as, in a certain degree, to ensure prudence and deliberation in the contracting parties, and to ensure regularity in the proceedings. I have very little doubt upon that subject.'

On the other hand, the operation of the rule that nullifies a marriage by a Roman Catholic priest if the least element of Protestantism intervenes is occasionally attended with grievous hardship. The following case is related by Dr. Moriarty, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick:—

'A Protestant farmer came to me to get leave to marry a Catholic young woman of the neighbourhood. I told him I could not do it, I had no power to marry him. He then went and made an abjuration and was received into the Catholic Church, and a very short time afterwards (before the twelve months had passed) he was married. I suppose I was a consenting party, but it was a very imprudent thing to do. He spent the poor girl's fortune, which was some 300*l.*, turned her out of doors, and the next place I met her was at the door of an attorney whom she was going to employ to take proceedings against him. I told the poor young woman it was utterly useless, that she was not married in law, and she is now living with her father, after having her fortune spent, and after having been maltreated by this fellow, who professed himself a Catholic, and, in a very short time afterwards, went back again to the Protestant Church.'

It appears, then, on a candid inquiry that the Marriage Laws of the three kingdoms are in many particulars open to objection, and occasionally lead to bad social consequences. The English Law, in one of its parts, is too lax and misses its object, while in others it is overlaid with formalities, and it fetters the contract with too harsh conditions. The Scottish Law, sufficiently sound as regards its provisions for regular marriage, yet even in this respect faulty, must be pronounced essentially vicious, through the facilities it affords to clandes-

tinity and recklessness in irregular marriages. And the Irish Law, made up of a Code that applies merely to certain selected classes, and of the old Canon Law that governs the relation in an overwhelming majority of instances, marred and defaced by its sectarian distinctions, and sanctioning clandestinity and even fraud in the most important of social compacts, is, theoretically, wholly impossible to justify. But if these systems are each defective—considered apart and as confined to separate and independent countries—they reveal themselves in a much worse aspect if we regard them as what they actually are, the Marriage Law of an United Empire. It is not only that here, as in other matters, it is expedient that uniformity should exist in the rules that determine a common engagement in the various parts of the same State, that, for instance, different standards of marriage ought to be as unknown in Great Britain and Ireland as different standards of coinage or measures. The evil results of the dissimilarity in the Marriage Laws of the three kingdoms are a great deal more than the inconveniences arising from a mere want of symmetry. For each of these systems is supreme and absolute within its proper domain; the English Marriage Law affects Scottish or Irish persons who marry in England; the Scottish, in parallel circumstances, has a similar power over English and Irish persons; and in the case of the Irish law, the same principle is carried out; and hence the defects of these conflicting rivals may be felt far beyond their natural spheres, and that, too, in instances in which their peculiar evils may well be unknown, and even very difficult to ascertain. It may well be imagined what confusion, injustice, and social hardship and wrong this state of things is calculated to produce; and the effects are aggravated by certain doctrines of the Law of Scotland with respect to divorce and legitimacy, not referred to as yet, because foreign to our immediate subject.

A few examples, some derived from actual experience, will illustrate the pernicious tendencies of this unfortunate conflict. A Scottish maiden crosses the border believing that there her 'marriage lines' will effectually make a lover a husband; she falls the victim of an artful villain, who induces her to have the banns published with a mistake or omission in a name, or to be married in a farmhouse as she may be at home. A youth of English parentage and birth joins his regiment for a month in Edinburgh; he is sixteen, well-looking and rich, and he is entrapped by some venal Circe who obtains from him a scrap of paper in a moment of passionate excitement or folly, though in England such a trick would be use-

less, and his legal guardian would have an opportunity to forbid such a marriage. So the heir of the Norfolks and the heiress of the Cliffords can only marry in their own country after defined preliminaries and under strict formalities; and such a couple, in the ordinary case, would marry in a Roman Catholic church in England through the medium of a superintendent registrar. But send them upon a passing visit of three weeks and a day into Scotland—in this age of grouse-shooting, fishing, and railways—and, though only fourteen and twelve, they may make themselves man and wife for ever by a secret 'consent' in a room alone; and they may accomplish the same feat, if only for a single day in Ireland, if they can find 'a friar,' like Romeo and Juliet. Or again, an English or Scottish Roman Catholic lady may go to Ireland and receive there the addresses of a person of the same faith; she may be married by Cardinal Cullen, in the face of the largest congregation in Dublin, and with the most gorgeous pomp of the Catholic ritual; yet the man she has chosen may, at any distance of time, throw her off and turn her children into bastards, by showing that, for a single day before the ceremony, he 'professed' Protestantism in some ambiguous sense, and that, though she had no means of knowing the truth, or anticipating the result. Other instances of the operation of these laws might be brought forward in ample profusion, but probably we have said enough; and when we add that the Courts of Scotland will divorce persons, whatever their domicile, on grounds unrecognised in England and Ireland; that these divorces, valid in Scotland, are of no effect in the two other countries; that marriage in Scotland makes the issue of antecedent concubinage legitimate, and in England and Ireland an opposite rule has existed from the earliest times; and that, accordingly, in thousands of instances, the legal status of persons is changed as they pass north or south of the Tweed—we suppose few will be found to defend these extraordinary and mischievous anomalies. 'Few,' in short, to use the guarded language of one who does not see his way to the removal of this disastrous conflict, 'can doubt the excessive inconvenience 'of having different systems of constituting the most important 'of all social relations prevalent in countries so nearly identical 'in character and interests, and so closely allied in their na'tural and political relations.'

The Commissioners, therefore, have decided rightly, not only that the Marriage Laws of the three kingdoms require amendment, but that they ought to be assimilated and made uniform. And we agree with them that this object is not to

be aimed at by merely extending any one of the existing systems to every part of the British Islands—by introducing the English law into Scotland, or the Scottish into England or Ireland. Not one of these systems ought to be the pattern of a general code; and an attempt to enlarge the sphere of any one would probably only cause mischief, and would certainly irritate national susceptibilities. For ourselves we do not hesitate to say—and the Commissioners are evidently of the same mind—that the true principles of a sound Marriage Law, so far as regards the constitution of the contract, are to be found in the Code Civil of France; and that, in the abstract, it would be expedient if, with some modification, they were made the basis of the Marriage Law of this Empire. In this matter the Code Civil lays down, in our judgment, the true limits of the rights of the State and the individual; insisting for the well-being of society that marriage shall be deliberate, public, and notified to third persons interested, and securing this object by the means of formalities, secular, solemn and uniform, yet, at the same time, invoking the aid of religion to hallow the relation, and encouraging persons about to marry to consecrate the contract by any rite that gratifies their conscientious sentiments. By this legitimate partition of authority, clandestinity and recklessnesses, with their disastrous results, are checked by a rule, severe indeed, but general, simple, and easily understood, yet the fullest latitude is given to the interchange of matrimonial consent, without* vexatious and dangerous restrictions and conditions, and according to any religious forms that fall in with the wishes of the parties. Unfortunately, however, it is too evident that a law such as this would shock the prejudices or feelings of the great body of the people or their spiritual guides in Great Britain and Ireland; there is little hope that it would pass through Parliament, or that, if it did, it would prove successful. Experience has shown that the immense majority of English men and women choose to marry in the manner prescribed by the national Church, and dislike the idea of any civil ceremony; Presbyterian Scotland would resist any sudden encroachment of the State on this province; and the hierarchy at least of Catholic Ireland—of the laity we speak with much less confidence—would actually rather remain under the lax, yet dangerous and cruel marriage law that applies to Irish Catholic

* In saying this we of course do not refer to the restrictions imposed by the Code Civil on the marriages of minors. This old relic of the '*patria potestas*' of the Civil Law would not be borne in the United Kingdom.

marriages, than admit the principle of the Code Civil. This is forcibly put by Bishop Moriarty, one of the most enlightened of their Prelates: let the statesman mark how the injustice of the past provokes opposition at this day even to wise social reforms in Ireland.

'It may fairly be asked how it is that, in France and other Catholic countries, the clergy submit to such a law . . . I answer that the position of the clergy in those countries is very different from ours; they have civil rights; they are connected with the State, and supported by the State, and they must succumb to the necessities of their position; they deem it more prudent to tolerate the evil, though they do not approve. With us the case is altogether different; as ecclesiastics we have no civil rights, our existence is ignored by the law. We see our rights as well as our property transferred to others, and consequently there is no reason why we should yield to a law which should prejudice our spiritual jurisdiction. I am quite sure that if such a measure was introduced, the bishops and clergy of Ireland would deem it their duty to preach resistance to it; and I need not tell the Commission, that, as our people obey us when we tell them to be submissive to the law, we should find them exceedingly docile if we told them they were conscientiously bound to resist it.'

It being, then, considered impracticable to introduce into these kingdoms the system of the French Code Civil, the Commissioners have looked to other sources for an improved and uniform Law of Marriage. Before this, however, they found it necessary to deal with some questions we shall briefly notice. As we have said already, the law of Scotland allows persons, not of Scottish domicile, to be divorced there for causes which the laws of England and Ireland refuse to acknowledge; and it also fully carries out the principle of legitimation by subsequent marriage not recognised in the other parts of these realms. The Commissioners, wisely on the whole we think, propose to deprive the Scottish Courts of the extraordinary jurisdiction in divorce they have extended beyond their proper province, and thus to prevent the discreditable spectacle of persons of English or Irish origin being bound at home by the conjugal tie, and released from it legally in Scotland; but they leave the law of legitimation by subsequent marriage in Scotland untouched, preferring here to sacrifice uniformity, and even to sanction a conflict of laws, to interfering harshly with a national usage deeply rooted in the habits of the people, and with much, in the abstract, to recommend it. We quote their remarks on the first of these subjects:—

'It is a settled point in the law of Scotland that a sentence of dissolution of marriage (on proof of facts constituting sufficient

ground for dissolution of marriage according to that law which admits of more latitude in this respect than the law of England), may emphatically be pronounced by a Scottish Court, between persons having their legal matrimonial domicile and ordinary residence in England or in any other country, who have only resided in Scotland for a very short space of time, who have resorted thither (perhaps by mutual arrangement), for the express purpose of obtaining such a sentence, and who have no intention of remaining there after their divorce has been obtained. The English Courts, on the other hand (with which, we apprehend, the Irish Courts agree), refuse, under such circumstances, to acknowledge the validity of such a Scottish sentence; they treat a marriage subsequently contracted in England by either of the parties so divorced, as bigamous, and the issue of such subsequent marriage as illegitimate. . . . We think that this conflict between the laws of England and Ireland on the one hand, and that of Scotland on the other hand, ought to be removed by legislative enactment; that the legal validity and effect of a sentence of dissolution of marriage, pronounced in a *bonâ fide* suit by a Court having proper jurisdiction over the parties and the cause ought to be the same throughout the United Kingdom, and that the resort of persons domiciled and ordinarily resident in one part, to the Courts of another part of the United Kingdom, for the sake of greater facility of divorce, ought to be prevented by proper limitations upon the jurisdiction of such courts.'

With respect to the very difficult question of the earliest age for contracting marriage, we are not satisfied that the Commissioners have arrived at an equally just conclusion. That age is now fourteen for males, and twelve for females, in the three kingdoms, the old rules of the Canon Law, perhaps suitable to the meridian of the south, but inapplicable to the northern races, having never been altered in this particular; and it is unnecessary to say how objectionable this is. We incline to think that if the period for marriage had been advanced three years—if boys and girls had been forbidden to marry until seventeen and fifteen, the change would have been very advantageous; that the law would not be felt to be burdensome; and that the benefit would far exceed any possible mischiefs on the other side. The Commissioners, however, decline to recommend any alteration in this respect; and we cannot deny that their reasons are weighty when we read such evidence as the following:—

'The age of legal capacity to marry has been fixed at a period much earlier than that at which marriages can in any case be prudent or desirable; but it rests upon the principle that marriages ought not to be made impossible by law between those who are capable by nature of being the parents of children. It is difficult to deny the force of this reason, or to overrule it, without the risk of introducing more serious evils than those which have been proved

to result, in practice, from this state of the law. It might have been supposed that in Scotland, where the consent of guardians to the marriages of minors is not required, instances of immature marriage would be frequent; but so far as our information goes, this is not the case. Such marriages are said to be most common in the cotton districts of Lancashire. In a work on these districts (cited to us by the Rev. Mr. Wilks), Mr. Arnold says: "The census returns of "1861 show that in Bolton 45 husbands and 175 wives were "coupled at the immature age of 15 and under. In Burnley there "were 51 husbands and 147 wives, and in Stockport 59 husbands "and 179 wives in the same category. The same reliable evidence "of the census shows that from 15 to 20 is the age at which a con- "siderable number of the male operatives, and a still greater number "of the female, are married."'

Having disposed of these preliminary topics, the Commissioners proceed to unfold their scheme of an amended and uniform Law of Marriage for all the divisions of the United Kingdom. They have sought the materials of the reforms they propose by selecting what seem to be the best parts of the law in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and combining them into an organic whole, in the hope, apparently, that in this way they would avoid provoking national prejudices, and do as little violence to existing usages as is compatible with an improved system. After mature reflection, we have no doubt that the elaborate plan they have put forward contains much that is highly valuable; that it is conceived in a generous and equitable spirit; that if carried out it would certainly remove some of the abuses and imperfections in this department of our jurisprudence; that it would bring a distressing conflict of law to a close; and that it would be attended by good social consequences. At the same time, perhaps inevitably, and owing to the necessity of adapting our legislation to popular sentiments, especially in an instance of this kind, we think it rather intricate and cumbrous, and we are apprehensive that in some respects it would fail to accomplish its intended objects.

The first great principle of the new scheme is that it seeks to assure the publicity of marriages throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, and its celebration by a functionary on whom the State can rely with sufficient confidence. With this aim the Commissioners recommend that, in all cases, it shall be necessary to solemnise marriage before a clergyman, possessing authority for the purpose, or before a duly qualified civil officer, and that care shall be taken to provide for the interchange of matrimonial consent; and they propose, but not as an essential condition, that the contract should be made in the

presence of two witnessess and attested by them. Allowance, however, would of course be made for non-compliance with any of these requirements, in cases of mistake, and of some kinds of fraud; for instance, as the Commissioners observe, 'the contract, if entered into by the parties in good faith, in 'the presence of any person officiating *de facto* as a minister 'of the authorised class, ought to be held valid and binding 'in law, notwithstanding any defect in the orders, title, or 'authority of the person so officiating.' These are marked features of the English Marriage Law as it now exists, and of the Irish, so far as it resembles the English; but they are not found in the Scottish law with respect to any kind of irregular marriages, nor in the Irish—except as ecclesiastical discipline supplies a defect in the law of the land—with respect to the marriages of Roman Catholic persons. This reform, accordingly, would introduce a safeguard against improvidence and clandestinity in the case of several classes of marriages at present without any such protection; and incidentally it would necessarily add to the security of all marriages whatever.

Who should be the clergymen and the civil officers intrusted with the power of celebrating marriage was the next point for the Commissioners to consider, and it obviously is one of extreme importance. As respects the first class, the Commissioners would confine—in our judgment with sound discretion—the privilege 'to those ministers of religion who are in the active 'exercise of official duties in their several churches or denomi- 'nations, and occupy positions which make them amenable to 'public responsibility, and the censure and discipline of their 'own religious communities;' and they would include, accordingly, the parochial clergy and hierarchy of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches, the parochial clergy of the Established Church in Scotland, and the officiating ministers of the Protestant Nonconformist Churches, while they would exclude, except in a few rare cases, the regular clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, and all clergymen not officiating habitually and without a definite local position. As respects the second class, it is sufficiently indicated by the superintendent and district registrars; and the Commissioners propose to continue these functionaries as the civil agents of the State for solemnising marriage. Moreover, as an additional precaution, it is insisted on that the clergymen authorised should be properly certified and registered, in order to be at all times under the control and surveillance of the State, analogous securities being taken in the case of the corresponding civil officials. By these means the Commissioners hope that a suffi-

cient guarantee would be obtained for the celebration of marriage throughout all these realms by a functionary of well defined status in whom trust could be fairly placed; and especially the prohibition imposed on the Roman Catholic regular clergy—a prohibition, be it observed, imposed by the rules of their Church, except in a few extraordinary cases—would tend to rescue from possible abuses the marriages of Roman Catholic persons in Ireland.

Subject, however, to the conditions we have noticed, the Commissioners propose to do away with all disparities in the power of celebrating marriage, and to place the officials authorised on the footing, in this respect, of perfect equality, extending here a salutary principle of the Scottish law to the United Kingdom. The clergy of the Established Churches in England and Ireland would no longer enjoy the privileges they now possess in this matter; Nonconformist ministers, duly qualified, would be enabled to solemnise marriage in Ireland between persons of all communions; and an Irish parish priest could safely marry two Protestants, or a Protestant and Roman Catholic, without apprehension that at any distance of time the ceremony would be worse than a mockery. This assertion of equality of right in the functionaries intrusted with the duty is a reform of the very greatest importance; it would sweep away the invidious distinctions and social barriers that now disfigure the Marriage Laws of England and Ireland; and it would free the contract from the perilous uncertainty arising from the conditions of sect on which it now occasionally depends. The Commissioners say truly:—

'We have anxiously considered the question, whether it is desirable, without nullifying a marriage when actually celebrated, to make its celebration in all or any cases unlawful and penal, when solemnised by a clergyman of a religious persuasion to which both parties or one of them do or does not belong. There are, it seems to us, objections of the greatest weight to any legislation of this kind, in a code professing to be grounded on the principle of equality and impartiality, as between the members of different religious persuasions. The present Marriage Laws of England and Ireland wholly disregard this principle, which, on the other hand, (except in respect of the monopoly of banns still secured by law to the Established Church,) is consistently maintained by the present Marriage Law of Scotland. . . . We think, in accordance with opinions expressed to us by Sir Joseph Napier and other witnesses, that if the same legal obligations for the purpose of guarding against clandestine and illegal marriages, are imposed (as we propose that they should be imposed) upon equal terms on all ministers of religion of every church and persuasion, who are authorised to solemnise marriages, the law ought not any further to interfere with the free choice of

the parties themselves as to the place or manner of their marriage, and certainly ought not attempt to enforce by secular prohibitions the spiritual discipline of any particular religious bodies.'

In order to vindicate to its full extent this principle of equality before the law, we should add that the Commissioners propose to abolish a distinction at present annoying to the feelings of some Nonconformists in England. These persons, as we have already seen, usually marry through the intervention of the superintendent registrars; and as a general rule, a registrar must by law be present with the officiating minister if he celebrates the marriage. The Commissioners recommend dispensing with the attendance of the registrar in these cases for the future, the officiating minister, if duly qualified, being considered as fit as any other clergyman to perform the ceremony in a legal manner.

The next principle of the new scheme is derived also from the Scottish law, and we venture to hope it would work well, though we are not without doubt upon the subject. By the Law of England, and that of Ireland so far as it resembles the English, marriages ought to be at certain prescribed hours, this observance, however, not being essential; and, as we have seen, the same laws are extremely strict as to local conditions, requiring, generally on the pain of nullity, that marriages should be celebrated at definite places, usually indicated in the necessary preliminaries. The law of Scotland, on the other hand, even in the case of regular marriages, dispenses with these restrictions altogether; and so does the old Common Law in force in Ireland as respects the marriages of Roman Catholic persons; and as they are somewhat arbitrary and harsh, and occasionally have led to a good deal of mischief, the Commissioners propose their complete abolition, and to permit marriages to be celebrated in all parts of the United Kingdom without limitations of time or place. This concession shows that the Commissioners would repose much confidence in the functionaries selected and authorised to solemnise marriage; and as it would simplify the whole law extremely, and remove from that of England or Ireland what has sometimes been found a grievance, we think it upon the whole judicious, though it is impossible to deny that it might afford some facilities to clandestine marriage. We quote the Commissioners' observations:—

'We do not think it expedient to continue the requirement of solemnisation within any certain hours, or at any particular church, or other place, as in any case indispensable for the legal constitution of marriage. To do so would make it necessary either to establish

different rules for different parts of the United Kingdom or to do violence to the settled habits and customs of many of Your Majesty's subjects in Scotland and Ireland, on a point as to which no mischief has been found to result from those habits or customs. In England the legal hours are uniformly from 8 to 12 A.M.; in the Established Church of Ireland they are the same; but any other Protestant marriages in Ireland may take place between 8 A.M. and 2 P.M., and Roman Catholic marriages are subject to no restrictions of either place or time. Some instances have been brought under our notice of inconveniences which are said occasionally to arise from these requirements; and there appears to be no ground for believing that mischief of any kind has resulted from their absence in Scottish regular marriages or Roman Catholic marriages in Ireland.'

In the next place, the Commissioners propose to extend through the United Kingdom those provisions of the Marriage Laws of England and of Ireland, when resembling each other, which require the consent of parents and guardians in the case of marriages contracted by minors. As we have seen, the absence of such consent will in no instance invalidate a marriage; the law merely prescribes that the consent shall be given, under penalties, in the class of marriages by license, and that, in the class of marriages after banns, the banns shall not have been actually forbidden; and we do not think it would be unreasonable to make these restraints of general application. Their extension would certainly tend to prevent clandestine and improvident marriages in some instances, and would not, we think, be unpopular anywhere.

The changes we have been noticing refer to the conditions of the celebration of marriage only, and, if carried out, would make the law on this subject uniform in the United Kingdom. They would provide in all cases a guarantee for the publicity of the contract through the presence of an authorised functionary at its ratification, a security now too often wanting; would get rid of mischievous and dangerous restrictions affecting the validity of the conjugal tie; would establish rational and fair equality between the officials appointed to solemnise marriage; would, at a cost not, we hope, too great, cause, by a wise assimilation of them, a distressing conflict of laws to cease. We come now to the important topic of the preliminaries to marriage which the law should require; and we are apprehensive that in this respect the Commissioners' plan is of less promise, and is not well calculated to effect its purpose. The object of these preliminaries, we have seen, is to assure deliberateness in making the contract, and to give notice of it to third persons interested, and thus to take precautions against improvident and clandestine marriages and polygamous or incestuous connexions. As we have seen, too, the usage of banns fails to

accomplish this end in England; the Scottish law, exacting and harsh in the preliminaries prescribed for regular marriages, permits irregular marriages to take place without any preliminaries at all; the Irish law, where akin to the English, is strict in the preliminaries it demands, but in the case of the marriage of Roman Catholic persons allows them to be entirely absent; the result being a strange medley of laxity, disorder, and confusion. The Commissioners propose to solve the problem by a scheme of minutely detailed preliminaries, derived in the main from the Irish law in its category of marriages through civil registrars, a scheme requiring very accurate notices, imposing rigid conditions of residence, and rather inquisitorial in its tendency. Except in the case of marriages after banns, with which they do not attempt to meddle, they recommend, as we understand them, that all marriages throughout these islands should be made subject to these preliminaries, unless dispensed with as we shall see hereafter; and they advise that licenses shall be abolished as somewhat offensive distinctions of class. In this way they hope that, without too serious a shock to existing usages, they would reform the law of the preliminaries of marriage, and enable it to attain its intended objects. They rightly, however, refuse to suggest that compliance with the preliminaries they describe, or with those of any other kind, should be essential to the validity of marriage.

'Whatever these requirements ought to be, we think that no marriage, otherwise lawful, which has been actually solemnised in the presence of an authorised minister of religion or civil officer, should be declared void on the ground that any of such requirements have not been observed. . . . Upon the balance of conflicting considerations, we think it is better to regard all these preliminaries as directory only, and none of them as essential to the validity of marriage; relying mainly upon the sense of duty and responsibility of the authorised ministers of religion and civil officers, who are charged with the responsibility of seeing that these preliminary requirements are fulfilled; and in a second degree, upon the penalties to which these ministers of religion and public officers may justly be exposed for any wilful breach or neglect of these requirements.'

The Commissioners, moreover, evidently feeling that the preliminaries they propose are somewhat onerous, and also in order to conciliate, and fall in with, opinion in Scotland and Ireland, recommend that certain specified personages, for the most part heads of religious communions, should be given a power, in proper cases, to dispense with these requirements altogether. This change would be a marked innovation; and

for the purpose of giving it publicity, we quote at length the Commissioners' words:—

'It has been suggested to us by witnesses from different parts of the United Kingdom, that power ought to be given to some proper authority to dispense, in proper cases, with the ordinary length of notice and period of residence. Such a power is exercised at present, in cases of marriage by special license, in the United Church of England and Ireland; it is also, much more extensively, used among the Irish Roman Catholics; and it is obvious that cases may frequently occur in all classes of the community, in which good reasons (though not always such as it would be desirable to state upon the face of a certificate) may exist for accelerating the time of marriage. . . . We therefore think that a power of this nature should be given to the bishops of all Episcopal Churches, established or unestablished, organised under bishops, and to such officers as may be nominated for that purpose by the presbyteries of all Presbyterian congregations organised under presbyteries; and, in all other cases, to the superintendent or district registrars.'

We do not deny that the change thus proposed would be an improvement on the present law, but we do not approve of it in all respects, though we fully admit the difficulty of the subject, and the necessity, even at a heavy cost, of making allowance for settled usages, and not provoking national or local prejudices. But, in the first place, the preliminaries recommended by the Commissioners are intricate and severe; they probably would, in most cases, secure a proper discovery of the condition of those persons who chose to adopt them, and in this way they would be valuable; but a similar result could, we hope, be attained by a more simple and popular system. In the next place, if the usage of banns—in deference to a sentiment certainly widespread—be allowed to continue as it is now, we can hardly doubt that the immense majority of marriages in England would take place through this lax and imperfect preliminary mode, and that in this manner the reform proposed would, as respects the largest of these kingdoms, be of no value, or even worse than useless. In fact, an attempt in such a matter as this to make a strict system of preliminaries coexist with one notoriously loose and inefficacious, appears to us to be merely giving a fictitious encouragement to the latter, just as mixing a good and bad currency always drives the good out of circulation. It is true that the Commissioners' concession of a dispensing power in the case only of the preliminaries recommended by themselves, might possibly tend to cause their plan to be adopted to a large extent; but if the power were properly used, we question if this would be the case. On the whole, we doubt that the

proposed system would be successful or would work well; and we certainly think that some amendment should be introduced in the Law of Banns considering its admitted abuses.

Finally, on the subject of Registration, the Commissioners properly recommend that the English, and part of the Irish, system should be introduced throughout the United Kingdom. By this reform the evidence of the contract would be recorded everywhere in the same forms, and in a clear and sufficient manner.

'The present arrangements for the registration of marriages, in each part of the United Kingdom, seem to us only to require this alteration, that the minister or officer, who is the celebrant or official witness of marriage, should in all cases be charged with the duty of recording each marriage at the time of solemnisation. . . . The system which we thus recommend is for the most part already in force, except as to Scotch regular marriages and Irish Roman Catholic marriages.'

Looking, therefore, broadly at this reform, we may say that, if in many respects it seems to be felicitous and wise, it is on some points of doubtful expediency, and might not bear the test of experience. But the confessed uncertainty of our marriage laws has followed our countrymen beyond the limits of these kingdoms; these laws in India, in the British Colonies, and those which regulate British marriages in foreign countries, are extremely imperfect. The marriages of British subjects in India were, until a comparatively recent period, governed by the old Common Law of England, as it existed before Lord Hardwicke's Act, and hence irregular marriages and precontracts, with the usual consequences, were not uncommon. Many of the difficulties occasioned by this state of things have been removed by subsequent legislation; and since February 1865 this part of the Marriage Law of India is, as in England, the creature of statute. As the Commissioners, however, correctly observe, this Act, following the unsound principles so often illustrated in the English law, surrounds the contract with strict formalities, and makes its validity depend on conditions unfitted to enlightened jurisprudence; and it conflicts openly with a former law, which permits British chaplains or officers to solemnise marriage by any form within the lines of the British army. The Commissioners recommend that the Indian statute should be simplified and recast, and that care should be taken to make the law throughout harmonious and self-consistent. As regards the Marriage Laws of our Colonies, the Commissioners dwell on one point especially that may give rise to serious questions—how far sentences of divorce pronounced by the colonial courts are

effectual beyond their several jurisdictions, in the case of persons not of colonial domicile; and they refer to the problem but without solving it. Finally, the Commissioners notice the occasional hardships inflicted by our Consular Marriage Acts —the laws which enable British subjects, who will not adopt the *lex loci*, to contract marriage in foreign countries—and the injustice also arising sometimes—in the case of the marriages of British subjects with foreigners—from the circumstance that our Consular Acts are not respected by the laws or comity of some foreign nations; and they suggest amendments which, to a great extent, would remove or lessen the resulting mischiefs.

This article has run to a considerable length, yet, if we have succeeded in our purpose of directing attention to this subject, we do not apologise to our readers. The anomalies and unscientific perplexity of English law have been long proverbial; and intelligent persons may well wonder how a people at the head of civilisation have for centuries borne with such a jurisprudence. When we reflect upon the absurd distinctions, the arbitrary rules, and the mischievous refinements that disfigure the Law of the Contract of Sale; when we reperuse Fearne's Contingent Remainders, and think of the curious and obsolete barbarisms and the unnecessary and often dangerous subtleties of the rules affecting the Limitation of Estates; when we turn to the piles of worse than useless rubbish—raised at a frightful cost to ill-fated suitors—which have been accumulated by judicial decisions on the Statute of Frauds and the Statute of Wills—we feel amazed that the great project of Bacon, the digesting such a rude and chaotic mass, seems even now far from being accomplished. Yet it may be affirmed that in no department of our legal system is there more complexity, uncertainty, and vexatious difficulty than in the laws which in these kingdoms preside over the most general and sacred of domestic relations; and, as we have seen, these laws, besides, repeatedly meet in unnatural conflict, and bear the marks of religious discord, with lamentable and mischievous social consequences. It is surely time, as the Commissioners observe, 'laying aside natural partiality and prejudice, and 'deriving what light we can from the experience, the habits, 'and sentiments of every part of the United Kingdom, to con'sider what are the principles on which a Marriage Law 'applicable to all parts of that Kingdom ought to be founded; 'and to bring the existing laws, when they differ from each 'other, to the test of those principles.'

No. CCLXVI. will be published in October.

CONTENTS OF No. 266.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1869.

No. CCLXVI.

ART. I.—1. *Lettre sur le futur Concile Œcuménique.* Par M. L'ÉVÊQUE D'ORLÉANS. Paris: 1868.

2. *Le Concile Œcuménique et les Droits de l'État.* Paris: 1869.

3. *Le Concile et la Science moderne.* Par L'ABBÉ MICHON. Paris: 1869.

4. *The Church's Creed and the Crown's Creed: a Letter to Archbishop Manning.* By E. S. FFOULKES. London: 1868.

IN the Church of S. Maria Maggiore at Trent is an elaborate inscription announcing that within those sacred walls the Divine Spirit spoke for the last time—'postremum Spiritus 'Sanctus oracula effudit.' For three centuries that boast has been maintained. It is only within the last few years that a whisper has been breathed of an eclipse of the Tridentine glories. On June 29, 1868, the Pope formally summoned the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church to meet in a General Council to be held at Rome on December 8, 1869. In the brief interval still left it may be useful to consider the effects of this announcement on Christendom. There are two groups of questions which it awakens. The first relates to the constitution of the Council, the second to its probable decisions.

I. In most institutions the question of outward form, and of organic continuity with previous precedents, is merely of secondary importance. But in the case of an institution which claims whatever authority it possesses by virtue of its being a particular body and no other, the question of form assumes a place of the first magnitude. In a republic, or an aristocracy, the parentage of the President or Doge is of no importance,

because it is not on his birth that his position depends. But in an hereditary monarchy, the lineage of the sovereign cannot be overlooked. If it is disregarded, the principle of the monarchy is *pro tanto* set aside, and the sovereign who succeeds is at once understood to have entered on his place by means of a revolution. And if this be true in a secular government which appeals for its support to the common sense and reason of its subjects, much more is it true in an ecclesiastical institution, which justifies its existence by its assertion of a superior and intrinsic authority. If the decisions of a Council are to be received on its own absolute dictation, it is necessary to determine in the first instance whether it has fulfilled those conditions which alone entitle it to be held at all.

There are, in the present instance, two essential deviations from the precedents of former Councils, which suggest the grave doubt, viewed merely as a constitutional question, whether the coming assembly, whatever may be the interest attaching to its decisions, is or can be a General Council in the sense in which that word was used in the earlier ages of the Church, or even in the sense in which it was used at the time when the last assembly, bearing that name, was held at Trent.

1. The first of these deviations is its relation to the sovereigns and States of Christendom. It has been convoked by the Pope, without reference to any other authority. 'Le 'Chef suprême de l'Église, le Pape seul, a le droit de con- 'voquer les Conciles généraux.' So says the Bishop of Orleans * with that astonishing disregard of facts which characterises so many modern documents of this kind. Let us see what these facts are. An Œcumenical Council in the first seven centuries was (as its name almost implies) an institution —a Parliament—of the Roman Empire—of the *οἰκουμένη* or 'civilised world' † subject to the sway of Cæsar Augustus. This use of the word was part of the general system by which the whole ecclesiastical organisation of the Church of the early centuries—its 'dioceses,' its 'provinces,' its 'patriarchates'—was based on the secular arrangements of the Empire. But it was carried out in the Councils in a more visible and striking form than elsewhere. Not only was every one of the seven first General Councils convoked by the Emperor, and by the Emperor alone, but at every

* Le futur Concile, p. 11.

† It is in this meaning of the word 'Œcumenical' that the Patriarch of Constantinople is styled 'the Œcumenical Patriarch,' i.e. the Patriarch of the Byzantine or Roman Empire.

one of them the Emperor, either personally or by his representatives, was present, and exercised considerable influence over its discussions. The appearance of Constantine in the Council of Nicæa was welcomed by the Bishops as though he were an angel from heaven. In the traditional pictures in the Convents of Mount Athos the sacred Dove hovers over the head, not of the Bishops, but of the Emperor. Whilst abstaining from any participation in the metaphysical controversies of the Council whilst they were actually proceeding, he yet entered with the utmost eagerness into its absorbing personal questions, by his own sole authority rebuked and quelled them, and exercised the most important control over the theological conclusions at which the Council ultimately arrived. What Constantine did at Nicæa was more or less followed up by his successors. Although Theodosius at the second Council at Constantinople stood more aloof than the first Christian Emperor, yet he did in fact move its springs by measures analogous to what we should call a creation of new Peers, and by forcing upon it a President contrary to the expectations * of all concerned. In the Council of Ephesus, the Count of the Imperial Domestics was present throughout to restrain the frightful disorders which rent the assembly asunder. In the Council of Chalcedon, sate not only the Emperor Marcian, but the Empress Pulcheria, who were hailed by the assembled Bishops as 'the new Paul,' 'the new David,' 'the lights of orthodoxy,' 'the glory of the 'Churches.' In the fifth Council, the theological opinions promulgated were forced upon it by Justinian and Theodora. Constantine of the Long Beard, with his twelve chief ministers, presided at the sixth General Council; the Empress Irene and her son Constantine at the seventh. This, the last Council which claims the allegiance both of East and West, is the last which has any real title to be called Œcumenical. The Roman Empire had now fallen and with it the outward organisation which alone could enable a Council of the Empire to be convened.† It was, strictly speaking, no more possible to have an Œcumenical Council after the destruction of the Roman Empire than to have a Diet after the destruction of

* See Ed. Rev. No. cclvii., July 1867.

† 'An universal Council never was;
'Twas but one Empire that did make that name:
Now that's dissolv'd—how should it come to pass
That any Prince on earth should do the same?'
Baxter's *Poems*, p. 150.

the German Empire. Still the principle which had been established of placing these assemblies under the control of the State, and of giving the laity a place in them as the representatives of the State, was not at once abandoned. The Popes, indeed, in this respect as in many others, claimed to step into the seat left vacant by the departed Emperor. Under the name of the Vicars of Christ, they were much more truly the Vicars of the last Cæsar. Their right of convoking the Council came in gradually and, as in the case of most other Papal privileges, was supported* by supposititious credentials. The first alleged instance—that of Pelagius II.† in 587—rests only on the forged Decretals. The first authentic instance is Nicholas I., and even he consulted the Princes of Europe previously to the summons. Gregory VII. was the first who attempted it without any such consultation. But the Council of Constance was avowedly convened by a reluctant Pope under the pressure of the Emperor and the Princes, and in the case of the Council of Trent, Clement VII. long fought against it, and it was not till the consent of the Sovereigns was obtained that the Pope (Paul III.) convened the Council to the valley of the Italian Tyrol, which derives its historic fame from this incident.

And further, every Council down to this time, claiming the name of 'general,' has so far kept up the traditions‡ of Nicæa and Constantinople as to contain within itself at least the representatives of the sovereigns of Europe. At the Lateran Councils they were present by their ambassadors. At the Council of Constance the Emperor Sigismond presided in person. At the Councils of Pisa, Basle, and finally Trent, the ambassadors were all there by right. In the Church of Trent where the nine last sessions of its Council were held is a picture which strongly brings out this peculiarity. The chief places as there exhibited are occupied by the ambassadors

* Comp. 'Le Concile Œcuménique et les Droits de l'État,' pp. 15–27.

† See Robertson's 'History of the Church,' vol. i. p. 547.

‡ There are various instances quoted of laymen being present in Provincial Councils, especially in Spain (see the quotations in Hare's 'Means of Unity,' p. 150); and Pope Nicholas I., though he seems to deny that Emperors and laymen may be present in other councils where matters of faith are not handled, yet confesses that they may be present in General Councils where the faith is handled, which is common to all, and pertains not to clergymen alone, it being a rule in nature and reason, 'Quod omnes tangit ab omnibus tractari debet.' (*Field on the Church*, vol. v. p. 49.)

of the several Powers—and the Spanish ambassador with his secretary is conspicuous amongst all, sitting apart in the midst, because he would not yield precedence to those of Germany and France. No session of the Council was held without their presence. In many of its acts they took an active part.

This intervention of the States of Christendom in Christian Councils was not without a deep significance. Its principle reaches, in fact, back to the very earliest ages of the Church. In the assembly described in the Acts, technically known by the name of the First Council, there were present, besides the Apostles and elders, the whole body of 'the brethren.' We are not careful to identify the elders of those times with the clergy of ours; but in proportion as we do, so much the more striking is the admission into their deliberations of the mass of the laity. And again in the Middle Ages, the clerical order itself embraced many elements which now are outside of it. Even an exclusively clerical assembly of the thirteenth or fifteenth century necessarily included the Prime Ministers, the chief Professors of letters and science, some even of the chief warriors of those times. This has long since ceased to be the case except within the Pontifical dominions. And yet in spite of all these considerations the coming Council has been summoned by a Priest, without advice or concert with any sovereign—convoked, not in any free town or neutral territory, but in the actual Palace of the very Pontiff whose authority it is intended to exalt, and (unless some unforeseen change is made in its programme) will contain in its sittings not one of those representatives of Christian States whose presence in all former Councils was an essential feature of such assemblies.

Such a change, as we have said, amounts to a revolution. It makes the institution something altogether different from that to which it professes to succeed. It was not without reason that the ablest advocate of the Papal theory whom the Roman Church has ever produced—Joseph de Maistre—declared, 'que dans les temps modernes un Concile Œcuménique 'est devenu une chimère.' He doubtless expected that the Pope would be too wise ever to evoke such a chimera; but his sentence upon it is not the less true, even if the Council does meet. It cannot be the ancient Parliamentary institution of the Imperial and Middle Ages. It will be in the strict sense of the word 'a chimera.'

Some such chimerical projects, however, although revolutionary, although fantastic, yet are redeemed by the elevating or ennobling purposes to which they are devoted. We do not deny that such may possibly be the mission of the impending

assembly, as we shall take occasion to remark as we proceed. We would only observe in this place that the change which we here notice is not ennobling, but degrading, to the cause of the Church and of the religion which it professes to serve. It is the result of that double tendency, which we have more than once lamented in these pages, by which, on the one hand, the higher powers and intelligences, to which Providence has committed the guidance of human affairs, are tempted to hold aloof from the course of religious development, and so to hand it over, unchecked and without control or stimulus, to the ecclesiastical, monastic, or puritanical bias, which, on the other hand, is always striving to assert its own exclusive sway. Down to this time, it had been the happy peculiarity of European commonwealths that, amidst a thousand contradictions and infractions, they have maintained this useful action and counteraction. We need not here point out how completely this was made one of the fundamental bases of all Protestant Churches—especially of the Church of England. But it may be worth while to recall the extent to which it has hitherto prevailed in Roman Catholic countries. Take, for example, the nomination of the bishops by the Crown. In France, in Austria, in Spain, in Portugal—that is, in the 'Most Christian,' the 'Apostolic,' the 'Catholic,' and the 'Faithful' monarchies—the bishops are named by the Crown or the first Minister of the Crown, the Pope having the right only of objection on specific canonical grounds. And this right of nomination exists even where the Prime Minister is not a Roman Catholic. The Archbishop of Paris, who was slain on the barricades, was nominated by the Protestant Guizot. In Prussia the same right is exercised, though under a different form, by the Protestant King. The Pope selects, but the King approves, and by withholding his approval virtually appoints. Droste-Vischering, the refractory Archbishop of Cologne, was appointed through the special influence of the late King of Prussia, as Crown Prince. Again, in all these countries the Roman Catholic clergy receive their incomes directly or indirectly from the State. In France, Spain, Portugal, and (before the recent Concordat) in Austria, restrictions of various kinds have been imposed by the Government on communications between the clergy and the Pope, and on their interference with other religious communities. In Belgium alone the bishops are not named by the Crown, but even there, it is believed, not without the influence of the Government, and the salaries of the clergy are paid direct from the Government by yearly grants.

These facts show that the relations of the Church of Eng-

land to the State, such as this Journal has frequently pointed out, are not so exceptional as they are often alleged to be. The pretensions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy no doubt complicate these relations, but it is evident that in substantial points the supremacy of the Crown and the law, and the derivation of ecclesiastical endowments and positions from the State, is the same in Roman Catholic countries as in this. The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, in refusing the endowments and control of the Sate, stand on a ground absolutely peculiar, and contradictory to the practice of their Church in every other European country.

Even the mere presence of the representatives of the State in the councils of the Church (as we may also add the mere presence of the representatives of the clergy in the councils of the State) is a guarantee for the beneficent influence of each over each, which each so much needs. There is something more than an idle show in the presidency of the Lord High Commissioner in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It gives a dignity, a seriousness, a sense of self-respect to the assembled members, such as a meeting of mere ecclesiastics almost always wants. It gives to the representatives of the State a sense that the great concerns of religion are not beneath their regard—that they are worthy of the highest honour and deepest attention. There is also something more than an idle vanity in the presence of the Bishops in the House of Lords. It brings them within the searching and sifting inquiry, for which a public mixed assembly is the best security. Their language is both restrained and stimulated by the consciousness of the presence of Peers not belonging to their own order. Let anyone compare the extravagance of the speeches of some of the most hierarchical of our prelates in Convocations or in excited ecclesiastical meetings with the calmness and good sense of those which they make as members of the Legislature, and he will be struck at once by the contrast.

The convocation of a Council therefore (to return to our argument) without the authority or the presence of laymen, is the first public avowal on the part of the great old Church, under whose auspices it is gathered, of the principle that religion has no concern with the mighty movements of the human intellect and of human progress—that the State, with all the complex interests which it represents, has no concern with religion. It confirms so far as it can by actual act and deed the narrow Puritanical maxim which the present Pope in his Syllabus of 1864 emphatically condemned—*Status ab ecclesiâ et ecclesia a statu debet separari.*

2. But there is yet another deviation from the ancient, essential idea of an Œcumenical Council, which perhaps strikes yet more deeply at its original constitution. An Œcumenical Council was, as we have said, not necessarily a council of the whole world, but (according to the sense which the word then bore) at least of the Roman Empire. Its validity did not depend on the number of bishops who attended, any more than the validity of Parliament depends on the number (after a certain minimum) of members present. The Council of Nicæa had only 318, the Council of Constantinople only 180 present. But within the limits of the body which it represented, the invitations were issued to all; all had a right to come. From the barbarous Goths, from the remote Britain, from swarthy Africa, every single bishop who appeared had a vote and voice. At the time of the Council of Nicæa, there were several prelates deeply tinged with the Arian heresy which the Council was summoned to examine and condemn. But no one ever dreamed of excluding them. Two of them held important places in the Council. The rupture with the Eastern Church, no doubt, rendered extremely difficult a combination of all Christendom in any like assembly after that event. The rupture of the Reformation increased the difficulty still more. Nevertheless, the constitutional absurdity of a Universal Representative Council, which excluded portions of the body to be represented, was so glaring, that various attempts were made to redress the anomaly. The Council of Florence was graced by the presence of the Greek Emperor and of the Greek Patriarch; and at the Council of Trent, the question was entertained for a while amongst Roman Catholics whether Protestants should not be invited, and amongst Protestants whether they should not come.* It is obvious that any change of this universal character of a Council is fatal to its constitutional identity with the Councils of older times. The failure of a single summons to a member legally qualified would vitiate a whole Parliament. The conference of English Bishops at Lambeth in 1867 confessed itself to be a private and not a public assembly by its omission from its invitations of one of the Colonial Episcopate. In like manner, if any Church which, by ancient usage, has a right to be present, or which has not had its right disallowed, be excluded from the Council, the Council is not what it professes to be. There are, as we have indicated, two great sections of Christendom, one virtually, the other expressly, shut out from participation in the present

* Ranke's Popes, vol. i. p. 336.

Council. The first is that which comprises the venerable Churches of the East. To some of the heads, at least, of these communities the Pope addressed a formal invitation. Various rumours have reached the West of the manner in which this invitation was received. The Armenians, always swayed by a slight inclination towards the Court of Rome; the Bulgarians, encouraged by the Sultan in any direction which separates them from the influence of Russia, are said to have shown some disposition to attend. One Prelate, the Bishop of Trebizond, is reported to have beat his forehead several times, exclaiming, 'O Peter! Peter! O Rome! Rome!' whether in reproach or admiration, is not ascertained. But amidst these dubious or inarticulate expressions, it is certain that the chief authorities of the Eastern Church have declined to accept the Pope's invitation. There has been no ecclesiastical document of modern times which has attracted such general and such deserved applause from intelligent men as the reply of the Patriarch of Constantinople. It showed that the race of Ulysses and of Themistocles had not altogether forgot its cunning; that the Church which in the days of Chrysostom ranked at the head of Christendom, had not, through long ages of barbarism and oppression, entirely lost its power of appealing to the enlightened conscience of mankind. Not, perhaps, equally powerful or original, but still in its pointed and pregnant simplicity furnishing a contrast no less striking to the empty verbiage of the Pontifical manifesto, is the reply from the Patriarch elect of Alexandria. We give from each the most pertinent passages. They each of them sensibly cut short any needless preliminary discussion by telling the Papal plenipotentiary that they have already 'seen in the public journals the letter of the 'most blessed Pope of Old Rome.' They courteously acknowledge his good intentions. The Patriarch of Alexandria admits that

'The desire of his Holiness the Pope of Rome to effect the union of all the Churches of Christ is, of a truth, very commendable. For the accomplishment of this object, throughout ages past, the whole Oriental Orthodox Church offers up fervent prayers to the Author of Peace and the Perfecter of our Faith, and in an especial manner this ancient, apostolic, and glorious Throne of St. Mark. Hence, then, we are mutually animated by the same sentiments,—the one party is equally desirous with the other to see perfect unity established in the Church. Unfortunately, however, whatever views we share in common stop short at this point;—all beyond is delusion and discord.'

The Patriarch of Constantinople reminds

'His Holiness that when on a former occasion, in 1848, he summoned the Orthodox Eastern Church, by an encyclical letter, showing distinctly and clearly the opposition of the principles of Rome to the traditional and Apostolic ones—the answer given not only did not please but also gave offence to His Holiness; and that His Holiness was really offended the counter-reply from him clearly showed; and since His ~~Holiness~~ evidently will in no wise deviate from his own position, neither (by Divine grace) do we mean to deviate from ours.' Wherefore we do not wish to occasion to him fresh offence to no purpose; nor can we endure to reopen old wounds and stir up again extinct hatreds by questions and disputings of words, which end, for the most part, in breaches and ill-will—whereas rather each of us has need at this time, if ever, of evangelical and common love and sympathy, on account of the many and various dangers and trials which surround the Church of Christ. Nor, again, is any mutual understanding or discussion in Council possible unless there exists first the common basis of the same principles acknowledged by both. And further, our opinion is that the most successful and least irritating method of solving such questions is the historical method.'

The Patriarch of Constantinople states his objections on the simplest grounds of common sense:—

'Since it is manifest that there was a Church in existence ten centuries back which held the same doctrines in the East as in the West, in the Old as in the New Rome, let us each recur to that and see which of us has added aught, which has diminished aught therefrom; and let all that may have been added be struck off, if any there be, and wherever it be; and let all that has been diminished therefrom be re-added, and if any there be, and whatever it be; and then we shall all unawares find ourselves united in the same symbol of Catholic Orthodoxy from which Rome, in the latter centuries having strayed, takes pleasure in widening the breach by ever-new doctrines and institutions at variance with holy tradition.'

The Patriarch of Alexandria, 'without wandering far into 'the mazes of controversy,' states that—

'Numerous—but more particularly three—capital considerations render the acceptance of this brief an impossibility. And in the first place, it overthrows and abolishes the equality which exists among the holy Churches of God, and their individual independence, proclaiming withal that Rome holds uncontrolled sway and sovereign dominion over the other thrones equally self-governing and independent—a pretension evidenced by the mode adopted for convoking this General Council; whilst, as is universally known, the honour of precedence is all that was conceded to the Pope of Rome by the Holy and Œcumenical Synods, and not the dominion over other Churches; so that he, of his own authority, has no right to convoke General Councils without the previous consent of the other Most Holy Patriarchs. In the second place, his Holiness the Pope also

gives us to understand that salvation is to be found exclusively in Rome, that there alone Divine grace operates effectually, that there alone is the centre of ecclesiastical verity—in virtue, as he affirms, of the privilege conferred on the blessed Apostle St. Peter by our Saviour; whereas the grace of God, through the Divine energy of the Church of Christ, is not restricted to Rome, or to any definite place, but has operated, and continues to operate, throughout the habitable globe, and has expanded itself and shed abroad its radiance to the ends of the earth. In the third place, he intimates that he convokes the General Council to assemble on the Festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of the Lord, a dogma, be it said, wholly unknown to the Church—a recent invention, therefore, and by no means a solitary one.'

The Papal Envoy to Constantinople referred to the Council of Florence as a precedent. The reply of the Patriarch is as just as it is severe:—

'None but an uneducated man (and Your Holiness belongs not certainly to this class) can by possibility be ignorant how many things have been spoken and written against the Council of Florence. And, disputes having arisen immediately after the last Session of that compulsory assembly, the forced union died in its swaddling clothes. An assemblage collected on political grounds, on grounds purely of worldly interests, and which ended in a decision imposed for a time on some few of our Church by dint of starvation and every kind of violence and threat by him who was then Pope—such an assembly is not even worthy of the sacred name of Council.'

The Envoy at Alexandria was not more fortunate in referring to the supremacy of the See of Peter his claims upon St. Mark, the founder of the Alexandrian Church:—

'The consecration of St. Mark (replied the Patriarch of Alexandria) by the Apostle Peter imparts no claim of dominant superiority. On the contrary, we maintain that all the Apostles were equal in authority and dignity. They were all recipients of the same grace of the Holy Spirit. And if the Bishop of Rome boasts of St. Peter, he of Antioch might boast with more reason as the first among the Patriarchs, forasmuch as there first that blessed Apostle taught and exercised the office of Bishop. And moreover, if the Bishop of Rome pleads seniority, this also might he of Alexandria plead with excellent reason, because up to a certain period he was the second in rank, namely, till Constantinople became the seat of empire, when the second rank was conferred on the Bishop of that see.'

The Papal Plenipotentiary, pressed into a corner, entreated his interlocutors to overlook somewhat, and not stickle so much at mere forms. The Patriarch of Constantinople thus replies:—

'Only the Omniscient Founder and Perfecter of His own

Church, Christ the Lord, knows of a certainty who it is that is sick —how grievous the sickness is—what is the form of the disease, and what the corresponding remedy. Wherefore we again repeat there is great need of prayer, fervent and unceasing prayer, to our Lord, who is love itself, that He will inspire all with love to God and all that leads to salvation. Let me repeat once for all, that as this new attempt on the part of his Holiness the Pope has miscarried, it is necessary, if he sincerely desires the unity of the Universal Church, that he should write to the Patriarchs individually; and, acting in concert, endeavour to come to an understanding with them respecting the course to be adopted; renouncing every idea of domination and every dogma on which opinions may clash in the Church. By so doing his efforts might perchance be crowned with some degree of success.'

The Patriarch of Alexandria is of the same mind:—

'If the Holy Pope of Old Rome sincerely desires the pacification and unity of the whole Church of Christ, then let him by means of special briefs—as a brother, and as an equal among equals—put himself in communication with the other Holy Patriarchs; and with them, as a preliminary step, take counsel respecting the methods best calculated for securing the end in view: although the best of all methods would be to adopt the course to which history points, and to approximate the modern institutions of Rome to those of more primitive times. But not acting on this principle, his Holiness will labour in vain; and only further widen the breach which already separates us.'

The final summary of both is well worth perusing. The Patriarch of Constantinople thus concludes:—

'Let the seven and only Councils, and those Reverend Fathers, whose writings are familiar to all, be the safe and unerring guide of every Christian and Bishop of the West who honestly longs and seeks for Gospel truth. They are the highest touchstone of Christian truth. They are the safe path on which we can meet the holy kiss of unity of doctrine. But every one who travels outside of that path will be regarded by us as incapable of forming the centre around which to gather the members of the Orthodox Catholic Church. But if haply any of the Western Bishops have doubts regarding any of their doctrines, and wish to meet, let them meet and discuss them every day if they please. We have no such doubts regarding the traditional and unalterable doctrines of religion; and, moreover, it being a question of an Œcumenical Council, it surely does not escape your memory that the Œcumenical Councils were convened in other fashion than as His Holiness has convened this. If His Holiness the Pope of Rome had respect to Apostolic equality and brotherhood, it were fitting that (as an equal among equals in point of dignity, but first by canonical right in rank of his see), he should have directed a separate letter to each of the Patriarchs and Synods of the East, not in encyclical and dictatorial form to impose

it as though he were lord and master of all, but as a brother to brethren equal in honour and station, to ask them if, how, where, and under what conditions, they would agree to the assembling of a Holy Council. This being so, either do ye, too, recur to history and the General Councils in order that on historical grounds may be restored the much-longed-for true and Christian unity, or we will again content ourselves with continued prayers and supplications for the peace of the whole world, the security of the Churches of God, and the union of all Christendom; but, under such circumstances, we assure you with sorrow that we consider the convening of the Council vain and fruitless, and also this document which ye have brought.'

As regards the Eastern Churches, therefore, the Council stands self-condemned. The 'Most Blessed Pope of Old 'Rome' issued his invitations in forms which never could be accepted; whilst by inviting 'the Thrones' of the East at all it acknowledged the authority of those by whom its most severe condemnation has been pronounced. Authority for authority, the Bishop of the old Rome is no more than the Bishop of the new Rome; the Pope of Rome except in rank is no more than the Pope (called so long before his Roman brother) of Alexandria. The very fact, as these Patriarchs observe, that the Council was convened without consulting the Eastern Patriarchs is itself a fatal flaw in its arrangements, and the refusal to attend it is based on grounds most of which commend themselves at once to every reasonable man.

The case of the Protestants is even more clear. There is a popular misconception* which it may be as well at once to dispel. Many persons imagine that the Protestant, like the Eastern Churches, received a formal invitation to attend; or, at least, that such an invitation was sent to the authorities of the Church of England. It is a double error. There has been no invitation whatever to the Protestants to attend the

* Even the Bishop of Orleans has fallen into this error. 'Par 'deux lettres vraiment paternelles, le Saint Père a humblement 'invité les évêques grecs non unis et nos frères séparés de toutes les 'communions protestantes à profiter du futur Concile.' The mere fact of the 'paternal letter' to the Greek Bishops sets off in the strongest contrast the document addressed to the Protestants. In like manner a respectable Scottish Presbyter has been deluded into the notion that the Pope had invited him to the Council, and addressed a letter, under this persuasion, to an eminent Roman Catholic Archbishop. The Archbishop's reply would seem to intimate that he shared Dr. Cumming's mistake; if not, it would have been kind to have undeceived the worthy Presbyter, instead of replying in words which served to encourage his delusion.

Council; merely a general warning to them to repent of their errors, and to seek admission into the true Church.* And there was no distinction whatever shown between the Bishops of the Church of England and the ministers of any other Protestant community. Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Anglicans, Reformed, Lutherans, Unitarians, Baptists, Quakers, are confounded together by the Pope in one common mass. Either the Papal Court is ignorant that any distinctions of creed or government exist within the different Churches of the Reformation, or else it has by anticipation decided that none of these differences are worth considering. Of all the blows aimed against our High Church friends desiring union with Rome, this surely must be the most serious. Instead of the slightest response to the numerous peace-offerings made by them to the Roman See, comes an answer which more decidedly repudiates the exclusively episcopal or priestly character of the Church of England than was ever done by the extremest Puritan or Latitudinarian within or without its borders. And let it be observed that by this entire exclusion of all Protestants from the gathering, the Council at once cuts itself off from all that is most free, most learned, most civilised throughout Europe. No prelate of the Roman Church can for a moment claim to rank as an equal authority on matters of biblical criticism with Ewald or the Bishop of St. David's, with Professor Lightfoot or with Dr. Tregelles; yet from all of these, and from all in any way resembling them, the Council deliberately refuses to receive any light. It is as though in early times the Councils of Nicæa and Ephesus had declined to receive any representatives from the 'wisdom of 'Egypt' in the Church of Alexandria. Had they done so, the inequality would hardly have been so glaring as when the Bishops of Italy refuse to benefit by the learning and piety of Germany and England. The Protestants at the time of the Reformation, if they were not formally invited, at least were amongst the chief parties that conduced to the convening of the Council of Trent. The Protestants of the nineteenth century have been excluded as outside the pale of salvation. We regret to see that any Protestant communities have thought it worth while to take any notice of this papal menace. The Church of England and the Church of Scotland, we are glad to see, have paid not the slightest regard to a challenge so irrelevant as this demand of unconditional surrender. The

* The two documents were given at length in the 'Times' of August 25, 1869.

Church of the city of Calvin could not resist the temptation, and accordingly there has issued from the Compagnie des Pasteurs at Geneva a manifesto, which no doubt immeasurably exceeds in dignity and force the address which evoked it. But even there, silence would have been the more dignified course.

There are some ardent spirits in the Protestant, perhaps some in the Roman Church, who look forward to the Council as a means of approximation between the two communions. But it must be remarked that the Council is only one party in the transaction. The Parliament of England, the General Assembly of Scotland, the Consistories of Germany and France, the Conventions of America, must have a voice in the matter, as distinct as that of the Assembly of the Vatican.* Doubtless the mere discussion of points of difference is always useful; but its usefulness depends on a fair field of action, and on the equal footing of the parties concerned. Here there is none such. All Protestants are carefully excluded, and it would be a mere mockery to propose schemes of union when the chief persons concerned have no chance of being heard.

The coming Council, therefore, is not, in any proper sense, an Œcumenical Council. It is not a Council of the old Roman Empire. That is an institution which is dead and buried with the past. It is not a Council in which the laity are represented with the clergy. For the first time it excludes them. It is not a Council in which all parts of Christendom are represented. The Eastern Churches, though invited, have declined to come. The Protestant Churches were merely insulted, and have not been invited at all. It is, therefore, a Council of the Latin Church and nothing more. But a gathering of all the Bishops, even of a single Church, is not without its importance—and may not be without its use—especially when the communion thus represented is incontestably one

* It is needless to observe that no individuals, even if they were allowed to be present, could negotiate, either for England or Germany, matters requiring national recognition. Bishop Doyle, who had more sanguine, and at the same time far more enlightened views on the subject of an equal union than any of his successors in Ireland or England, acknowledged that such a union must be effected 'by a 'Bill passed through Parliament, not so long as the Declaration of 'Rights,' and that 'of the Canons of Trent which might or might 'not be received in England, many were perfectly inapplicable to 'her, and a substitute for others might be found in *our Acts of 'Parliament.*' (*Fitzpatrick's Life of Bishop Doyle*, vol. i. p. 336.)

of the most ancient, and in some respects the most widely spread and the most energetic, of all. It is in fact at once more and less than a Church. Its strength, as well as its vice, consists in its being a powerful party which numbers its partisans by thousands, and which has adherents even in Churches not directly owing allegiance to it. In the name of this party, its organs claim to speak with authority on all the questions which now agitate Christendom. If its Council can solve these, it will, whether its credentials be sound or unsound, have fulfilled a great work, and have gone far to justify the pretensions which the See of Rome makes to the primacy of the civilised world. If it fails in its attempt, then both it and the Church which it represents will stand convicted of a most arrogant usurpation.

We do not speak of the splendours of the ceremonial which is to accompany the Council. That, we doubt not, will be an entire success. The magnificence of the building —Pagan though it seemed in the eyes of Pugin—the artistic arrangement of the dresses, and the well-known devotion of the amiable Pontiff to exhibitions of this character, are guarantees for the beauty of the spectacle. This will be all that strangers will be permitted to witness, and with this they are sure to be delighted. But this will no more be the Council than the pageant of opening Parliament is the Parliament.

It is when the pageant is finished that the real work will begin. We pass over the preliminary difficulties. When M. de Maistre said that a Council in modern times was a chimera, he was partly thinking of the vast extension of the Church to regions beyond the possibility of intercommunion with each other. It might be thought that this objection was in some degree met by the unprecedented facilities of communication which in our latter days have brought all parts of the earth within easy distance. But this apparent approximation is in fact only an increase of the difficulty. The prelates, when assembled, must, unless they are mere puppets, debate; and, if they debate, must find a common language. It is perhaps just possible that, as in diplomatic conferences and congresses, the French language might be adopted as the vehicle. Yet we doubt whether the Sclavonic prelates within or without the borders of Rome, the Spanish or the Irish prelates, whether of the Old or of the New World, would be equal to a sustained discussion in the tongue of Voltaire and of Bossuet. And we believe that, in point of fact, the alternative is Latin. To those who know what mediæval Latin is, and what the subjects that would need

discussion, it is not too much to say that this at once would present an almost insuperable bar to any adequate deliberations concerning them. If 'language' generally 'is given to 'man to conceal his thoughts,' much more is this true of Latin when used as a vehicle for modern thoughts; most of all, of such Latin as forms the staple of the official declarations of the Papal Court. We have heard a witty saying, in which two divines, one lean and mystical, the other pompous and portly, were described, the one as the shadow of something, the other as the substance of nothing. If metaphysical German disquisition sometimes looks like the shadow of something, the Papal Latin declamation usually looks like the substance of nothing.

II. Amongst the questions which the Council must discuss, some must immediately arise which can hardly by evaded without covering the assembly with shame.

1. The first is that which relates to the basis on which the Pontifical system of later days has been built up. Mr. Ffoulkes has forcibly set forth in his able pamphlet* the emphatic terms in which the Decretals of Isidore have been authoritatively proclaimed as the strength of the whole Roman cause, and has no less forcibly denounced their entirely fabulous character. These Decretals are either what the Council of Trent and the authorities of Rome have hitherto maintained them to be, the genuine grounds of the Papal jurisdiction—or what the unwavering criticism of the modern civilised world declares them to be—a gross imposture. Between these two the coming Council must decide. To pass the question by, is to confess itself incompetent to treat of the very foundation of all its claims.

Again, there are the questions which have been raised in regard to the Creeds. The use of the † Nicene Creed, in its present shape, in every Church of Christendom, is unquestionably condemned by the Council of Chalcedon. The intro-

* The Church's Creed and the Crown's Creed, pp. 30–32.

† This is the only weak point in Mr. Ffoulkes's argument, which is successfully hit by his adversary in the 'Dublin Review.' Mr. Ffoulkes speaks as if the only breaches of the rule laid down by the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon were the insertion of *Filioque* into the Nicene Creed, and the adoption of the Athanasian Creed. The Dublin Reviewer points out what Mr. Ffoulkes has overlooked, that the Nicene Creed in its present form (of what is sometimes called the Constantinopolitan Creed), quite irrespectively of the insertion of *Filioque*, is full of variations from the original Nicene Creed, and is therefore as much prohibited from general use by the decree of Ephesus as the documents of which Mr. Ffoulkes speaks. This

duction of the clause *Filioque* is not only contrary to the decree of Chalcedon, but forms the main dogmatical point of difference between the East and West. The Athanasian Creed, which embodies this clause under the sanction of the most terrible anathemas, has under the cover of a false name been received into the Roman system. Every one of these questions must now be decided. Not to decide them is a confession of weakness, to which no other Church could with safety condescend. If the Church of England, for example, were summoned for the purpose of settling the basis of its worship, it would find it impossible to pass by the creed falsely ascribed to Athanasius. The divines of 1689 felt that it was necessary to deal with so burning a question. The American branch of the English Church at once solved the scandal by removing its cause.

But, whilst Protestant Churches might plead that they had received, not introduced, these changes, the Church of Rome is directly responsible for them. On at least two of these points—the forged Decretals, and the interpolated Creed—a challenge has been distinctly offered by one of its own members. And this challenge has had such a worldwide circulation, that no plea for overlooking it can be urged in vindication of the obscurity of the author. If after Mr. Ffoulkes's appeal to the Council, the Council takes no notice of it, Mr. Ffoulkes may fairly claim that he has vanquished the Church of Rome itself. He has given to the Pope a nut to crack, which will have been returned to him unbroken.

2. There is another kindred question which must be solved at the very threshold of all discussion. Indeed its importance is so obvious that a prevailing opinion in one large section of Roman Catholic Christendom is, that the Council will have been convened altogether in vain, unless it gives a definite answer. It is the question of the infallible authority of the Church—in whom it resides, with what limits, or on what subjects.

The main stress of this question hinges on the desire of a party in the Roman Church, including the Pontiff himself, to invest the Pope with the personal attribute of infallibility. We do not here enter on the truth or falsehood—if we may use such expressions in regard to such a subject—of the alleged opinion. But what we would insist upon is, that it is an opinion which has absolutely no meaning unless it is strictly

---

fact, however, whilst it proves the anomalous position of all the Churches in Christendom, rather intensifies the responsibility laid on the coming Council of going into the whole entangled question and clearing it up once for all.

and elaborately defined. If indeed it were meant to be asserted that every one of the 220 Popes had been, and all their successors will be to the end of time, absolutely incapable of error, on every subject, in every utterance, at every moment of their lives—then, however strange such a doctrine might be, however contrary to facts and to experience, it would at least be perfectly intelligible; and, should the Council lay down this as the future rule of the Church, it will have the credit of having secured, so far as it is possible by any human legislation, an absolute and unassailable autocracy for the whole of the Roman Catholic world. The Noetianism of Pope Callistus, the Arianism of Pope Liberius, the Eutychianism of Pope Vigilius, the Monothelitism of Pope Honorius,* the denunciations of Honorius as a heretic by the Popes themselves; the servile adulation lavished by Gregory I. on the infamous Phocas and the infamous Brunehaut; the fierce anathemas of Gregory VII.; the persecuting edicts of Innocent III.; the loose sayings of Alexander VI. or Leo X.; the condemnation of Galileo by the decrees of Urban VIII.; the clever jests of Benedict XIV.; the tolerant maxims of Clement XIV.; the extravagant doctrines of Pius IX.,—must one and all be accepted as the utterances of absolute truth. Catholics will then at least know, without doubt, what they are to believe; Protestants will at least know, without doubt, what they have to attack. But if this 'personal infallibility' be not positively and without qualification laid down by the Council, then it will be its duty to define exactly, and with the utmost precision, what are the limits of the Pope's oracular powers. It is useless to urge that such a definition need not be made. It must be made, if any consolation or guidance to doubting spirits is to be received at all from the belief in such an oracle. If not all the Pope's utterances are infallible, then it is doubly necessary to declare which are fallible, and which are not. If it is said that those are infallible which he makes not in his own person, but officially and *ex cathedrâ*, then it is necessary to define what is meant by an official utterance. Is it in a Council, or out of a Council? is it in St. Peter's Chair, or in the Vatican Palace? is it through his ministers, or by his own unassisted wisdom? is it through a letter, or a decree, or a Bull? Or again, if it be said that not his official utterances on all subjects, but only on matters of faith, are absolutely true, then

* The heresy of Pope Honorius has been made the subject of a special work by one of the most learned of modern Roman Catholics, Mr. Renouf.

again it is necessary to define what are matters of faith. Do they or do they not include matters of historical fact?* If they exclude matters of fact, then it will be necessary to exclude declarations on such events as the Immaculate Conception, or the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; the former involving physical as well as historical proof, the latter involving a careful investigation of dubious traditions, which even Roman Catholics like Tillemont have rejected, and which the declaration of the General Council of Ephesus contradicted. If, on the other hand, these and like events are included within the limits of the oracular utterances, then it will be necessary either to admit the authority of the Pope on all matters of history and science—amongst others, of the system of Galileo—or else to draw up new and special rules by which these shall be excluded. It is not enough to say that some historical events or scientific statements relate to religion, and others to history and science. The very difficulty which has always arisen in such questions is, that the one party insists on regarding them as within the province, the other as without the province, of religion. The questions of astronomy, geology, ethnology are precisely those which now agitate the religious mind, by being on the confines of the material and immaterial worlds. If the Pope cannot pronounce on these, he may as well pronounce on none. At any rate, they stand or fall with those to which we have just referred relating to the life of the Virgin, unless they are carefully and specifically eliminated by the decree, or whatever it be, by which the Council makes over any additional power either to the Pope or to any other authority. For it is, after all, not only a question of the authority of the Pope, but of the Council itself; and if of the Pope, which Pope if there are two, or if of the Council, what Councils, when Councils themselves disagree. The rugged lines of Richard Baxter are strictly to the point;† in this matter Catholics and Protestants are alike in confusion, both in

* The Syllabus of Pius IX. lays down as the errors to be condemned the following propositions:—'The doctrine of those who 'compare the Roman Pontiff to a Prince free and acting in the 'ancient Church is a doctrine which prevailed in the middle ages.' And again, 'The excessive pretensions of the Roman Pontiffs con-'tributed to the division of the Church into Eastern and Western.' Here are two Papal decrees on historical matters of fact. Are they to be received or not? If not, then by what right, or for what purpose, did the Pope call upon all the faithful to accept them?

† Baxter's Poems, p. 150.

attack and defence, unless it is known beforehand who and what it is which speaks with the authority which one party claims and the other disputes:—

'None can tell whom for sovereign we must take,
  Nor what the laws are from which none can swerve;
Must Pope or Council this great sovereign be,
  Is't monarchy or aristocracy?
Or is it mix'd, or must they both agree?
  Or is it the diffus'd democracy?
Whom must we take for Pope? whom must we choose?
  Which is the Pope, when there are two or three?
Must they that give the power which they use,
  Superiors, equals, or inferiors be?
When one at Rome, one at Avignon was,
  And each a Council had which took his part,
Which for the true communion then must pass,
  Which was the Church from which none must depart?
It's like that all the Church consent, they'll say,
  Then he's no Pope whom three parts disobey.
How shall three parts then know whom to obey—
  Will any serve that will usurp the name?
When Popes damn Popes, and Councils damn them all,
  And Popes damn Councils, what must Christians do?
When they each other's laws damn and recall,
  How shall we know whose power then was true?'

Nor let it be said that some of the questions here stirred belong to a dead past—that the great schism of the West cannot be revived, and that no one now is perplexed by the rivalry of Pope or Anti-Pope, which, in fact, prepared the way for the great revolt of the Reformation, but which it is now convenient to forget as though it had never been. If in that particular form these perplexities are laid to sleep, yet in analogous forms they are as alive and fresh as ever within all the circles which they concern. Which of its predecessors is the Council to acknowledge as valid? The Council of Constance is enumerated, in the solemn declaration in the Church of Trent, as amongst those which preceded that which there held its last sittings. In numbers, importance, solemnity, it ranks amongst the very first of these assemblies; yet, strange to say, there is a large, perhaps an overwhelming, majority of the present Roman Catholic Church which denies its authority.* Again, the Council of Trent itself was not

* The Bishop of Orleans (p. 13) enumerates eighteen, but touches the Council of Constance with a very vacillating hand. 'Plusieurs 'sessions du Concile de Constance sont aussi regardées comme 'Œcuméniques.'

acknowledged in the Church of France until after the great Revolution. It is now generally received as the last and chief exponent of the doctrines of the Roman Church. These are preliminary questions which cannot be evaded—either the Council of Constance is legitimate or not; either the Council of Trent is legitimate or not. Is it or is it not open to a devout Roman Catholic to question the decrees of those two bodies? or, if not, why not? And again, it is well known that in Germany the most learned, the most moderate, the most enlightened professors of the Roman Catholic Church have considerable doubts as to the binding character of the very Council which is now summoned together, and still more of those decrees which at different times have been pressed on the acceptance of the faithful by the 'congregations' or 'committees' of the Roman Court. These doubts are patent to all the world. The question which is concisely put by Mr. Lecky is again and again asked by devout Roman Catholics.

'If the attribute of infallibility be ascribed to a particular church, an inductive reasoner will not be content with inquiring how far an infallible church would be a desirable thing, or how far certain ancient words may be construed as a prediction of its appearance; he will examine, by a wide and careful survey of ecclesiastical history, whether this church has actually been immutable and consistent in its teaching; whether it has never been affected by the ignorance or the passion of the age; whether its influence has uniformly been exerted on the side which proved to be true; whether it has never supported by its authority scientific views which were afterwards demonstrated to be false, or countenanced and consolidated popular errors, or thrown obstacles in the path of those who were afterwards recognised as the enlighteners of mankind.' *

Such doubts have recently been expounded in a series of significant articles in the 'Allgemeine Zeitung;' they have been proclaimed in more than one eloquent address of Professor Döllinger. They led to the birth, they led, we may also say, to the extinction, of the most learned of all English Roman Catholic, we may add, one of the most learned of all English periodicals—the 'Home and Foreign Review.' We ourselves, on several occasions, have called attention to this powerful school—powerful not perhaps in numbers, but in virtue, in education, in intelligence. It would be treason to them, treason to the interests of Christianity and of reason as represented in them, to overlook the danger to which they are exposed by any premature or violent suppression of the con-

Lecky's 'History of European Morals,' vol. i. pp. 379. 3

stitutional liberties they now enjoy. There have been whispers of an intention in high quarters to cut short all discussion on these weighty questions by a sudden stroke of policy which shall anticipate instead of following deliberation. We can only say that if any conceivable course can be imagined fatal to the pretensions of an assembly professing to act in behalf of Christendom and of the interests of Christianity, it would be a course at once so dastardly and so audacious, so stupid and so cunning, as the one which has been indicated. 'What is the 'English for *coup d'état?*' was the question put some eighteen years ago to a sagacious observer of the convulsions of France at that time. 'There is but one English word for it,' was the severe but complete answer, 'and that is High Treason.' 'What,' we may ask in like manner, 'is the English word 'for *coup d'église?*' There is no English word for it. It is a profane abuse of religion, a grotesque intrusion of the worst trickery of secular politics into the most sacred regions, which may be found, perhaps, now and then, in Protestant and in English ecclesiastical assemblies, but which is scouted whenever it appears, and which is as yet too little recognised to have received a name or even a condemnation. An unexpected and spontaneous enthusiasm in an excited gathering is intelligible. An elaborate conclusion formed after careful discussion is intelligible. But a preconcerted inspiration, a deliberation conducted by acclamation, is a contradiction in terms.

These are some of the preliminary points that the Council must determine, either by passing them by, and so leaving them as they are now, open questions, or else by defining them so explicitly as to admit of no mistake as to its own meaning.

But supposing such a determination on either side, there still remain a multitude of problems which, under any circumstances, a grave assembly of divines summoned from all parts of the world must be expected to encounter, much more an assembly which claims to be the authorised interpreter of the sentiments, it would fain say, of all Christendom, certainly of a large and important part of it. When the so-called Pan-anglican synod was held in England three years ago, it was felt and urged that so large a gathering would not be justified unless they did or said something worthy of the occasion. The answer made was that, not being an authorised synod, it was enough for the prelates to have met, conferred, and parted—that the practical and social advantage was the main purpose aimed at, and that any further or more definite results were not to be expected. This is in fact what happened. But it

was felt both by the promoters and opponents of the conference that such advantages were hardly worth the risk and turmoil of such a gathering, and, in point of fact, some faint though futile attempts were made to import into it questions of a graver and more dogmatic character. In like manner, when the notion of the Œcumenical Council was first started at Rome, three years ago, a series of propositions were submitted by the Papal Court to the Roman Catholic bishops, to the number, we believe, of seventeen, bearing chiefly on minute points of ecclesiastical discipline, which, whatever way they were settled, would not have done much good or harm to the Church, but which would hardly seem to have been worthy of the discussion of all the prelates of so great and widespread a communion. They related, for example, to the question whether heretics can be sponsors in baptism, under what limitations episcopal licenses should be granted for marriages, what is the best mode for maintaining the gravity of preachers, the orthodoxy of schoolmasters, and of clerical instructors, &c. &c.

But these propositions were soon abandoned. In France, they were seen to relate to questions which had there long become extinct, and the natural desire for something more congruous to the occasion has prompted the authors of the Council to take a wider range. Besides those serious controversies, to which we have already adverted, concerning the fountain of authority in the Roman Church, we are told that the Bishops will be called upon to deliberate on the following topics:—

'1. Pantheism, naturalism, and absolute rationalism. 2. Modified rationalism. 3. Indifferentism and tolerance. 4. Socialism, communism, secret societies, Bible societies, and clerical liberal societies. 5. Errors with respect to the Church and her rights. 6. Errors with respect to natural and Christian morals. 7. Errors with respect to Christian marriage. 8. Errors with respect to the sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff. 9. Errors with respect to modern liberalism.'

We will not dwell on the intrinsic vice of a catalogue of subjects, all approached from a polemical point of view—one long series of negations, without any attempt at affirmation. Nor do we dwell on the portentous omen that the errors attacked are all one side. There is not a word of 'the errors with 'respect to superstition,'—the 'errors with respect to modern 'fanaticism'—or 'intolerance and persecution,' or 'pious 'frauds' and 'false miracles.' The mere enumeration is in itself a confession of weakness in the body from which it could emanate. The field, however, is in itself sufficiently ample,

though, if the Council be what it claims to be, not too large for its decisions to cover. We will confine ourselves to topics within that range, which, having been stirred within the Roman Church itself, absolutely clamour for solution. Bossuet's famous work on 'The Variations of Protestantism' was considered a masterpiece of polemics. The 'Variations of the Catholic 'Church,' though less open, are not the less real. Let anyone who dreams of the uniformity of belief in the Roman Catholic Church read the condemnation of Mr. Ffoulkes by Mr. Marshall, of both of them by the 'Dublin Review,' and of all three by the 'Westminster Gazette.' These and a hundred like 'variations' must now be either acknowledged or suppressed.

It is evident that unless the Church of Rome is altogether to abdicate its claims as a guide of Christendom, its chief Council must enter into the questions which agitate the modern world on the nature and authority of the Sacred Books. The question itself, whether it be a duty or a sin to read the Bible, is for pious Roman Catholics still uncertain. In most of the northern countries of Europe, it is read by them, as far as we know, without scruple. In Italy and Spain, it is as generally forbidden. Societies for disseminating translations of the Bible are ranked by Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. in company with 'the secret societies, which have emerged from their obscurity 'to devastate and destroy all that is most venerable.'* On the further question of Biblical interpretation it is usual for Roman Catholics to taunt the Protestant Churches with the laxity of their rule. But it is clear that this laxity, however much in fact it may be practically limited in the Roman Church, is in theory the same as with us. No decree of Trent, no decree of any Pope or Council, has hitherto defined either the limits of inspiration, or the authorship, of any of the Sacred Books. The elevation of the Apocrypha to an equal rank with the Old and New Testament was indeed effected in the fourth session of the Council of Trent, where only fifty-eight bishops were present, of whom more than forty were Italians.† The text of the Vulgate was alone recognised as sacred. But what the precise nature and authority of any of these books is, or what the precise relation of the Vulgate, with its confessed and manifold errors, to the original text, has never been declared. And, although from the absence of free inquiry in

* See the strange passage in the 'Letter of Pius IX.,' p. 17. 1866.

† Bishop Wordsworth on the 'Proposed Council,' p. 20.

Roman Catholic countries, less advantage is taken of this latitude with them than with us, yet it is well known that at least among German Catholics these questions are debated with a boldness which would startle and shock many a stout English churchman and many an orthodox French Protestant. Döllinger and his disciples, however much they for a time have held their peace, are known to exist; and the Council must either, by condemning them, shut out of the Communion of Rome its most distinguished luminaries, or by admitting them, admit those very doctrines and that very liberty which it has been the fashion of Roman and Romanizing ecclesiastics to treat as the worst crimes of Protestantism. Monsignore Nardi, we see, is secretary of the 'congregation' or 'committee' which is to decide these momentous questions touching the authority of the sacred Scriptures. It will be interesting to those who know the acuteness of that accomplished but (we may say without offence) somewhat secular ecclesiastic, to watch the direction which he will give, as the representative of the Universal Church, to the most delicate of all theological problems.

Akin to the limits imposed on the study of the Sacred Books, are the safeguards which the Church of Rome has hitherto imposed on the study of literature generally. Dr. Newman, in fact, in his 'Apologia,' regards this restraint on the search after truth as the chief reason for the existence of the oracular authority of the Church. 'It is a working instrument in 'the course of human affairs for smiting hard and throwing 'back the immense energy of the aggressive * intellect.' Down to this time, with the exception—a great and awful exception, it is true—of the case of Galileo, the Church of Rome has not come into official and declared opposition with science. 'The 'secular sciences as they now exist' (we again quote the words of Dr. Newman †) 'are a novelty in the world, and there has not 'yet been time for a history of relations between theology and 'these new methods of knowledge.' But now the time is come. Either the Council must confess itself incompetent to deal with these questions, or it must declare that latitude of boundless speculation is allowed, or it must grapple with them in detail. Whichever course it takes, it cannot avoid a decision. Not to decide is to decide. It will not be enough then for an enlightened Catholic to say, as Dr. Newman says, 'Till that 'authority passes decrees on purely physical subjects, and calls 'on me to subscribe them, it has no tendency by its acts to

* Apologia, p. 383. † Ibid. p. 406.

'interfere with my private judgment on those points.' The Council must either pass decrees which will so interfere, or it must declare that the judgment on Galileo was false; that the Jesuits, who published the 'Principia' of Newton as a hypothetical fiction, lest they should come in conflict with the decrees of pontiffs condemning the motion of the earth, are now free to publish what they like; that Lyell and Darwin may be faithful sons of the Church; that the theories of the Bishop of Natal are admissible. To say with Dr. Newman that the Church 'never will pass such decrees, because it has not the 'power,' is simply to take for granted the whole controversy at issue. It has decided once in the case of Galileo. Its leading divines have challenged the Protestant Churches to decide in the controversies of modern criticism. Its most eager partisans claim such a power on its behalf. It may be, as Dr. Newman believes, that 'the main purpose' of the Church of Rome is 'to originate nothing, and to serve as a sort of *remora** or 'break in the development of doctrine.' In that case, free inquiry will gain by knowing that it has no more to fear from its old enemy. The vision of Bunyan would indeed be fulfilled, and 'the giant Pope' would have no more power to hurt the travellers who pass along that perilous way. But, in that case, the whole idea of the Index 'Librorum Prohibi-'torum' must be abandoned. Now is come the hour when the whole of that elaborate censorship on the literature of Europe must be revised, and either condemned or confirmed. Down to this time it might be supposed that these singular judgments, prepared with so much care 'in the Apostolic 'Palace of the Quirinal,' might be of uncertain authority. But now the sons and daughters of Rome have a right to know whether these 'condemnations and proscriptions' are really valid or not; whether they may or may not 'dare to publish, 'or read, or possess' some of the most interesting books in the world, or whether they are bound 'to deliver them up under 'pain of exclusion from the benefits of absolution.' Now is the time for them to know whether they may or may not with a safe conscience read Bacon's† 'De Augmentis Scien-'tiarum,' or Barclay's ‡ 'Apology for the Society of Friends,' Bayle's§ Dictionary, or Benjamin of Tudela's Travels, Grotius‖ 'On the Truth of the Christian Religion,' Sarpi's ¶ 'History 'of the Council of Trent,' Legh Richmond's ** 'Dairymans' 'Daughter,' Hallam's †† 'Middle Ages,' and 'Constitutional

* Apologia, p. 403. † Index, p. 27. ‡ Ibid. p. 29.
§ Pp. 33, 35. ‖ P. 28 ¶ P. 97. ** P. 143.
†† Pp. 118, 157, 183.

'History of England,' Hume and * Gibbon, the 'Book of 'Common Prayer,' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Prideaux's † 'Connexion between Sacred and Profane History,' Selden and Puffendorf, St.-Beuve's 'Port Royal,' and Whately's 'Logic,' Bunsen's 'Hippolytus,' and Mill's 'Political Economy,' Adolphe Monod's 'Lucille,' and Victor Hugo's 'Misérables.'

The Index must henceforth become a new and living power, or, with all its venerable sanctions, be laid up in the sepulchre of the most lifeless of all the dead books which, by a Mezentian process, it has endeavoured to attach, by one undiscriminating sentence of condemnation, to the most living and fruitful works of human piety and genius.

A wide division exists in the Roman Catholic Church on the acts of devotion to be paid to special objects of religious veneration. The pilgrimages to Lough Derg, in Ireland, for example, are either right or wrong. In 1497, the sanctuary was abolished by the Pope, and in 1522, orders were issued to prevent 'the fable' from appearing in the Roman Breviary. Will the Council stand by the enlightened policy of Pope Innocent VIII. or by the darkness of Celtic superstition? The House of Loretto has received the sanction of several Popes, as the identical mansion which was transported from Palestine to Italy. This opinion is contested by many—probably by most—educated Catholics. Here is a Council summoned within a hundred miles of Loretto, for the first time that any body with like pretensions has appeared since the question of the Holy House has attracted the observation of Europe. If it cannot settle a question which so directly concerns the truthfulness, the honour, the welfare of its own immediate neighbourhood, it abdicates all claims to settle the concerns of other countries and other Churches.

Again, there have been, and are still, Roman Catholics who would join the declaration put forth (under stress, no doubt, of political circumstances) in 1825:—'Cursed is he that 'prays to images ‡ or relics.' 'Cursed is he that believes the 'saints in heaven to be his redeemers, that prays to them as 'such, or that gives honour to them, or to any creature what-'soever.'

It would seem difficult to reconcile these sentiments with the devotions paid throughout Italy and Spain to images and relics, or with the prayers to the Virgin Mary as co-redemptress, &c., quoted again and again by Dr. Pusey in his somewhat war-

* Pp. 227, 257 † P. 304.

‡ Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. i. p. 393.

like 'Eirenicon.' The Council cannot avoid the responsibility either of permitting a latitude recognised in no other Church on questions equally momentous, or of condemning one or other of these two contending views.

There are few questions which rise more frequently to the lips of inquiring Protestants, and few to which the answers given are so hesitating and ambiguous, as those which relate, not to the use or abuse merely, but to the very meaning of the Indulgences so freely promised for certain specified acts of devotion. Nor is it only Protestants who are perplexed. It is recorded that St. Philip Neri was asked during the great Jubilee at Rome, how many thousand persons had succeeded in obtaining the benefit of the Indulgences. 'The Saint, who,' we are told, 'was a man divinely inspired, remained silent for 'a few moments, and at length replied, with more veracity than 'humility, "Only myself and an old woman."'* What 'the 'divinely inspired man' was able to state thus precisely in this perplexed question, it is surely not too much to ask from a divinely-inspired Council.

Of all the doctrines of the Roman Church there is none perhaps which has acquired such a character for dogmatic certainty, and none which is left in such complete ambiguity, as Transubstantiation. The Bishop of St. David's† and the Dean of Christ Church have pointed out this with such perspicuity as to leave no occasion for further discussion. The Council of Trent is inconsistent with itself and with the canon of the mass, and both with the popular sentiment on the subject. A Council which shall leave this question unsolved, or in its present perplexed condition, will have dealt a more fatal blow to dogmatic authority than any ever aimed by any Protestant attacks on this famous doctrine. It turns, as we know, on the scholastic distinction between substance and accidents, or, if we prefer so to put it, between substance and matter. The greatest modern Roman Catholic theologian boldly says, 'What do I know of 'substance or matter? just as much as the greatest philosopher, 'and that is nothing at all. The Catholic doctrine leaves phe-'nomena alone. It does not say that the phenomena go; on 'the contrary, it says that the phenomena remain. Nor does 'it say that the phenomena are in several places at once. 'It deals with what no one on earth ‡ knows anything about,

* Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. ii. p. 155.

† Bishop Thirlwall's 'Charge' in 1857, and Dean Liddell's Sermon on 'The Real Presence,' preached at Oxford in 1867.

‡ Newman's 'Of Logic,' p. 375.

'the material substances themselves.' Surely, if this is Transubstantiation,—if it be something of which the very terms are so obscure that 'no one on earth knows anything about them,' —this is the very subject on which an infallible or supreme tribunal is bound to enlighten the dense ignorance which prevails even in a mind so acute as Dr. Newman's,—in which it is the bounden duty of the first Council of the Vatican to explain the long and deeply misunderstood dogma of the fourth Council of the Lateran.

It perhaps is hard to ask the Council to undertake the solution of the difficult social questions which agitate the modern world; yet it has included them within its range; and there are some, at any rate, which have been so long before mankind that an answer may be positively demanded, and indeed has been, to a certain extent, attempted from the authorities of the Roman Church. It may be remembered that the present Pope addressed a pastoral letter to the Catholic Bishops of America during the civil war. If there was any one point on which the Father of Christendom might have been expected to interpose decisively, it was on the question whether slavery was, as one of the contending parties alleged, an antichristian, or, as the other no less positively asserted, a divine, institution. On that grave question

'The oracle was dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Ran through the arched vault.'

No doubt, as at Delphi, there were strong political reasons why the sacred tripod should then have been silent or ambiguous; and perhaps now the altered condition of affairs may on that problem leave it free to speak. But there are other questions as to property, and social economy, which 'communism' suggests, on which the Pope may still find it inexpedient, and yet be called to deliver his judgment; or, if not the Pope, the Council; but, if neither, then the doubt may well arise, whether, after all, the ancient power

'from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.'

Is mendicancy, for example, a good or an evil? No question can be more important to the well-being of the poorer classes. Yet the Roman Church has either remained silent on this serious matter, or else has, as in Italy and Spain, thrown its

whole weight into the scale of indiscriminate almsgiving.* 'Let 'it now speak' without doubt or wavering on this crucial question, 'or else for ever after hold its peace' on matters in which it thus expresses its ignorance or incapacity.

A class of questions clamouring for decision are those which relate to the popular opinions current, and often encouraged by high authority, in the Roman Catholic Church on the future state. 'It is the custom,' says Mr. Lecky, 'for Catholic 'priests now, as it was formerly, to stain the imaginations of 'young children by ghastly pictures of future misery, to 'imprint upon the virgin mind atrocious images which they 'hoped, not unreasonably, might prove indelible.' And he quotes as 'one of the infamous publications circulated for this 'object,' a tract 'for children and young persons,' called 'The 'Sight of Hell,' by the Rev. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R., published *permissu superiorum*, in Dublin and London. We shrink from reproducing the dreadful passages which Mr. Lecky quotes. They may be read in his well-known pages. But we venture to say that it is impossible for a Church which allows such a tract to circulate, 'by permission of superior authority,' to complain of the Church of England, or indeed of any Protestant Church, for the latitude conceded to the speculations of its individual teachers. The speculations of the Bishop of Natal or Mr. Voysey (preached certainly *not permissu superiorum*) are, or ought to be, far less startling than those here extracted from the pages of Mr. Furniss. We are satisfied that most intelligent Roman Catholics would shrink with horror from circulating such a tract. They have a right to demand from the highest authorities of their Church what is its teaching on a subject, on which, down to this time, it has happily expressed no authoritative opinion. This question branches out into another of still wider import. What is to be held respecting those who are not members of the Roman Church? As regards the heathen it is a question agitated from the earliest times. Tertullian on one side, and Justin† on the other, held opinions as diametrically opposite as it is possible to conceive. Which of these represents the Catholic Church? Or, again, as to

* See the case well put in Lecky's 'History of European Morals,' vol. ii. p. 103.

† The Council of Trent (Sess. VII. De Baptismo, can. 14) anathematises those who scruple, by temporal penalties, to enforce on baptised children the promises then undertaken for them by their sponsors. Is there a single Catholic mother or Catholic father of a household north of the Alps who has not incurred this anathema? Is the anathema to be continued or revoked?

unbaptised* children, are they lost or not? Was Augustine right in his terrible condemnation of these unconscious souls, or is there any truth in the blessed words which said of the innocence of unbaptised little children that 'of such was 'the kingdom of heaven'? It is no insignificant question. The whole controversy of the Roman Church, on the lawfulness of forced or clandestine baptism, hangs upon the answer. The abduction of the Jewish girl Esther Lyons is repudiated with horror by Protestant Churches; will the Council do as much for the abduction of the Jewish boy Mortara? Or, again, can heretics—that is, Greeks, Anglicans, Protestants —be saved? Every Catholic father, or brother, or husband, who has amongst the members of their family any who do not belong to their Church—every Catholic prince and statesman who has to deal with the mixed populations under his rule—every Catholic theologian and philosopher who meditates on the condition of those illustrious sages of former times or present, with whom his studies have brought him into connexion—has a right to ask whether, in the judgment of his Church, those dearly loved souls, those incalculably important elements of national life, those venerated authorities, are or not within the reach of the same Divine compassion in which he trusts himself. There are many ominous sentences to the contrary in the decrees of popes, councils, and synods. It is often the custom of Roman Catholic divines to cast in the teeth of Protestant Churches their free intercourse with those who differ on important theological doctrines. If these taunts are well founded, the coming Council is an opportunity for making good their position. But in order to do this consistently, an anathema must also be launched against those Roman Catholics who, in Ireland or elsewhere, have combined with Unitarians and Quakers† for achieving common religious or political purposes; or, in America, with a nobler sense of Christian unity, honoured in New York the memory of Dr. Channing. The discrepancies of Protestant divines on important points are often matter of distress to anxious minds, and of cavil to hostile polemics. They cannot be greater than those

* Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. i. p. 208. 'We consider that whoever is baptised . . . and retains the grace of that first adoption 'pure and unsullied until death, he enters heaven, no matter to what 'sect or denomination of Christians while on earth he may have 'belonged.' Here is a position, if not true, at any rate intelligible. If so, all good Protestants, except Quakers, are saved. All Quakers and all heathen are lost. Is either proposition the doctrine of the Roman Church, or which?

† Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. ii. pp. 334, 430.

revealed by Dr. Doyle's comments on Dens's Theology on this vital question. 'Hæretici rectè puniuntur,' is the affirmation of Dens. 'Shockingly false,' says Bishop Doyle. 'Infideles 'baptizari possunt compelli,' * says Dens. 'Non sic docuerunt 'apostoli,' observes Bishop Doyle. When such doctors disagree, the Council surely must determine. Either let the divines of the Roman Catholic Church forswear the tolerance which they have learnt from Protestantism or from modern progress, or let the Council openly repudiate the value of dogmatic orthodoxy and the danger of heresy.

The whole question of the relations of Church and State is one which cannot be evaded. The Syllabus has condemned certain propositions as false, and this condemnation must either be approved or rejected. 'The ecclesiastical power ought not 'to exercise its authority without the permission and assent of 'the civil government.' This is the basis of the constitutions of almost all the States of Europe. It is declared by the Pope to be false. What will the Council say? 'The Roman 'Pontiff ought to be excluded from all care and dominion of 'things temporal.' This is the position of many Roman Catholics in France and Germany. It has been declared by Archbishop Manning to be a contradiction to the first principles of Christianity. The Council must decide between the two—must declare the position of the Syllabus true or false—or must leave this, in the eyes of the eminent Prelate just quoted, vital doctrine to be relegated to the class of open questions. 'The civil power, even when exercised by an unbe'lieving Prince, has an indirect negative power over sacred 'things.' This too is condemned by the Pope as an 'error.' Every Roman Catholic in Great Britain in practice accepts it. Will the Council confirm the Pope's declaration or condemn it? 'The Church ought to be separate from the State, 'and the State from the Church.' This, which was condemned in 1852 and 1864, has been put forward by grave authorities as one of the very doctrines which the Council is likely to affirm. Here is an error condemned by the Pope submitted to the approval of the Council. 'The Roman Pontiff can 'and ought to reconcile himself with progress, with liberalism, 'and with modern civilisation.' This proposition, which the Pope himself thought necessary to repudiate as a grievous reproach, has been naturally regarded by some of his most devoted sons as a compliment, and accordingly the Bishop of Orleans has laboured hard to prove that it is so certain that

* Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. ii. p. 204.

the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself with modern civilisation, as to render it impossible for him to have intended anything so absurd as to condemn it. For that celebrated pamphlet the Bishop received what, to ignorant bystanders, might seem a glowing eulogy from the Supreme Pontiff. But when side by side with this we read an equally glowing eulogy from the same source on another pamphlet by another French prelate—defending the decrees in the Syllabus as carefully as his brother of Orleans explains them away—when further a microscopic investigation detects under this very eulogy a covert reproof—it becomes doubly necessary for the Council to explain whether it does or does not expect its head to be in harmony with modern civilisation. The fourth Council of the Lateran—the greatest that has ever yet been held in Rome—has decrees in behalf of the Albigensian Crusade, which cannot be read without a shudder. Are these decrees to be upheld or cancelled? Left unnoticed and unaltered they cannot be without ignominy. The decree in one of those sessions of Constance which are held, we believe, by all to be œcumenical, declares that the civil magistrate must intervene to support the censures of ecclesiastical authority. Is this decree to be put in force or not? The picture of the massacre of St. Bartholomew still adorns the walls of the Vatican as amongst the glories of the Papacy. Will the Council sanction its continuance? Other Churches have repudiated the crimes of their past history. The Church of Geneva has denounced with becoming severity* the burning of Servetus. Is it reserved for the Church calling itself Catholic and Infallible to make its infallibility consist in the melancholy fact, that 'though it changes it does not repent?'†

The question which agitated Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as to the power of the Pope in absolving citizens from their allegiance to the laws and sovereigns of their respective countries is one which though asleep is perhaps not dead, and on which the deepest division of opinion prevails in the Church of Rome. On the one side is the Bull *Cœna Domini*—a solemn Pontifical utterance infallible and *ex cathedrâ* if ever Papal utterance were so. On the other side, a Roman Catholic Prelate has declared concerning it—'It has been rejected in nearly all the countries in Europe. If it were in force, there would be scarcely anything at rest.'‡ Is this the vaunted

* Guizot's St. Louis and Calvin, p. 331.
† Goldwin Smith's 'Irish History and Irish Character,' p. 47.
‡ Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. i. p. 402.

discipline of 'the most perfect organisation of the world'? Or is it not mere anarchy—unless the accredited organ of the Church of Rome either formally accept or formally reject what in this variety of opinion can be only a snare and a delusion?

The question of the lawfulness of civil marriages, of mixed marriages, strikes deep into the vitals of European society. Will the Council endorse the practice of the modern Roman Catholic priesthood, or will the States of Europe sit quietly by and see their laws reversed by an authority which none of them recognise?

Connected with these matters is one which cannot fail to excite the attention at least of all the Irish and English Catholics who may be present at the Council. Every one knows the perplexity which has agitated the minds of this part of the community during the recent debates in Parliament as to whether the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland did or did not think it right to accept emoluments from the State. First, speaking 'in the name of the Catholic peers,' Lord Denbigh declared that the boon would be welcome. Then, a few days after, he declared that they had decided against it. On the following day he withdrew his retractation. But even this confusion was not enough. For another Roman Catholic peer contradicted his retractation, and yet again that contradiction was in turn contradicted by another Roman Catholic peer, who declared that they would receive the gift. We have never scrupled in these pages to express ourselves strongly when any of our English Protestant Bishops have fallen into the sin and snare of deceiving themselves and their people by ambiguous declarations. But in this instance they at least have behaved like men. At the cost of much temporary popularity—at the cost, some even think, of ultimate danger to the Church of England itself—seven of the most distinguished of the English hierarchy boldly avowed themselves in favour of that 'concurrent endowment' which so many distinguished statesmen of all parties have believed to be the true message of justice and peace to Ireland. It must be a matter of painful humiliation to intelligent Roman Catholics that their own Prelates betrayed on this great question a vacillation, a timidity, a subservience to the passing interests of the day, which cannot easily be forgotten either by their friends or their enemies. Let us hope that the Council at least will determine for them whether the doctrine which has hitherto prevailed in the Roman Catholic Church throughout Europe as to the lawfulness and advantage of endowment is the correct one, or whether for the future it is to adopt that which is the joint

offspring of ancient Irish barbarism and of modern Scottish Puritanism.*

The whole conventual system must also come under the review of the Council. Here again we speak, not of the Protestant objections to the system, but of those which exist and have lately come to light within the Roman Catholic Church itself. Miss Saurin and Mrs. Star, the Bishop and the Abbess at Cracow, may be insignificant personages, but they represent two contending principles, struggling in a deadly warfare, which could not be allayed without an appeal (to use Cardinal Wiseman's language) from the hall of the high priest to the judgment-seat of Cæsar. In the crowded Court at Westminster, and before the Lord Chief Justice of England, were determined the limits of conventual obedience. There, unless the Council of the Vatican is able to lay down precisely what is and what is not the exact point beyond which the dominion of a superior is allowed to subdue the will of a subordinate, the elaborate system of monasticism will in case after case be tried. The plea now urged in favour of the inviolability of monastic rules is, that such rules are against public policy, and that therefore the whole system, being illegal, is without the control of the law. Is this henceforth to be the creed of the Church?

The celibacy of the clergy looms in the distance. It is known that at the time of the Concordat with the First Consul the Pope was prepared to relax the objection. It is known that in Germany and Italy a large number of Roman Catholics believe the moral welfare of the Church to demand a change. Is the door to be opened at last, or to be closed faster than ever?

To resume briefly what has been said. In the first place the proposed Council is not identical in constitution with those earlier Councils which alone are properly called Œcumenical. It may, however, be regarded as a convention of the chief ecclesiastical officers of the most powerful widespread communion in Christendom—a Wesleyan Conference on a large scale, and with a proportionate importance attaching to its actions. It may still do much evil: it may still do much good. There are many abuses that it may reform, many improvements which

* A like question, which will probably agitate the ensuing Session of Parliament, will be that of mixed national, or divided denominational education. Will the Council anticipate, as in duty bound, this serious question, and determine whether the views of Gregory XVI., Bishop Doyle, and Archbishop Murray, or those of their less enlightened successors, are orthodox? (See Fitzpatrick's 'Doyle,' vol. ii. p. 346.)

it may make without entering on any ground which either Protestant or Catholic need dispute. Only it must be clearly understood to be a Roman meeting, and nothing more. For Protestants, for Greeks, even for those Roman Catholics who protest against its authority, its decrees must be a dead letter.

Secondly, if its decisions are to have any moral weight, they must be delivered in unambiguous language. If it succeeds in doing this, it may at least have the use of making clear to the world what are the sentiments of the Church which it professes to represent. If it evades or avoids this duty, if it wraps up its sentiments in unmeaning puerilities, it will then not only have done nothing, but it will have covered the Roman Church with merited disgrace. Of all the acts of the Lambeth Conference three years ago, none was so severely and justly condemned as its pastoral letter, consisting of mere phrases, which were forgotten as soon as read, and which threw no light on any single question which it touched. But the Lambeth Conference was understood from the beginning to be a merely private gathering, and the pastoral was intended, it is said, to be a mere devotional effusion, which properly avoided dogmatic or critical discussion. The pretensions of the Vatican Council ascend much higher; and in proportion to their ascent must be their fall, if fall there be. A hospitable gathering, a meeting for practical business, may assemble and disperse without pronouncing any grave decision on questions which agitate the world. But an oracle which is consulted and does not open its mouth, or opens it only to utter words without meaning, proves that it is no oracle at all. Even the Synod of Dort, with all its definitions, was felt to have been a failure:—

> 'Dordrechti synodus, nodus—chorus, integer, æger;
> Conventus, ventus; sessio, stramen Amen.'

This has been the story of every ecclesiastical synod that has advanced claims which it could not realise.

Thirdly, there must be a guarantee for perfect freedom and publicity of debate. If it be true, as alleged, that the bishops are all pledged to defend the rights of the Papacy and the regalia of St. Peter, on at least one important subject their decisions will have no weight. On the question of the inalienability of St. Peter's patrimony their lips are closed. But there is something even more necessary than freedom from pledges. Unless the minority have perfect liberty of speech, unless their utterances are fully reported and recorded, the wisest and the holiest of the assembly will for all practical purposes have spoken in vain. It is too late, especially in an organisa-

tion like that of the Roman Church, to protest afterwards. The means of stifling an outward expression when the majority has declared itself, are too powerful to be resisted. There is, we believe—at least in the Irish branch of the Roman Catholic Church—a fatal rule that the opinion of the majority is understood not only to bind, but to represent, the recalcitrant minority. Unless this be steadily resisted, the decisions of the Council, for all that appears, may express in every case not the wisdom but the folly, not the learning but the ignorance, not the high aspirations but the selfish interests, of the assembled Fathers. One single 'Times' reporter, publishing day by day every speech of every member, would be a safer guarantee against tyranny and fraud in the Council than all the rules which ever were devised to control and guide these Synods of the Church. Döllinger and Gratry, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Kerry, if they are to be silent, or if no one outside knows what they say, will do much better to stay away. The Bishop of St. David's is said to have surpassed himself at the Lambeth Conference. But whilst his name gave dignity to proceedings with which he had but little sympathy, his wisdom is buried in the recesses of the Lambeth archives—*caret quia vate sacro*; because no public reporter was present. So will it be in the Vatican, unless, which it is almost too much to hope, there shall be a Sarpi both able and willing to record and to publish all that is said and done, day by day, in session and in committee, from first to last.

For, lastly, there must be the full understanding which lies at the basis of all sincere research after truth, that the value of the decision depends on the value of the man who utters it. 'Did you feel during your meeting,' was the question once put to a shrewd ecclesiastic who had been present at a gathering of this kind, 'that there was any moment when the 'Divine Spirit might be thought to be especially inspiring your 'deliberations?' 'That,' he replied, 'depended entirely on 'where I sate. When my neighbour was ——, then it seemed 'to me exactly the reverse; when I sate by ——, then I could 'perhaps have believed it.' Veil the matter as we will, this is the actual truth. You cannot make water rise higher than its level. From an assembly of Italian prelates you will not get more than Italian wisdom. From an assembly of average clerical deputies you will not get more than the average clerical mind. But in every assembly there will be some of a nobler character and of a higher genius. If such as these be present, and if they have the courage to make themselves heard and felt and understood, something may be done even by the Vatican

Council for the welfare not only of Rome, but of Christendom. What Sydney Smith said of Bishop Doyle is applicable to every ecclesiastic who has the boldness to speak his mind: 'We 'believe that if the Pope attempted to bless anybody whom 'Dr. Doyle cursed, or to curse anybody whom Dr. Doyle 'blessed, his blessings and curses would be as impotent as his 'own artillery.' It is the dumb subserviency and timidity of the best and wisest Roman Catholics that place them at the mercy of the imperious faction which now represents the Catholic Church. In former days 'Œcumenical Councils,' we are told by one who ought to know, 'grave bishops laden 'with the traditions and rivalries of particular nations or 'places, have been guided in their decisions by the com- 'manding presence of individuals, sometimes young and of 'inferior rank.' Athanasius (he might have added Paphnutius) at Nicæa, Anselm at Bari, Aquinas at Lyons, Salmeron at Trent, are given as instances of the 'paramount' influence 'of individual reason in that process of inquiry which ended in 'an infallible enunciation.'* But in order for 'individual 'reason' to have any part in such a conclusion, it must be able and ready to speak out. Archbishop Manning foretells that 'the Syllabus will become the rule of thought with respect to 'the eighty-four errors which it condemns, and that the eighty- 'four truths which were condemned by those errors will become 'the rule and law of the intellectual belief of man.' That such a document will become the rule and law of the intellectual belief of anybody we very much doubt; but if prophecies like this are uttered without public contradiction by those Roman Catholics who believe that the Syllabus is a mixed collection of general truths, empty truisms, monstrous falsehoods, and unmeaning phrases, it will very probably become the rule and law of the Roman Catholic Church.

Here and there an independent voice has already been lifted up not without effect. Prince Hohenlohe in Bavaria, the Abbé of St. Pol and the Abbé Michon in France, Laino in Spain, have spoken in behalf of more moderate counsels. Mr. Ffoulkes, as we have said, as regards the Roman Catholic Church a mere layman, has by the sheer force of sincere expression of his mind obtained a hearing from Christendom. M. de Montalembert almost from the bed of death has roused himself to express his adhesion to 'the manly and Christian' manifestations of the liberal Catholics of Germany, 'as a ray of light shining in 'the darkness of the night.' These and like utterances may,

* Newman's 'Apologia,' p. 408.

when the time comes, gather others round them, and in that case the Council, although without any brilliant result, will at least be prevented from giving an impetus to the wild superstitions and fancies which have of late years been gaining ground in the Roman Church. But they may easily and, unless more vigour and independence is shown than has been usual in the modern assemblies of ecclesiastics, they certainly will be, overcome by the vehemence of party feeling and by the pressure of a blind majority. An estimable Roman Catholic prelate, after describing some of the obvious defects of the Irish Protestant Church, asked triumphantly, 'Is this a photograph of the Bride 'of Christ?' It is a question which may be asked of other Churches in all lands. It is worth while to call attention to the plain matter of fact that all ecclesiastical institutions, whether Protestant or Catholic, are but human instruments which serve more or less imperfectly the purpose of carrying on the light of Divine truth and charity. Councils, Convocations of all kinds, are assemblies of fallible men, often with more than their ordinary faults. The Council of Nicæa and Constantinople were the scenes of furious recriminations and base intrigue. The Councils of Ephesus and Constance were stained with perfidy and murder. The Council of Florence was what the Patriarch of Constantinople described it to have been. The streets of Trent ran red with the blood of contending factions. The coming Council, thanks to the Reformation, and to the nineteenth century, will probably be free from these grosser scandals. It may by mutual intercourse soften some prejudices, palliate some abuses, redress some grievances. Its convention is an opportunity which the leaders of the Roman Church may fitly use for restoring concord amongst themselves, if not amongst other Churches, for modifying obsolete rules, explaining misunderstood practices. But unless it either utters great unmistakable decisions on the questions which now agitate the minds of men, or declares in all simplicity and humility its inability to solve them—unless it abandons confessedly false positions and discriminates between essentials and nonessentials, and revokes the errors of former Popes and Councils—there will be many, even amongst Roman Catholics, who, even in this age of superficial reaction, even (as M. de Montalembert pathetically laments) 'athwart the declamations 'and sycophantic flatteries with which we are deafened,' will be inclined to ask, 'Is this indeed the Rock of unshaken truth? is 'this the expression of the concentrated wisdom of Christendom? 'is this the voice which is henceforth to sway the destinies of 'the world?'

ART. II.—*Travels in the Central Caucasus and Bashan, including Visits to Ararat and Tabreez, and Ascents of Kazbek and Elbruz.* By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD. London: 1869.

WE had occasion, in a recent Number, to advert to the character and proceedings of the Alpine Club; and to show that it was not (as is too often imagined) a mere association of foolhardy young men for the empty gratification of climbing heights supposed to be inaccessible; but that its members had really done much good work in the Alps, and contributed materially to our knowledge of the most important range of European mountains. But it had for some time been evident that they would not stop there. The spirit of enterprise thus aroused was beginning to extend itself into other fields; as the peaks and lofty passes of Switzerland and the Tyrol came to be familiar to the enterprising mountaineers, there were naturally found some who wandered into more remote and less frequented regions in quest of the excitement of novelty: and the later numbers of the 'Alpine Journal' are diversified with accounts of excursions in the Sierra Nevada, Norway, Iceland, and even the Tibetan Himalayas.

But there still remained one great mountain range, which had been unaccountably neglected, though apparently calculated to afford a peculiarly favourable field for Alpine enterprise. By a singular accident, the Caucasus, though by far the earliest known of all really elevated mountain chains, and familiar, in name at least, to the Greeks in the days of Æschylus and Herodotus—when they had never even heard of the Alps and Pyrenees—had of late years attracted very little attention. Yet it was situated within comparatively easy reach; its loftiest summits were known to surpass the highest peaks of the Alps, while they were believed to be yet untrodden by human foot. It was known also, that since the close of the Crimean War, the Russian Government had permanently established its authority over the mountain tribes with whom it had so long been in a state of chronic warfare; and it might, therefore, be fairly presumed that an attempt to penetrate into the recesses of these wild mountains would have none but physical obstacles to encounter.

But there was another reason that seemed to make it especially incumbent on the members of the Alpine Club to undertake the exploration of the Caucasus. As early as May 1865, Mr. George (at that time Editor of the 'Alpine Journal') drew

their attention to the circumstance that the Russian Government had officially adopted the view already taken by many geographers, and fixed on the line of the Caucasus as the boundary between Europe and Asia. The consequence was, that the highest summits of the chain came to be included in Europe, and Mont Blanc could no longer claim its proud pre-eminence as the monarch of European mountains. Such an announcement was eminently calculated to call forth the energies of the Alpine Club, and stimulate some of its members to atone for their past neglect, and take the lead in the investigation of this new and interesting region.

In January 1868, the author of the volume before us, Mr. Freshfield, in company with Mr. Tucker—both of them names well known for daring and successful expeditions among the High Alps—left England for Egypt and the Holy Land, with the view of proceeding to the Caucasus as soon as the season should be sufficiently advanced. They were afterwards joined at Tiflis by Mr. A. W. Moore, another well-known mountaineer, and they took with them an experienced Chamouni guide, François Devouassoud, who proved a useful travelling servant, as well as a most valuable auxiliary in their mountain expeditions.

Of their preliminary tour, one portion alone possesses sufficient novelty and interest to deserve notice. Circumstances having given them a peculiarly favourable opportunity of visiting the little-known regions east of the Jordan, and the remarkable ruins of the Hauran and the Lejah, which have of late years attracted so much attention, Mr. Freshfield has given an interesting description of this part of Syria, and has 'felt himself bound' to record his opinion of the true character and probable age of the ruins in question. Painful as it might be to dispel the illusions raised by his more imaginative predecessors, the conclusion forced upon him and his companions was that the so-called 'Giant Cities' of Bashan, which had excited so much wonder in the minds of Mr. Porter and Mr. Cyril Graham, were in fact no giant cities at all, but mere provincial towns, of the time of the Roman Empire, when the districts of Auranitis and Trachonitis were still flourishing and populous provinces, enjoying a prosperity to which they have been strangers ever since the Mahometan conquest. The question is one into which our space will not allow us to enter, and we must content ourselves with referring our readers to Mr. Freshfield's pages for the details, while we express our entire concurrence in his conclusion that 'it is not of Og, but 'of the Antonines, not of the Israelitish, but of the Saracenic

'conquest, that most modern travellers in the Hauran will 'be reminded' (p. 59).

Before they proceeded to attack the Caucasus itself, Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Tucker had designed to ascend the still more famous peak of Ararat, a mountain that has already been more than once ascended, and on which they therefore anticipated little difficulty. Yet their attempt proved a failure, and they were obliged to succumb to sheer fatigue, arising apparently from the great length of the ascent, and the immense quantity of snow with which the mountain is covered at so early a period as the month of June, combined with the total want of training by previous excursions. Whatever the cause, this failure on the part of two such distinguished Alpine climbers to attain the summit will undoubtedly tend strongly to confirm the superstition prevalent among the natives at the foot of the mountain, that its top never has been, and never can be, trodden by mortal foot—a belief which they still maintain, notwithstanding the two recorded and undoubted ascents of Dr. Parrot in 1829, and of General Chodzko in 1850; 'neither of which (as Mr. Freshfield justly adds) is 'open to the slightest doubt.'

But we hasten to introduce our readers to the Caucasus itself—a region of which they probably know as little as Mr. Freshfield and his companions before they set out on their adventurous journey. So vague and uncertain was the information they were able to collect concerning the scene of their proposed explorations—the glaciers and highest portions of the range—that they must have enjoyed in a great degree the interest, and may fairly claim, in some measure, the credit, of original discoverers. They are certainly the first who have opened to the British public a mine of beauty and interest that will not soon be exhausted; and have led a way that cannot fail to be followed by many succeeding travellers into regions of surpassing loveliness, and some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world. It may well excite surprise, when we learn the character of the country thus explored for the first time by these pioneers, that it should have so long remained unknown. But we must remember that it is only of late years that the complete subjugation of the mountain-tribes by Russia has rendered their fastnesses accessible to peaceable travellers. Before that they were visited almost exclusively by Russian officers, and the love of mountain scenery—of comparatively recent growth even among Englishmen—has not yet found its way into the Russian breast. Of the travellers from whom our knowledge of the Caucasus was previously

derived—Klaproth, Dubois de Montpéreux, Haxthausen, and others—hardly any had penetrated into the inner recesses of the mountains, and their attention had been principally devoted to ethnographical inquiries into the relations of the various tribes that inhabit them, or to scientific observations on the productions of the lower and more accessible regions. Hence it may fairly be said that while we knew a good deal of the country about the Caucasus, we had very little knowledge of the mountains themselves. The completion by the Russian Government of a trigonometric survey of the whole chain must have led to a far more complete knowledge of its highest ranges than was previously possessed; but the results of these recent explorations were wholly unknown in England when Mr. Freshfield set out on his journey; it was not till his arrival at Tiflis that he was able to procure a copy of the Government map: and valuable as its assistance undoubtedly proved, the errors with which it was found to abound sufficiently showed how little the Russian engineers had troubled themselves with the examination of the peaks and glaciers of the central range. It was this portion of the chain, on the contrary, that formed the main centre of attraction to the English travellers; and richly were their exertions rewarded by the glorious scenery which it was found to present.

The scientific results of their explorations have been already given to the public, in a paper read before the Geographical Society by Mr. Freshfield, in January last, and honoured with the warm commendations of Sir Roderick Murchison, who justly remarked that such a journey could never have been accomplished by any but trained Alpine travellers. A graphic sketch of its principal features has also appeared in the 'Alpine Journal,' from the pen of Mr. Tucker, who possesses, in common with his fellow-traveller, the advantage of being as well able to describe as to observe the novel and interesting scenes through which their adventurous spirit led them. The fuller narrative presented to the public in Mr. Freshfield's volume contains an account of their adventures and experiences at once animated and unpretending. It is altogether free from that affectation which disfigures so many modern books of travels; the style is throughout marked by simplicity and good taste; and the author tells us plainly and well what he and his comrades did and saw, instead of stuffing out his book with second-hand information and quotations from former travellers. If the Caucasus acquires - as we believe it must do before long—a wide-spread and increasing popularity as a resort for enterprising tourists, it will owe not a little to the

agreeable manner in which it has been for the first time introduced to the British public.

In its general character and conformation the range of the Caucasus may be considered as presenting more analogy with the Pyrenees than with the Alps. Like the former chain, it preserves the same general direction unchanged, extending across from the Black Sea to the Caspian in one unbroken line, nearly 700 miles in length. It is only in its central portion that it attains to the great elevation which has given it so much celebrity; but throughout its whole extent it forms a continuous mountain barrier, separating the vast steppes of Southern Russia from the hilly and broken regions of Georgia and the adjoining provinces, and constituting the natural limit between Europe and Asia. It is indeed a singularly well-defined chain, descending at each extremity to the sea, and united on the south with the mountains of Armenia only by a low range of hills, which form the watershed between the streams flowing into the Black Sea and those that descend eastwards towards the Caspian. It is thus, in fact, wholly unconnected with any of the other great mountain systems, either of Europe or Asia.

Another point may be mentioned in which also the Caucasus resembles the Pyrenees rather than the Alps. In both cases the highest, or at least the most important, summits are in some measure detached from the main range; and, just as the Mont Perdu and the Maladetta both lie south of the central ridge of the Pyrenees, and are, consequently, included in Spain, so Mount Elbruz and Kazbek—the two best known summits of the Caucasus—are situated decidedly on the north side of that chain, and must, therefore, be geographically assigned to Europe, if the line of demarcation be drawn along the watershed of the range. Both these mountains are, in fact, of volcanic origin, and, geologically speaking, unconnected with the granitic masses which constitute the central axis of the chain.

Throughout its whole extent the chain of the Caucasus is traversed only by one natural pass, which has, consequently, formed in all ages the line of communication between the countries to the north and those to the south of it. This passage, commonly known as the Pass of Dariel, from the remarkable defile of that name, cuts across the main chain nearly in the middle, and in the immediate vicinity of some of its highest peaks. It is now traversed by a regular high road, recently constructed by the Russians, and engineered in the same style as the modern highways across the Alps. The task was not an easy one, as the summit level attains the height of very

nearly 8,000 feet, thus exceeding all the carriage roads across the Alps, with the single exception of the Stelvio; and the defiles to be traversed were of the most formidable description. But, notwithstanding its natural difficulties, the Pass of Dariel has, undoubtedly, been frequented in all ages, and was already well known to the Romans under the name of Pylæ Caucasiæ.

The only other line of communication—it can hardly be called a pass—is that along the shores of the Caspian, between the last offshoots of the mountain range and the sea. But here also the mountains descend in one place so close to the water's edge—in the neighbourhood of the town of Derbend—that the passage has been closed with a wall, while the numerous rivers to be crossed present so many difficulties, that this line of route has been much less frequented than the more central Pass of Dariel. It was, however, known to the ancients as the Pylæ Albaniæ—from the adjoining tribe of the Albanians—and was, according to Herodotus, the route followed by the Scythians who pursued the Cimmerians into Western Asia—the earliest inroad of the northern nations of which we have any historical account.*

The highest portion of this great range is that extending from Mount Elbruz on the west to Mount Kazbek on the east; and it is to the exploration of this part of the chain that our Alpine travellers exclusively devoted their attention. But when we consider that the portion thus selected extends more than 120 miles as the crow flies—considerably more than the distance from Mont Blanc to the St. Gothard—it is evident that there was work enough to occupy the most energetic mountaineers. Throughout this distance the main chain rises almost continuously above the limits of perpetual snow, and is clothed with vast masses and fields of snow, sending down on both sides glaciers equal in extent, and even superior in beauty, to the finest of those in the Alps. Mount Elbruz itself, the giant of the whole range, rises far above his compeers, attaining the height of 18,526 feet—more than 2,700 feet higher than Mont Blanc. But, among the snow-clad summits to the eastward, three, at least, including Mount Kazbek, surpass the monarch of European mountains; while several others rise above 15,000 feet, a height attained by Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa alone among Alpine peaks. Towards the west, on the contrary, the chain sinks rapidly. None of the mountains west of Mount Elbruz attain to the level of perpetual snow; and this part of the range consequently presents comparatively

* Herod. i. 104; iv. 12.

little attraction to Alpine travellers. But the case is otherwise as we proceed farther towards the east, where the chain, though cut by the deep depression of the Pass of Dariel, soon rises again to nearly the same elevation as before, and presents (as viewed by our travellers from the summit of Kazbek) 'group beyond group of snowy peaks, stretching away to the 'far off Bazardjusi, the monarch of the Eastern Caucasus.' All these peaks, some of them exceeding the Matterhorn in height, 'are still virgin ground for future explorers.

The ascent of Mount Kazbek was 'the first piece in the 'programme' of our adventurous travellers. This mountain has always occupied a prominent position amongst Caucasian summits, and, as Mr. Freshfield remarks, 'has somewhat un-'fairly robbed its true sovereign, Elbruz, of public attention.' The explanation is obvious. Kazbek stands close to the Pass of Dariel, and rears its giant form in full view of the traveller along the high road from Europe into Asia, while he sees Elbruz only from a distance 'as a huge white cloud on the 'southern horizon,' as he jolts wearily along across the endless steppes to the northward. The two other summits, which, in reality, exceed Kazbek in height, the Koschtantau and Dychtau, though visible also from the plain to the north, are eclipsed by the more imposing mass of Elbruz, and appear never to have attracted the attention of anyone, except the Russian engineers engaged on the trigonometrical survey. It is doubtless owing to this favourable position that repeated attempts had already been made to ascend Kazbek before the visit of the Alpine travellers. None of these, however, had proved successful; and hence they found, not unnaturally, on their arrival in the Caucasian provinces, a wide-spread belief in the inaccessibility of the peak, and were regarded with a mixture of amusement and pity as 'the Englishmen who were trying to get up 'Kazbek, and had the audacity to expect to succeed, where 'captains, colonels, and even generals, of the Imperial Russian 'Service had failed.' (P. 194.) In justice to these unsuccessful aspirants, it must be remembered, that not only were they accompanied only by timid and inexperienced native guides, but they were unprovided with that 'mountaineering gear'—especially ropes and ice-axes—without which no member of the Alpine Club would attempt the ascent of any formidable peak. Even with all these means and appliances, and the invaluable aid of their experienced Chamouni guide, Mr. Freshfield and his companions found the task by no means an easy one. After passing the night in a favourable situation, at a height of 11,000 feet, on the southern slope of the mountain, they left their

Caucasian porters behind them, and the three travellers, with their own guide, started alone upon the real ascent. After encountering various difficulties, and having one very narrow escape from an accident that might have been fatal to the whole party — and undoubtedly would have proved so had their rope failed them at the critical moment—they found the most fatiguing and difficult part of their work still before them, in the ascent of a long and exceedingly steep ice-slope, which led to the saddle between the two summits of the mountain.

'For the next four hours there was scarcely one easy step. The ice, when not bare, was thinly coated with snow. A long steep ice-slope is bad enough in the first state, as mountain-climbers know, but it is infinitely worse in the second. In bare ice a secure step may be cut; through loose incoherent snow it cannot. François went through the form of cutting, but it was of little use to the two front men, and none at all to those in the rear. In many places we found the safest plan was to crawl up on our hands and knees, clinging with feet and ice-axes to the slippery staircase. It has always remained a mystery to us how we got from step to step without a slip. The difficulties of the feat were increased by a bitter wind, which swept across the slope in fitful blasts of intense fury, driving the snow in blinding showers into our faces as we crouched down for shelter, and numbing our hands to such a degree that we could scarcely retain hold of our axes.' (Pp. 199, 200.)

It is clear that the ascent of Kazbek is not one to be hastily tried by any but experienced mountaineers. But difficult as was the climb up the ice-slope in question, its descent was judged to be a sheer impossibility, and hence the travellers were compelled to abandon the idea of returning by the same route as they had ascended, and had to find their way down the northern face of the mountain through a wholly unknown tract of rocks, snow-fields, and glaciers. Such a task is calculated to try the highest powers of the true Alpine explorer; but they judged, and as it proved correctly, that the glaciers they were following must ultimately discharge their waters into the deep glen of the Devdorak torrent, and by this means they succeeded, after a long circuit, in reaching the high road below the village of Kazbek. It may be well to add that the route thus accidentally discovered proved to be far easier than that on the south side, and will doubtless be the course generally adopted in future ascents of the mountain.

The success of this achievement was at first hailed with enthusiasm, and created intense excitement among the villagers; and the travellers 'found themselves installed as 'heroes' in the public opinion of those who had shortly before treated them as mere humbugs. But when the news was

duly transmitted by themselves to the Russian officials in Georgia and appeared in the 'Tiflis Gazette,' it was received with general incredulity. A person high in authority remarked—'that it was strange that a mountain which had 'been declared for sixty years inaccessible by Russian officers, 'should be ascended by Englishmen in a few days. The 'answer of the insulted officers was prompt and ingenious: '"We could have *said* we had been to the top as easily as '"the Englishmen."' (P. 445.)

It appears from an anecdote reported by Mr. Freshfield, on the authority of M. Khatissian, an Armenian gentleman, who had spent many months in examining the neighbourhood of the mountain, and making scientific observations on its glaciers, that such a mode of gaining credit is in fact by no means unknown to Russian officials. The attention of the authorities has been repeatedly called to sudden and violent inundations that have taken place in the valley of the Terek, erroneously attributed to 'avalanches' from Kazbek, but in reality caused by the occasional advance of the glaciers at their lower extremity, creating a barrier of ice across the torrent issuing from the great glacier of Devdorak, the waters of which are thus dammed up until they suddenly break through the barrier and sweep everything before them.* Such catastrophes have repeatedly occurred since the Russian occupation of these provinces. But in some instances it seems that they are apocryphal:—

'The record of one (in 1842) is preserved in the official archives at Tiflis, where the reports of the officers stationed at the Dariel fortress, and commissioned by the then Viceroy to ascertain the imminence of the impending danger, still exist. Mons. Khatissian, with some trouble, discovered the officer whose reports were fullest and most intelligible. He asked for further détails as to the nature of the catastrophe. The Colonel was at first confused and ambiguous, but soon, with an air of frankness, exclaimed, "I will tell you the real state of the case—I was never near the mountain at all." "But here I have an elaborate description of the state of the glaciers, with your signature?" "That is very possible. You see, I received orders from Tiflis to go and report on the state of the mountain. Why should I peril my life to no purpose? I could not avert the

* The geological reader will remember the celebrated inundation in the Val de Bagnes, which arose from a somewhat similar cause. But a more precise parallel is that of the Vernagt Glacier, in the valley of Rofen in the Tyrol, the oscillations of which, as it alternately advances and recedes, have caused repeated and disastrous inundations in the valley below.

danger, so I wrote, and said the mountain was much as usual. Then I got second instructions; I was to go in person and send a full detailed report of the exact nature of the danger to be apprehended. I started; I climbed into that horrible glen; I saw precipices overhanging my head—torrents roaring at my feet. Suddenly I came in view of a whole mountain of ice, already torn into fragments by the steepness of the slope to which it clung. To advance was certain death. I reflected on my wife and children, fled back to the road as quickly as possible, and reported that the expected avalanche had fallen, and that, happily, no one was the worse for it." "Then," asked Mons. K., "the celebrated avalanche of 1842 never existed but on paper—in fact, is your creation?" "Exactly, Monsieur," was the reply.' (Pp. 191, 192.)

The journey from Kazbek to Pari along the southern side of the great mountain chain, by what is termed in Alpine travellers' phrase 'a high-level route,' was in many respects the most interesting part of our travellers' explorations, and while it lay through a country almost unvisited by any former traveller,* led them through a succession of scenery of the most beautiful description. The first valleys traversed, those from which flow the upper waters of the Terek and the Ardon, were indeed arid and uninteresting, partaking of the same barren character with the upper valleys on the northern side of the chain. But after crossing the pass of Mamisson and descending into the basin of the Rion, the waters of which flow towards the Black Sea, all this was changed, and the mountain slopes were found to be clothed with the richest forests, with a dense undergrowth of flowering rhododendrons and azaleas, while above them rose magnificent snow-clad peaks, not less than 15,000 or 16,000 feet in height, with glaciers and ice-falls equal to, and even surpassing, the finest of those in the Alps. The transition was remarkably abrupt. 'Few people (observes Mr. Freshfield) who have not seen an 'absolute treeless district can appreciate the magical effect of 'coming out of one, suddenly, upon a densely forested region.' The Mamisson Pass, which separates the two regions, is about 9,500 feet in height, but offers few natural difficulties; it is already traversed by a broad horse-path, and will probably before long be crossed by a carriage-road, already projected by the

---

* Mr. George, writing in 1865, remarks that of the country to the south of the central chain he can find no description; and, although it must have been in some degree explored by the officers engaged on the Russian Trigonometrical Survey, no account of their labours has appeared, or at least has found its way out of Russia.

Russian authorities, and which, according to Mr. Freshfield, 'has some chance of completion,' owing to its obvious importance as the shortest line from Vladikafkaz to Kutaïs and the coast of the Black Sea. Whenever this line is opened it will greatly facilitate the access of travellers into the heart of the Caucasus and the glorious mountain scenery which it presents.

The same luxuriant vegetation continued to be the characteristic of the valleys which were now traversed in succession, from the head-waters of the Rion to those of the Ingur; and the beauty of the scenery served to compensate for the roughness of the travelling and the difficulties encountered in forcing their way along pathless slopes, or through the dense thickets and matted masses of the primæval forests. But lovely as were these valleys, our travellers were too genuine mountaineers not to look with a longing eye on the huge peaks and vast ice-fields that overhung them, and they accordingly made an excursion to the north side of the chain, crossing the mountain range by a glacier pass (11,250 feet high), which, in Mr. Tucker's expressive phrase, 'was not wholly 'easy,' while that by which they returned (12,250 feet) 'was 'wholly difficult,' involving the ascent of a 'glorious ice-fall,' some 4,000 feet in height, which cost them six hours of arduous and unremitting labour. Of this part of their journey Mr. Freshfield remarks that, 'the famous *séracs* of the Col du 'Géant are child's play when put in comparison with these 'Caucasian rivals.' On the whole they considered these two passes as 'worthy in every respect to be matched with the 'finest in the Alps.'

But the mighty summits that rose above these fields of ice, especially the highest and most striking of all, the Adai Khokh, presented so formidable a character that even our adventurous tourists recoiled from the attempt to scale them, and they were pronounced, if not absolutely inaccessible—a word which, as Mr. Freshfield suggests, may now perhaps be banished from a mountaineer's dictionary—at least practically so for so small a party. Still more imposing is the stupendous peak of Uschba (sixty miles farther west) which is described by Mr. Freshfield as 'beyond all comparison the most wonderful mountain mass' he had ever beheld:—

'Tier above tier of precipices rose straight up from the valley, culminating in two tremendous towers, separated by a deep depression. The twin summits resembled one another in form, and appeared to be long roof-like ridges, falling away in slopes of mingled rock and ice of terrific steepness. The idea of climbing either of

them seemed too insane to be so much as suggested, and even the lower spurs of the mountain above the meadows of Betscho are so tremendous that it looked as if a stone dropped from the top of either of the peaks would scarcely stop rolling before it reached the valley. There was no mistake about it, the Caucasian Matterhorn was found at last; only here we had one Matterhorn piled on another, and then multiplied by two.' (P. 330.)

It is evident that there is still abundant work for the Alpine Club to be found in the Caucasus for some time to come. Yet this noble peak, which was estimated at not less than 16,000 feet in height, is neither marked nor named upon the Russian Government map; so that Mr. Freshfield and his companions may justly claim the credit of being its discoverers. Equally unnoticed is another mountain to the west of Uschba, known by the name of Tungzorun, which was judged by our travellers to be probably the highest summit in this part of the chain. On the other hand, the map perversely marks a regular pass 'straight up the centre of an ice-fall which for height, 'breadth, and purity exceeds anything of the kind in the Alps,' forming 'a frozen cascade' of about 4,000 feet in height, and of a dazzling whiteness, similar to that of the well-known glacier of Rosenlauï. The Russian engineers appear, indeed, to have 'given up this part of the chain as a bad job,' and contented themselves with a very superficial and distant survey of the peaks that were visible from the northern plains. Doubtless they did not reckon on adventurous English travellers penetrating into these wild regions, so as to expose their shortcomings.

The valley of the Ingur, with its numerous and important tributaries, while it affords the nearest glimpses of these mountain marvels, is not less remarkable for the extreme beauty of the lower scenery. Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Tucker vie with one another in their ecstasies over the transcendent loveliness of the scenes through which they passed. 'It is 'quite impossible (says the former in one place) to convey 'in words any idea of the beauty of the landscape, or the 'grandeur of the scale, which placed the scenery beyond com'parison with any of the show-sights of Switzerland.' The enjoyment of these beauties was moreover enhanced by the facility with which they were beheld, presenting so strong a contrast with the difficulties they had recently encountered. 'The excellently-made paths down the valley ordinarily run 'along the crests of the spurs, and their beauty is almost in'describable. The path wanders at will, now on this side of 'the ridge, now on that, as if itself doubtful whether the more

'enchanting spectacle be afforded by the broad vale of the 'Mushal Aliz, dotted with towered villages, and backed by the 'long and finely curving glaciers of the main chain, or by the 'deep pine-clad gorge on the southern side, across which the 'Leila mountains raise their snowy crests.'*

Unfortunately there is another side to this enchanting picture. The valley of the Ingur is emphatically one of those regions 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' The Suanetians, as the inhabitants of this secluded district are termed, are beyond comparison the worst people in the Caucasus. Herr Radde, a German savant resident at Tiflis, who appears to be the only traveller that had previously visited these valleys, had given a most unfavourable description of the inhabitants, in whom the savage stupidity of their looks, and the insolence and rudeness of their manners, served as a just indication of the ferocity of their character. The inhabitants of one village are constantly engaged in hostilities with those of the next; robbery and murder were so frequent as scarcely to be accounted crimes, and individuals are frequently to be met with who have committed ten or more murders. At Jibiani, the highest village in the valley of the Ingur, where Mr. Freshfield and his companions—ignorant at the time of the character of the population—had hoped to find 'a kind of 'Pontresina' from whence to explore the neighbouring mountains, the villagers proved so insolent and aggressive, that they were obliged to hasten their departure, which in the end they were not able to effect without coming almost to an open conflict. Nothing saved them from robbery and violence but the fact that all three travellers were armed with revolvers, weapons whose unknown powers are regarded by the barbarians of the Caucasus with a kind of mysterious awe. 'The 'difficulty (as Mr. Freshfield observes) lies in enforcing this 'impression while keeping clear of actual fighting.' The travellers appear to have displayed, on this as on other occasions, a degree of coolness combined with resolution highly creditable to the character of the Alpine Club.

'The nature of the country (remarks Mr. Freshfield) has, 'no doubt, had a great share in forming the savage and wild 'character of its inhabitants. A large basin, forty miles long 'by fifteen broad, is shut in on all sides by glacier-crowned 'ridges, and the only access to it from the outer world, is by 'means of a narrow, and at times impassable, ravine, or over 'lofty mountain passes.' (P. 296.) The Russian Govern-

* Alpine Journal, vol. iv. p. 248.

ment, after carrying their arms into the valley, endeavoured for a time to enforce the submission and tranquillity of the people, by maintaining military posts within their territory, but these have been gradually withdrawn, and the Suanetians have been left to the enjoyment of virtual independence, 'and 'at full liberty to follow their own wicked ways of theft and 'murder to their hearts' content.' A post of *ten* Cossacks, still stationed at Pari, one of the most westerly villages in the valley, is the entire military force maintained by the Russians in the district, and was, indeed, the only sign of Russian authority which the travellers had met with after leaving Kazbek.

From Pari they directed their course once more across the central chain; but this time by a known pass, occasionally frequented by the peasantry of the adjoining valleys, and over which it was possible to drive cattle, as the travellers learned by meeting a party of Suanetian peasants, who had been on a 'cattle-lifting' expedition across the pass, and were returning with eleven cows which they had stolen from the Tartars of the Upper Baksan. These Tartars, who are Mahommedans, and a branch of the Circassian stock, proved to be in all respects a very superior race to those on the southern side of the range; and at Uruspieh, the place where our travellers fixed their head-quarters for the ascent of Elbruz, they found a hospitable reception, comfortable quarters, and a faint tinge of European civilisation. 'Only two days' journey from the 'Russian watering-places of Pätigorsk and Kislovodsk, Uruspieh is frequently visited by Russian travellers or officials, 'and even the rambling photographer has carried his camera 'thus far.' The native 'princes,' as the chief men of the village were styled, were far better-informed men than any that had been previously met with; they were familiar with the events of the Crimean War, and were evidently disposed to look with favour upon Englishmen. One of them had been in the Russian service, spoke Russian fluently, and had sufficient knowledge of the other countries of the west to be aware that Englishmen lived exclusively on beefsteaks and porter, and apologised for not being able to supply them with their national food!

What was more to the purpose, they entered warmly into the pursuits of the travellers, and furnished them with every assistance for the ascent of Mount Elbruz, an enterprise that appears to have really presented little difficulty to such practised mountaineers as Mr. Freshfield and his companions, although they suffered severely from the intense cold, aggra-

vated as it was by a violent wind. The prospect from the summit is pronounced to be decidedly superior to that from Mont Blanc, 'the Pennine Alps looking puny in compa- 'rison with Koschtantau and his neighbours from Elbruz.' But although the mountain is in fact, like its rival in the Alps, far easier to ascend than many of the inferior peaks of the chain, there is really no room to wonder that none of the previous attempts had been successful, a point which we concur with Mr. Freshfield in regarding as completely established.* It must be always borne in mind that not only were the former explorers untrained to Alpine work, and unaccustomed to glaciers, but they were unprovided with ice-axes and ropes, those invaluable safeguards to the mountaineer, the importance of which was sufficiently shown on the present occasion, Mr. Freshfield himself having slipped into a concealed crevasse, which, had he not been securely attached to the rope, would have put an abrupt termination to his wanderings in the Caucasus.

As Uruspieh will probably one of these days become a kind of Caucasian Chamouni, it is satisfactory to learn that the Tartar porters who accompanied the travellers on this occasion—two of them reaching the actual summit--showed themselves good mountaineers and capital walkers, and are pronounced by Mr. Freshfield to contain 'the raw material' of first-rate guides. Their share in the glory of the success naturally added to the excitement it created among the villagers; no doubt could, in this instance, be raised as to the object having really been attained; and the first ascent of 'Minghi 'Tau'—as the mountain is called on the Circassian side—will, doubtless, long be remembered by the Tartars of Uruspieh.

The travellers had now fully accomplished the three great

---

* The only expedition that can really put forward any pretension to have anticipated the English travellers is that conducted by General Emmanuel in 1829, an account of which was published by one of the German savants (M. Kupffer) who accompanied it. But even according to their own account it is clear that the travellers halted at a height of 15,000 feet, and it was only a solitary Circassian guide, who was *alleged* to have reached the top, and who claimed in consequence the promised reward. The utterly unsatisfactory character of this evidence was clearly pointed out by Mr. George in the 'Alpine Journal,' and is again discussed by Mr. Freshfield in an appendix to his present work. None of his readers, we believe, whether members of the Alpine Club or not, will have any doubt upon the subject.

objects of their journey—the ascents of Kazbek and Elbruz, and the establishment of a high-level route between them; and the remainder of their wanderings presents comparatively little interest. From Uruspieh they descended to Pätigorsk, where the existence of mineral springs has given rise to a Russian watering-place, that presents a singular oasis of civilisation in the midst between the dreary steppes of Southern Russia and the mountain wilds of the Caucasus. The contrast, 'charac-'teristic of Russia, between an excess of luxury and a lack of 'the commonest articles of civilisation,' is seen in its most exaggerated form in the Caucasian provinces, and was the more striking to travellers coming fresh from the mountains to a place possessing all the external characters of an European watering-place. At Pätigorsk they found a hotel of palatial character, Russian officers in full uniform, ladies dressed in the latest French fashions, and loungers in patent leather boots strolling about the gardens and listening to the strains of a military band in the intervals of drinking the waters. But these attractions could not detain them long, and they soon started for a fresh expedition into the mountains, ascending the valley of the Tcherek to the basin of Balkar, at the very foot of the glaciers, and thence, crossing the Stuleveesk Pass (about 10,000 feet in height), into the valley of the Uruch. From this pass they had a splendid view of the great granitic group of the Central Caucasus, with its two towering summits of Koschtantau and Dychtau;* but, tempting as these must have looked to such adventurous climbers as the party in question, the difficulties they presented from that side were pronounced insuperable, and Mr. Freshfield and his companions were compelled to leave 'the second and third summits in the 'Caucasus and in Europe,' not only unscaled, but unattempted.

In general, the scenery of the northern slopes of the Caucasus is decidedly inferior in beauty to that on the south, and wants especially the richness and variety of vegetation which distinguishes the Trans-Caucasian valleys; but the view of the great glacier range from a point above the valley of Balkar appeared worthy to be compared with those from the Gornergrat and the Æggischhorn, while the defiles through which the streams of the Tcherek and the Uruch force their way, are said to have

* Both these summits, according to the measurements of the Russian engineers, exceed Mount Kazbek in height, Koschtantau rising to not less than 17,096 feet, and Dychtau to 16,925 feet above the sea. All the measurements of heights in the Caucasus will, however, require careful revision.

a character of savage grandeur surpassing those of Pfeffers or the Via Mala. The gorge of Dariel, which the travellers traversed on their return journey to Tiflis, appeared to them unfit to rank beside the other two, though 'it had nothing to fear 'from a comparison with the finest defiles in the Alps.' But here, as is too often the case in the Alps, the mere existence of a carriage-road is felt as in some degree detracting from the impressiveness of the mountain gorge.

In summing up the comparative merits of Caucasian and Alpine scenery, Mr. Freshfield does not hesitate to give a decided preference to the former. 'There is nothing,' he says, 'in Switzerland or the Tyrol that can compare with the magnificent grouping of the Suanetian ranges, or with the gorges 'cut by the northern rivers through the limestone ridge which 'bars their way down to the steppe. In the Caucasus the 'slopes are steeper, and the usual character of the peaks is, 'that they shoot up from the valleys at their base in unbroken 'walls of rock and ice, to which the cliffs of the Wetterhorn 'afford the nearest parallel.' (P. 449.)

But if the peaks and glaciers of the Alps, which we are accustomed to regard as their especial pride, are thus inferior to those of its rival, still more decidedly is this the case with the forests that clothe their sides. Of the richness and variety of the magnificent forests of Mingrelia all travellers speak in terms of perfect rapture. Many of them are still untouched by the axe of the woodman, and they have the peculiar advantage that deciduous trees here attain to a much greater elevation than in the Alps, in some instances rising almost up to the snow-line. 'In richness of flora also the Alps must yield 'to their rivals. The azalea and rhododendron make the "al-'penrosen" seem humble, while there is nothing nearer home 'to compare with the gorgeous magnificence of the Caucasian 'tiger-lilies and hollyhocks.' (P. 451.)

Nor is the Caucasus deficient in attractions of another kind. To the sportsman it offers an interesting and almost unexplored field. Bears abound in the forests, chamois are found among the highest mountains, and the bouquetin—now so nearly extinct in the Alps—is by no means rare in the Caucasus. Even the gigantic 'aurochs' is still to be met with in the forests and valleys west of Mount Elbruz. Pheasants, too, are still abundant on the banks of the river from which they derive their name—the Phasis, now called the Rion—and the quest of them in their native forests would afford sport of a very different kind from a Norfolk battue.

Of the inhabitants of these beautiful regions we have left

ourselves little space to speak. It is hardly necessary to mention that the tribes that inhabit the Caucasus are among the most varied and multifarious to be found in any part of the world. Hence the traveller will find here in the highest degree the interest that attaches to a new and picturesque population, and will have the opportunity of making observations on races, whose origin and relations are still obscure. Mr. Freshfield has wisely refrained from entering into the complicated ethnographical questions connected with the Caucasian tribes; but his observations on the different races of mountaineers with whom he was necessarily brought into contact are valuable and interesting. On one point his testimony is precise and unequivocal. The superiority of the Mahommedan tribes on the north side of the range—the Tartars of the Kabarda—over their southern neighbours, the so-called Christians of Mingrelia and Georgia, 'is so marked that no honest traveller can pass 'it over in silence.' (P. 456.) But he fairly observes that the Christianity of the tribes in question is of the most imperfect and degraded character. The Ossetes in particular appear to retain in great measure their primitive paganism 'overlaid by 'a slight varnish of nominal Christianity.' Of the character of the Suanetians we have already spoken; but it is fair to add that this is the only district in the Caucasus where the traveller now runs any risk of open robbery. Everywhere else the Russian authorities have established something like order and tranquillity; and there seems no doubt that the population has gained by the change. The state of disorganisation produced in the Mingrelian districts by the temporary relaxation of the Russian rule during the Crimean War is described as deplorable, and threatened a complete relapse into their primitive barbarism. If the traveller in the Caucasus (as is not unfrequently the case) be at times offended with the stupidity or corruption of Russian officials, he must not forget that, but for their presence, he would be unable to penetrate at all into the interior of the country.

ART. III.—*Histoire des Princes de Conde, pendant les XVI et XVII Siècles.* Par M. le Duc D'AUMALE. Tomes I. et II. Paris: 1869.

IT is unnecessary for us to dwell at length on the circumstances which have retarded for years the publication of these interesting volumes. His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale having, as is well known, devoted a part of the leisure of his honourable exile to writing the annals of the House of Condé, the proof-sheets of the work were, in 1862, seized by an order of the French Government, for the purpose of securing the suppression of 'matter prejudicial to public 'authority.' Although this was a simple act of arbitrary power, wholly unsanctioned by law, seven years were spent in the vain endeavour to bring the question of the legality of the seizure before a court of justice. The Government sheltered itself behind that well-known provision of the constitution of the year VIII., which protects any public functionary from the consequences of a prosecution for abuse of authority, without the assent of the Conseil d'État. That assent was of course refused; but at length it became impossible to maintain this ignoble line of defence, and the authorities gave way, well knowing that they had no plea which could be judicially or legally supported.

It would be useless for us to comment on the malevolent tyranny and vindictive spite displayed in this transaction by the Ministers of that Imperial *régime* which boasts that in the exercise of its power it merely organises popular liberty. Unhappily that beneficent administration is too accustomed to commit outrages upon the reasonable freedom of the press to pay attention to a protest from foreigners; and, notwithstanding its self-assumed strength, it will, doubtless, always retain its fears of the play of thought and the independence of letters. The diseased imagination of a Tiberius might conceivably find a remote allusion to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien in certain passages in these volumes, especially in the narrative of the imprisonment and mock trial of the first Prince of Condé, and in the account of a supposed project of Henry IV. to violate the frontier of the Low Countries, for the purpose of seizing the third Prince of Condé, and bringing him to Paris. But men of ordinary judgment will pronounce that, in the words of its illustrious author, this book is emphatically 'one of good faith;' and Frenchmen will not fail to perceive that it is animated by a spirit of enthusiastic

patriotism, and of intense sympathy with French interests. The real object of the dread and hatred of the Imperial Government was not this book, but its illustrious author; and we rejoice to find that amongst the other liberal and beneficial concessions of the present year, the Emperor has been compelled to restore to the princes of the House of Orleans those rights of literary publication, of which not even an exile can be deprived.

These volumes are an instalment only of the complete biography of the House of Condé which the Duc d'Aumale contemplates publishing. They comprise the lives of the two first Princes, heroes of the religious wars of France, and the early career of the third Prince, until the death of Henry IV. The author expresses a modest doubt lest the delay in the appearance of his book should have made it 'a birth behind 'its time,' but he need not feel any such apprehensions. The two first Princes of the House of Condé played a remarkable part in one of the most stirring and memorable periods in French history; and an episode in the fortunes of the third is inseparably connected with the warlike policy of Henry IV. towards the House of Austria, and in fact was one of the lesser causes that induced that sovereign to commence the contest that, with some fitful intervals between, was terminated only by the Peace of the Pyrenees. A biography of personages who made themselves conspicuous in these great events is necessarily a subject of prominent interest; and the Duc d'Aumale has treated it in a highly attractive manner. While the narrative of these volumes keeps to the central figures of the Princes of Condé, it incidentally describes the momentous scenes of the grand drama in which they are actors, and it places clearly and fully before us the intrigues and crimes of the evil days that fell upon France during the ill-fated reigns of the last kings of the Valois line, the sanguinary wars that devastated and weakened the nation during a whole generation, and the era of comparative prosperity that followed the accession of Henry IV., and the settlement of the Peace of Vervins. The special excellence of the Duc d'Aumale in dealing with this important period, is his remarkable skill in elucidating and describing the civil wars, and in delineating the peculiar character and tactics of battles in the sixteenth century. In this respect his careful research and keen military judgment have made a valuable contribution to historical knowledge; and it is not too much to say that his instructive account of St. Quentin, Jarnac, Dreux, and Coutras, throws quite a new light upon these engagements; and, indeed,

upon all contemporary strategy. He has also described in a very effective way the general policy of Henry IV., and we agree on the whole with his high estimate of the genius and wisdom of that sovereign, in spite of the somewhat damaging evidence discovered lately by Mr. Motley's industry. In two particulars, however, we regard the period treated by the Duc d'Aumale from a point of view that differs from his; and we question the soundness of his conclusions. In our judgment the pure-minded Coligny was the real champion of French Protestantism, and by far the ablest Frenchman of his age, and his ally Condé was in every respect a less solid and an inferior character. But in his eagerness to place the conduct of Condé in the most favourable light, the Duc d'Aumale has, we think, exaggerated the merits of that somewhat frivolous leader; and he has unduly depreciated the rare gifts and noble qualities of the illustrious Admiral. We cannot, moreover, at all concur in the view taken by the Duc d'Aumale of Francis of Guise, and of the tyrannical faction that swayed France from the death of Henry II. until the final defeat of the League, though it is that of the great majority of Frenchmen, who, in this matter, appear to us to misinterpret the true lessons of history. As regards the style and manner of these volumes, we shall only say they are worthy of their author—a specimen of that pure and graceful French unhappily now too seldom seen.

The narrative of the Duc d'Aumale commences fitly with an instructive sketch of the pedigree of the House of Condé. Like all the branches of the line of Capet, it runs up to Robert the Strong, the grandfather of the famous Hugh, who at the close of the tenth century supplanted the Carlovingian dynasty. Saint Louis, the hero of the Middle Ages, was sixth in descent from the bold usurper, and his son Robert became the progenitor of the House of Bourbon, in its junior branches the parent stem of the House of Condé. The Duc d'Aumale dwells with just pride on the patriotic conduct of the Bourbon princes, and on their high historical renown, during that dark period in the annals of France, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. James, Count of La Marche, and Constable of France, saved the life of King John on the day of Cressy, was taken prisoner at the disaster of Poitiers, and died with honour on the field of Brignais. Poitiers saw another Bourbon perish; and three of the race lost freedom or life in a vain endeavour to arrest the tide of victory in the flight from Agincourt. In times of happier omen to France, Louis II., surnamed the Flower of Chivalry, was a staunch supporter and friend of Du Guesclin; and in the struggle which happily terminated

in the loss of the Plantagenet conquests in France, Duke John II. was raised to the rank of Constable, and by his heroic deeds won the honourable title of 'the Scourge of the 'English.' The name of Bourbon was famous, too, in many of the petty wars and enterprises undertaken by the great French nobles during the anarchy of the later feudal period; it was heard with terror by Barbary corsairs, and was welcome to traders of Genoa and Venice; and the prowess of the gracious Lords of Bourbon, their high estate, and their martial bearing, were eulogised by many an ancient chronicler. In the doubtful conflict between the House of Burgundy and the weak French monarchy, the Bourbons took the national side; and, as M. Michelet correctly shows, though outside the immediate line of the succession, their devices and mottoes always seemed to point to the hope of a royal inheritance. When Charles VIII. invaded Italy, several Bourbon princes were in his train; and the King entrusted his shortlived conquest of Naples to Gilbert Count of Montpensier. The Duc d'Aumale, apparently from a sentiment of patriotic shame, hardly dwells sufficiently on the stormy career of the second son of this prince, Charles, the celebrated Constable and arch-rebel of the first part of the reign of Francis I. Inheritor of the immense fiefs of Anne of Beaujeu and Peter of Bourbon, and the favoured lover of Louisa of Savoy, the Constable of Bourbon was the last of the great feudal lords who overshadowed the throne by mere personal influence and power; his deeds and his fate form a striking episode in the early history of the sixteenth century. Our readers must be generally aware how this daring and ambitious chief won distinction in the Italian wars; how, having received the sword of Constable, and obtained the command of the French armies, he provoked the jealous fears of the King by his haughty demeanour and martial display; how he became the object of the passionate hatred of the King's mother, his former mistress, who endeavoured to filch away his patrimony; how, watched by spies and surrounded by foes, he long defied all attempts to combat him in his mountain lair of the Bourbonnais; how he consummated his treason by deserting with a mass of retainers to Charles V.; and how, having repeatedly done good service for his imperial master, he was betrayed and neglected by envious colleagues, and fell ingloriously at the sack of Rome, the leader of a band of bloodthirsty warriors, whose atrocious cruelties were long a proverb. Even after the lapse of three centuries his remote kinsman, like the heroic Bayard, turns away with disgust from

'the perjured noble who had proved false to his King and his 'Lord,' and passes hastily over his remarkable exploits.

The crimes and dishonour of this proscribed chief placed the House of Bourbon in disastrous eclipse, and, during the reign of Francis I., there were few signs of a change in its fortunes. No member of the family, however, followed the example of the traitorous Constable; and two of the Bourbon princes fell, beside their sovereign, on the field of Pavia. The line had now almost dwindled down to Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, who, though already not far from the throne, through the gradual decay of the race of the Valois, was treated by Francis I. with neglect, and led a life of comparative obscurity. The Duke of Vendôme had thirteen children; but of these many died young and unmarried, and two only transmitted to descendants the name and blood of the House of Bourbon. These were Anthony, the eldest son, by his marriage afterwards King of Navarre, father of the illustrious Henry IV., and the common ancestor of all the existing Bourbons; and the youngest son, Louis, Prince of Condé, the founder of that celebrated House, and the first subject of this biography.

Louis of Condé was born in 1530, and was brought up for the most part at the little Court of the kings of Navarre, under the care of his mother, Frances of Alençon. We know little of his early training; but though, to judge from his after-life, it could not have been particularly strict, it certainly was not unbecoming his rank, and possibly it implanted in his mind the germs of the religious tenets of which he became in manhood the champion. At Nérac the boy must have often been in the company of the beautiful Margaret of Navarre, that 'Pearl of the Valois,' whose gentle spirit was deeply touched by the Reformed doctrines, of Isabella and Henri d'Albret, both Huguenots of a decided type, and of several of the great Huguenot seigneurs; and we cannot but suppose that these associations must have had an influence upon his disposition. In 1549, the Prince received the modest appointment of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Henry II., and became acquainted for the first time with the gay, dissolute, and intriguing throngs that encircled the throne of Catherine of Medicis, or crowded the saloons of Diana of Poitiers. During the next two years he seems to have plunged with ardour into this dissipated life, and to have won many an easy triumph among that 'squadron of frail beauty' maintained by the subtle Florentine Queen, and not the least potent of her instruments, But though, as one of the princes of the blood, he was entitled

to a higher place of honour in the pageants of the Louvre and St. Germains, he was looked upon coldly by the King, and was subjected to many slights and privations. In fact, ever since the disgrace of the Constable, the Bourbons had been disliked by the Valois; the family, ruined by fines and confiscations, had sunk from its former estate; and the young Prince of Condé found himself in poverty, and almost a stranger in the palaces of the French monarchy.

In 1551, the princely but almost friendless youth contracted a marriage which did not fail to affect powerfully his subsequent fortunes. The name of the lady was Eleanor of Roye, grandniece of the aged Constable of Montmorency, first cousin of the illustrious Coligny, and in faith and manners a staunch Huguenot. The immediate result of this marriage was to separate Condé from the faction of the younger courtiers, headed by the Guises, that swayed Henry and the reigning favourite, and to attach him to the old feudal noblesse of which the Constable was the acknowledged head; and we can hardly doubt, although 'this prince loved other men's wives as well as 'his own,' that it inclined him towards the Reformed doctrines. Condé had not long been married when he left his bride to cross the Alps, and take part in the contest still raging between France and the Empire in Italy for that splendid possession. It is characteristic of his humble fortunes that, though nearly allied to the Royal House, he entered the army as a volunteer; no knightly attendants bore his pennon; and he served under the veteran Brissac as an obscure cadet of the French nobility. Having distinguished himself in the Italian wars, though, like many of his youthful companions, 'he was not 'easy to direct or manage,' the Prince was next engaged in the campaign which permanently extended the frontier of France by the annexation of the Three Bishoprics; and, under the orders of Francis of Guise, he assisted at the celebrated defence of Metz by that bad man but accomplished general. He was then employed in the desultory struggle that had been raging for many years along the border of the Low Countries, and afterwards once more in Italy; but though he displayed the valour of his race in more than one dashing and bloody encounter, he continued a subordinate only, and the solitary favour he received from the King was the command of one of the compagnies d'ordonnance, about equivalent to a cornetcy in the troops of the Royal household. An accident, apparently, raised Condé to a position more worthy of his high station. The Duke of Savoy having invaded Picardy after the rupture of the Truce of Vaucelles,

and invested St. Quentin with an overwhelming force, Coligny, with characteristic heroism, threw himself into the beleaguered place, and Montmorency advanced to his aid, with a large but hastily collected army. Owing probably to his kinsman's good-will, Condé commanded the right wing of the French, and on the disastrous day of St. Quentin he exhibited not only undaunted courage, but military skill of no mean order. We commend especially to our readers the Duc d'Aumale's sketch of this memorable battle, one of the worst defeats that France ever endured; but we can do no more than refer to it as singularly graphic, clear, and intelligent. After this fatal rout, the duty of retarding the advance of the enemy fell on the Prince; and on this occasion his services were of the greatest value to the French monarchy, for he succeeded in arresting completely the invasion that threatened to roll on to Paris. He remained, however, still in the shade of neglect; the King refused him the government of a province that had been hereditary in the House of Bourbon; and the only advancement he obtained was an honorary command in the infantry of the army, one which in those days, when the French nobleman confined himself to the ranks of the cavalry, was considered as little less than an insult.

The new epoch that commenced in France after the Peace of Cambray and the death of Henry II. effected no change in the fortunes of Condé. He was treated with contempt and dislike by the faction that domineered in the kingdom; the government he applied for was again withheld; and his brother Anthony had been pointedly slighted in the late negotiations touching Navarre. The two Bourbon princes now coalesced with the large section of the French nobility, with Montmorency as its acknowledged chief, that resented the ascendency of the Guises and their influence over Francis II.; and Condé, as one of the Princes of the Blood, took an opportunity of protesting openly against the pretensions of the House of Lorraine, and the dangerous policy of making the young King assume the title of Sovereign of England, in virtue of the claims of Mary Stuart. Condé was thus completely alienated from the Court; and events soon widened and deepened the breach. For many years the Protestants of France had submitted without a show of resistance to persecutions of the most atrocious kind, to burnings and massacres under Francis I., to general proscriptions and cruel confiscations to glut the avarice of his son and his mistress. But passive obedience has its limits; and when the accession of the Guises to power increased their sufferings, and threatened the kingdom with subjection to the

rule of Philip II., a change gradually came over their sentiments. In numbers probably a fifth of the nation, notwithstanding the efforts made to destroy the sect, strong in the rising commercial towns, and in the support of many of the chief nobles, and possessing already an excellent organisation in their congregations and ecclesiastical union, they began to reflect whether it was not necessary to make a stand against the Court, and to assert the rights of a powerful minority, remarkable for its worth and intelligence. This was the origin of the movement, known by the name of the Conspiracy of Amboise, which, with due deference to the Duc d'Aumale, was less the dark treason he has described it, than a general combination for a redress of grievances, though undoubtedly it was associated with a plot that aimed at subverting the Government. Smarting under a sense of repeated slights, Condé listened to the overtures of the malcontents, and lent his name at least to their cause; and we may suppose that religious sympathy may in some degree have influenced his decision; though it is remarkable that Coligny, more sincere and wise, refused to take any part in this league. What followed was exceedingly characteristic of the cruel and treacherous junto in power. An attempt at a rising having been suppressed, the Guises and Catherine intrigued to break up the confederacy by detaching its leaders from it; and Condé having been summoned to Amboise, Francis of Guise, with a show of chivalrous frankness, offered to 'defend his Highness 'against all comers, and stand his surety in any charge of trea-'son.' At the same time, the subordinate agents in 'the con-'spiracy' were treated with execrable rigour; and punishments of the most frightful kind were inflicted on numbers of innocent persons. The Duc d'Aumale passes lightly over these foul crimes—the evil prelude to the civil wars—and does not allude to the indignation they provoked even within the Court, to the public remonstrances of the boy-King, sickened at the sight of the hangings and drownings that met his eyes round his own palace, or to the pathetic exclamation of the Duchess of Guise, aghast at the deeds of her own husband, 'Interfere, Sire, they 'are murdering your subjects.'

Having been a witness of these scenes of blood—it is said, though we hardly credit the tale, that he was compelled to behold them from the battlements of Amboise—Condé betook himself to the Court of Nérac, judging correctly that he was under suspicion. Anthony of Bourbon, frivolous, fickle, and weak, professed himself at this moment a Huguenot; and many of the Huguenot chiefs of the south, alarmed at the issue

of recent events, addressed themselves to the Bourbon princes, and entreated them to become their leaders. A partial Huguenot rising took place at the same time in Dauphiny and Provence, and though it was easily put down, the attitude of the sect throughout France was menacing. Meanwhile, the tyranny and grasping selfishness of the Guises had made them numerous enemies, and Montmorency and his powerful following stood aloof from the government. The Lorraine brothers felt their authority threatened by a possible combination between the Huguenots and the great feudal seigneurs, its main link being the Bourbon princes; and with characteristic energy they resolved to destroy it. The boy-King was easily persuaded that a plot was laid against his life; and Anthony of Bourbon and Condé received a command to appear at the States-General, about to be convened at Orleans. The brothers obeyed the summons at once, and set off with a weak escort only; nor is it improbable—though no hint is given of it by the Duc d'Aumale—that two of Catherine's houris were employed to lure them to take this imprudent step, and decoy them into the hands of their enemies. Spite of warnings that ought to have opened their eyes, the Princes proceeded upon their way, received everywhere with due honour by the officials of the treacherous Government; but they had no sooner arrived at Orleans than the snare was effectually drawn around them. In the presence of the mute and astonished Court, they were charged with treason by the King and the Guises; and, having been thence taken to the closet of Catherine, who doubtless gave them many smooth words of feigned regret and deadly courtesy, they were separated and thrown into prison. Condé, more daring and more proud, fared worse than his shallow and fickle brother, who seems ere long to have been set free. He was tried on the spot by a special commission, composed in part of his personal enemies; and, without any solid proof of guilt, he was sentenced to 'fall by the axe in a fortnight' on 'evidence obtained by 'fraud and torture.' The King, doubtless under the influence of the Guises, was the president of this shameful tribunal which directly violated the law of the land; and, as we have said, these proceedings resemble the tragedy of Vincennes in some respects, though the points of difference are sufficiently obvious. In consequence partly of these very distinctions, the Bourbon Prince of the sixteenth century was more fortunate than his hapless descendant. The time given for the execution of the sentence enabled the illustrious Michel L'Hopital to interpose a salutary delay; and within a few days an event

occurred that altered the whole political situation. Francis II., sickly and prematurely decayed, like all the offspring of Henry and Catherine, died suddenly at the close of 1560, and this death, which for some months gave a rude shock to the power of the Guises, caused the immediate liberation of the captive.

In the short-lived revolution that followed the accession of Charles IX. to the throne, Condé played for a time a conspicuous part. The Parliament of Paris pronounced him innocent; Francis of Guise embraced him in the presence of the Court; and Catherine, in the brief attempt she made, under the inspiration of L'Hopital, and through genuine fear of the Lorraine faction, to rule by balancing the religious parties and extending toleration to the Huguenots, treated the Prince as one of her most trusted counsellors. The Duc d'Aumale eulogises the magnanimity and heroism of Francis of Guise at this juncture, and describes him as rising superior to fate in the midst of dangerous and conspiring enemies. But the Guises were in no real peril; and as events were rapidly tending to replace them in their former ascendency, the only merit of Francis was perseverance to wait the turn of fortune. At this moment Philip II. was interfering in the councils of the Louvre in the interest of the House of Lorraine; and his ambassador was endeavouring to restore them to power, in order to carry out his master's policy of extirpating the detested Huguenots. Notwithstanding, too, the generous protests of the Commons at the States-General of Orleans, and the enlightened wisdom of the great Chancellor, France, as a nation, was fanatically Catholic; the Parliaments of several provinces refused to register the edicts of toleration; the mob of Paris declared itself against the Reformers with savage violence; and signs of a general Catholic rising throughout the kingdom were not wanting. The change that was impending was precipitated by the conduct of Montmorency and his followers, who, resenting the demands of the Estates of a province, made, it is said, at the instigation of Coligny, for an inquiry into the scandalous extravagance of the favourites of the reign of Henry II., coalesced ere long with the Lorraine brothers; and the vacillating and unprincipled Anthony of Bourbon having been gained to the same side, the celebrated junto, known by the name of the Triumvirate, rose into power. Within a few months the evil domination of the Guises was completely restored; and the Government, timid, selfish, and fickle, yielded, after a show of faint opposition. Condé, now in faith a professed Huguenot, and, on account of his princely rank, the nominal leader of the Reformers, began to lose his

influence with the Queen; and Coligny and the Huguenot chiefs saw with alarm the political horizon charged with an approaching tempest.

The condition of France at this crisis—just before the outbreak of the religious wars—is thus graphically described by Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the ambassador of Elizabeth in Paris; we quote a few words that illustrate much that ensued:—

'Heere be strange discourses and great expectations what shall become of the world heere. The King of Navarre, the Duke of Guize, the Constable, the Cardinal Ferrase, the three marshalles of France, St. André, Bryssac, and De Thermés, the Cardinal of Tournou, and all their favourers and followers be conjoynid fermelie together to overthrow the Protestant religion, and to exterminate the favourers thereof, which enterprise and desired purpose is poursuyd forward by the ambassadere of Spayne heere, and Spanish threateninge and countenances. The Queene-mother assisted with the Queene of Navarre, the Chancellor, the Prince of Condé, the Cardinale of Chastillon, the Admiral, Monsieur D'Andelot and their followers and favourers, do yet countenance the matter on our syde. I praye God, *the Queene-mother do not sturr her collar.*'

Catholics and Protestants were thus watching each other, when the massacre of Vassy fired in an instant the long smouldering train of passion and hatred. The Duc d'Aumale hurries rapidly over this detestable deed of perfidy and blood; he cannot bear to dwell on the crimes of those whom he represents as the leaders of the nation, or to indicate the justification of Huguenot 'rebellion.' Nor does he notice the terrible burst of fanaticism that followed, the crusade preached by the exulting priesthood against the Reformers in every parish, the judicial murders committed by the Parliaments, the hangings, drownings, and burnings of the Huguenots in many parts of the kingdom, which M. Michelet has correctly described as the St. Bartholomew of 1562. The affrighted Reformers flew to arms; but though it would be idle to suppose that the cruelties they endured were not requited, it has been truly observed that, wherever they obtained the mastery, they displayed their vengeance rather in destroying what in their eyes were the monuments of an idolatrous worship, than in taking the lives of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The Duc d'Aumale is evidently inclined to underrate the importance of this rising; but it was the widespread and universal movement of an oppressed sect against execrable tyranny. The strength of the Huguenots lay in the northern provinces, along the seaboard, or in the mountain

districts of the south, where the Protestant doctrines had either entered, or the traditions of the Albigenses had lingered, but they numbered thousands of zealous adherents in almost every part of the kingdom, especially in the town communities. In an incredibly short time armed men, headed by their seigneurs and by enthusiastic preachers, sprang up in angry swarms throughout France; and Condé, with the assent of the Huguenot chiefs, who always endeavoured to identify their cause with loyalty and the Royal House, was chosen as head of the insurrection. The Prince, in spite of the efforts of the Triumvirs, who 'bade him scorn that vile canaille,' set off from Paris with an army of nobles, whose gay bearing and brilliant retinue, contrasted strangely with the sombre aspect and simple armour of the Huguenot bands; and having seized Orleans, and made that place the general rendezvous of the men of religion, he found himself at the head of an army that for the moment defied opposition. In fact 'the Government was surprised; it had only the Royal Guard in hand and three or four thousand armed men; and though its resources would quickly multiply, this force was for the present unable to cope with that of the Reformed leaders. In this conjuncture, either for the purpose of gaining delay, or with her usual turn for taking the side for the time the stronger, Catherine listened to the overtures of Condé, and, 'imploring him to save 'her children and Crown,' she promised to repair to the Huguenot camp. The Triumvirs, however, knowing the importance of having Royalty to grace their cause, seized the persons of the Queen and her eldest son, and, with or against her will, carried them off to Paris, where, in the midst of a ferocious population that cried to Heaven for vengeance and blood, they summoned France to a crusade against the heretic rebels.

Thus were loosed the furies of civil war that deluged France with blood, and unnerved her arm as a great Power, during a whole generation. Each side, in its appeal to the sword, inscribed the royal name on its banners, and shouted the cry of God and the King; but while the white ensigns of the House of Valois were always seen in the Reformers' hosts, it is remarkable that the red colours of Spain were, from the outset, the badge of their adversaries. As was but natural in a writer filled with the traditions of a great Catholic monarchy, and of a literature that has advocated the successful cause, the Duc d'Aumale, though with honourable earnestness he tries to assume an impartial attitude, is, unconsciously to himself, a partisan in the view he takes of this terrible contest. He persists in identifying the half-foreign tyranny which with

hardly an interval was supreme in France, until the reign of Henry IV., with the welfare and independence of the nation, and in representing the Reformers as essentially an alien and rebel faction. His patriotism, accordingly, leads him to extenuate the crimes and misdeeds of the party in power, to describe them as the necessary severities of a Government struggling for its existence, and to exaggerate, as the guilt of unnatural treason, the excesses committed by the Huguenots, and the alliances they formed outside the kingdom. This tendency, indeed, does not master the excellent judgment of the Duc d'Aumale, or make it blind to cardinal truths; he indignantly condemns the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the violence of the League, the guile of Henry III.; and he can admire the heroism and undaunted stubbornness of more than one of the Huguenot leaders. But his prepossessions are not the less marked; he paints Francis of Guise as a high-minded warrior, fighting for the unity and glory of France; he keeps out of view, as far as he can, the subjection to Spain of the Lorraine party; he sympathises with the Catholic chiefs, as the representatives of the national cause, and glosses over their deeds of blood; he even throws into the shade the wicked intrigues and faithlessness of Catherine and her sons; and, at the same time, he censures harshly the conduct and objects of the Reformers; he addresses himself, in a special way, to depreciate the illustrious Coligny; and he invariably regards the Huguenots as an element of national weakness and danger. That is, no doubt, a thoroughly French view of the Reformed religion, and it is the reason why Protestantism is still regarded by the bulk of the French people as an anti-national creed. 'La France est plus Catholique que Chrétienne' was the remark of one who knew the country well. Our view of this memorable tract of history, we need hardly say, is widely different. The great majority of Frenchmen were, no doubt, Catholics; and, in this sense, the Government that took the Catholic side in the religious wars represented the general tendency of the nation. But that Government during nearly thirty years was the embodiment of a Spanish policy, that set at nought the interests of France; even the perfidious Catherine and cowardly Valois resisted it as much as they dared; and it abandoned the kingdom to a confederacy of fanatics, the docile satraps of a foreign despot. As for its character and conduct, they were written in deeds that anticipated the crimes of 1793, in butcheries of St. Bartholomew and Sens, in sieges of Paris and days of barricades, in provinces covered with blood and ashes. On the other hand, though

certainly divided in religious sympathy from the mass of the people, the Huguenots struck for the national cause, for the independence of France, and their legitimate King; and though often carried away by the frenzy of the time, they were the sufferers rather than the doers of wrong. As regards the political aspirations of their real leader, the noble Coligny, he would have made France a great Protestant Power, the ally of England, and a free State. It would perhaps have been better for the House of Bourbon had it governed upon such enlightened principles.

The first scenes of the civil war were not marked by the atrocious character that ere long prevailed in the contest. There was a brief pause of uneasy hesitation; and Catherine, perceiving that her authority would disappear amidst the shock of arms, attempted, sincerely perhaps, to negotiate. Condé showed but too plainly that he was ill fitted to be the chief of a great and determined party. At an interview with the Queen, he consented to leave the kingdom with the Huguenot leaders; the Guises and the Court, no doubt, expecting that the flock would scatter after the flight of the shepherds. The Prince having been compelled to break this foolish engagement, both sides prepared for the approaching conflict. By this time the relative strength of the opposing parties had completely changed; and though the Huguenot forces were still considerable, the success of their foes was already certain. Three great armies, set on foot by the Government, and recruited largely from foreign mercenaries, were marched into the interior of France, and, in every province, thousands of enthusiasts, backed usually by the local authorities, formed themselves into bands to crush the insurrection. In a few months most of the strong places held by the Huguenots had been taken; the line of defence on the Loire was lost: they had suffered repeated defeats in the south; and Condé, with their only remaining force, was shut up in Orleans, and surrounded by enemies. Of the atrocities that disgraced the success of the Catholics, the ruthlessness of the soldiery of Nevers, and the murderous fury of the brutal peasantry, we hear but little from the Duc d'Aumale, though he brings out in distinct relief the iconoclastic violence of the Reformers, and though he condemns in severe language the policy now adopted by their leaders.

Feeling the cause lost without immediate succour, they despatched D'Andelot to obtain aid from the Protestant Powers upon the Rhine, and Condé and Coligny gave their consent to negotiations with Elizabeth. That sovereign had for some

time watched the attitude of the contending parties in France, divided between a dislike of 'rebels' and a conviction that the Huguenot cause was her own; and, with characteristic selfishness and craft, she had made up her mind to drive a hard bargain, should her assistance be sought by either side. Like all the English politicians of the time, she regretted bitterly the loss of Calais, practically ceded at the Peace of Cambray; and she fixed upon that coveted possession as the price of intervention in France. In a treaty made with the Vidame of Chartres, as the representative of the Huguenots, she promised to assist them with men and money, and to defend the fortresses of Rouen and Dieppe, on the condition, however, that an English garrison should be put in occupation of Havre, as a pledge for the restitution of Calais. The Duc d'Aumale is lavish of reproaches against the authors of this discreditable compact; and we freely admit that any trafficking of the kind is the one blot on the fair fame of Coligny. But we must recollect that Condé and the Admiral declared solemnly that they never empowered their envoy to consent to these terms; and it is fair to observe that the words of the treaty do not necessarily imply such dangerous concessions. If we condemn, too, the Huguenot chiefs, we must bear in mind the extremity of their peril, and that, unhappily, in that age, the zeal of party too often extinguished patriotism; and, certainly, their defence, as against their adversaries, was sufficient. It did not lie in the mouths of the Guises, who ruled in the interests of Philip II., who had filled the Royal armies with Swiss and Germans, and who had been plotting with foreign Powers for an invasion of France to suppress heresy, to complain of treasonable practices with foreign Powers.

The negotiations of the Huguenot chiefs relieved them in their distress for a time. The main Royal army set off from Orleans to take part in the siege of Rouen; D'Andelot reached the place with a German contingent; and Condé and the Admiral, set free, found themselves at the head of 14,000 men. This force might have struck a decisive blow, had the Prince made a bold advance upon Paris; but the opportunity was lost in vain demonstrations and idle trifling with the artful Queen, who knew how to work on the generous nature or the ambitious spirit of the credulous Bourbon. Coligny insisted on taking the command; and he proposed a plan of military operations which, with submission to the Duc d'Aumale, showed his genius for war, and was, in the main, successful. He wished to transfer the theatre of the contest to the northern provinces, where the Reformers were still in

considerable strength, and, resting on the sea, and supported by England, to make a determined stand for Huguenot liberties. The Prince reluctantly followed these counsels; the Huguenot army advanced towards Normandy; and, after making some false movements, for which M. Michelet blames Condé, and the Duc d'Aumale his illustrious colleague, it found itself in the neighbourhood of Dreux, confronted by a superior force of Royalists. We can do no more than notice with praise the Duc d'Aumale's excellent account of this engagement; it is very elaborate, careful, and clear; and it does justice alike to the tactical skill of Francis of Guise, to the valour of Condé, and to the indomitable perseverance of Coligny—like his genuine descendant William III.—always great under the frowns of fortune. The nominal commanders on either side, Condé and the old Constable Montmorency, were taken prisoners in the battle; and this accident, followed by the death of Francis of Guise within a few months, led to the commencement of negotiations between the heads of the contending parties. The Prince and the Constable, each strongly guarded, 'held parleys' upon an islet of the Loire, and discussed the terms of a general pacification; Catherine assisted occasionally at these interviews; and the result was the Edict of Amboise, long the theme of the regret of Huguenot writers. This settlement betrayed the want of sympathy between Condé and the great body of the Reformers. It secured toleration and freedom of worship for the great leaders and the higher noblesse; but it provided no corresponding advantage for the real champions and martyrs of the cause, for the small gentry and hardy townsmen, who, with souls unalloyed by selfish ambition, had risked everything for the sake of religion, and had braved death and sufferings in a thousand forms. It is no wonder, though the Duc d'Aumale thinks that jealousy may have influenced his conduct, that Coligny refused to set his hand to this unequal and ill-devised arrangement. He had been successful in repeated combats, and had gained a solid footing in Normandy; nor can it be doubted that the Reformers might easily have obtained very different conditions. In truth, more than one historian asserts that Catherine had won the consent of Condé by means not uncommon in her diplomacy. A frail beauty, Isabella de Limeuil, it is said, was thrown in the way of the Prince, who, for her venal charms, betrayed the cause; and to judge from the dates of some of the letters of Condé to the lady in this book, the story seems to be not at all improbable. It is certain, at least, that for some reason, the Huguenot doctors at this juncture were especially

severe upon the licentiousness of the Prince; the Huguenot congregations denounced him fiercely as a profligate and shallow-hearted apostate; and he was treated even by the Catholic leaders with supercilious contempt and neglect. 'The Prince,' thus reported a shrewd English eyewitness, 'swymeth betwixt 'two waters, neither the Catholiks nor the Protestants do 'love him; in truth I cannot tell of which of the two he is 'more hated.'

The immediate result of the Peace of Amboise was to effect a momentary reconciliation between the leaders of the religious parties, and to make them unite against Elizabeth. The Queen had acted after her wonted fashion; she had been niggard of aid to her allies; she had considered nothing but her own interests; and she now insisted on keeping a garrison at Havre as a guarantee for regaining Calais. After negotiations, which at least proved that they never accepted her interpretation of their contract, the Huguenot chiefs declared themselves released from further obligations to her; and Condé, Coligny, and Montmorency combined their forces to drive out the English from Havre and the seaboard of Normandy. The siege lasted a few days only. Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in heroism; their mutual hatred vanished for an instant in their common resolve to expel the stranger. Foiled, mainly through her own overreaching spirit, Elizabeth lost both Havre and Calais, the devices through which she had hoped to recover the jewel that had fallen from the Tudor crown, having turned out, as they deserved to be, fruitless. If Condé and Coligny seem at first sight to have acted ungratefully in this matter, Elizabeth herself before long forgave them; in truth, she knew she had advanced pretensions they were justified in resisting to the utmost; and she felt that she had been playing a game in which she had been, not unfairly, beaten. In describing these passages, the Duc d'Aumale reflects severely upon the Admiral; but he omits to mention that that great man had been deeply impressed by what had occurred, and that afterwards he opposed the intervention of Foreign Powers in behalf of his party. During the brief period that Coligny was supreme in the councils of Charles IX., he earnestly deprecated an alliance with England derogatory from the interests of France, though that alliance would probably have given the Huguenots a long lease of power, and certainly have saved him from impending peril.

We must pass rapidly over the life of Condé during the next few years, and the historical events associated with it. The Prince, though not much trusted by them, remained the

nominal leader of the Huguenots, and continued to profess the Huguenot doctrines, and to observe the austere rules of the sect, so far as regards their mode of worship, though sunk in vice and frivolous dissipation. The pious cant of his letters to Calvin, to Beza, and to the Elders of Geneva, contrasts curiously with his amorous effusions to Isabella de Limeuil and other light loves, contained in the appendix to this book; but, in the case of a character like his, the contrast need not at all surprise us. He now and then attended the conventions held by the Huguenot chiefs and principal divines; more than once advocated, at some risk to himself, the cause of his party with the jealous Government, was usually on good terms with Coligny; and, though one of the many suitors of that Medusa of beauty, Mary Stuart, gave some proof of his religious sympathies by marrying a second Huguenot wife, upon the death of Eleanor of Roye. His time, however, was wholly passed amidst the amusements of the Court, or within the sphere of its dark intrigues; and there, surrounded by the surviving Guises, by Montmorency and the great Catholic noblesse, and often in the closet of the scheming Queen, he seemed anything rather than the head of the strict and suspected religious party. In truth, the reputation of Condé was that of a gay, feather-pated seigneur who had taken up with the Reformers from pique, and had nothing really in common with them; and Catherine and the Government counted on his support in the policy they were now meditating. At this juncture the influence of Spain was again completely paramount at the Louvre; the celebrated interview at Bayonne between Catherine and Alva had taken place; the Protestants in the Low Countries were being pursued by fire and sword; and their brethren in France, not without reason, believed that they too were marked out for destruction. Though it is now known that the French Government did not then entertain this dark design, it was willing, at the bidding of Philip II., to disregard the Peace of Amboise; the privileges of the Huguenots were curtailed; fanaticism was again let loose against them; they were subjected to vexatious persecutions; nor can we doubt that the fears of their rulers alone saved them from the extreme of severity. Having assumed this attitude towards the sect, the Guises and Catherine repeated their efforts to detach Condé from the hated Reformers, and to deprive them of the support of a Prince of the Blood. They caressed him with gracious and insinuating art; bestowed his hereditary government on him; taught the King to treat him with peculiar respect; feigned to listen to his counsels and

seek his friendship; endeavoured to lure him by all the devices of false, unscrupulous, but fascinating perfidy.

This union, however, was apparent only. The gracious attitude and favour of the Court were the mere devices of conspiring treachery. While Catherine and the King pretended to seek the aid of the Huguenots against Spain, they were furnishing supplies to the soldiers of Alva on the frontier of Franche Comté and Flanders; and their conciliatory advances to Condé were followed by edicts against the Reformers. A personal disappointment of the Prince, however, was the immediate cause of an actual rupture. With him ambition was a stronger motive than the exigencies of a noble cause. Having been refused the sword of Constable—Montmorency was now in extreme old age—with a significant hint from the Duke of Anjou that 'another commander would be found for the Swiss,' Condé quitted the Court in a fit of anger, and within a few days appeared at the head of a band of Huguenot nobles and their retainers, only too eager to answer his summons. A foolish attempt, which, it is said, Charles IX. never afterwards forgave, to seize and carry off the King, failed; but Condé's force having been quickly swelled by hundreds of fierce and resolute men, glad that the day of suspense was passed, he soon found himself in command of a little army 6,000 strong. The Government collected a body of troops to defend the capital and its neighbourhood; and the aged Constable and the Duke of Anjou, who now commenced his ill-omened career, undertook to direct the military operations. Civil war thus broke out afresh; and Condé, believing himself in sufficient force, made demonstrations against Paris—a movement characteristic of his rash valour, and very injudicious. He was attacked in the plain of St. Denis by Montmorency with 18,000 men; and though he displayed no little ability in marshalling his troops to receive this attack, and he fought with his usual courage and vigour, he only gained time to make his retreat. The Duc d'Aumale has described this battle in his usual clear and happy style; but the death of Montmorency on the field, and the fact that it was the first encounter between the young Catholic noblesse of Paris and the stern Huguenot cavaliers of the provinces, are the chief points of interest in it. Condé fell back towards the German frontier to obtain reinforcements from the Protestants on the Rhine; and, having effected his junction with the Palatine Casimir, beyond the Moselle, at a spot near Metz, he returned by a long circuit to Orleans, having made this daring and perilous movement with complete success in the depth of winter.

Though Coligny is entitled to a share in the credit—and it strongly resembles his celebrated advance after the disastrous battle of Moncontour—the Duc d'Aumale lays great stress on this march as a proof of the strategic talents of Condé. He paints vividly the light-hearted heroism of the Prince in braving its hardships and dangers, and he evidently thinks it a remarkable operation, 'that would have made a reputation for any 'commander.' The Huguenots had by this time assembled at Orleans in imposing force, and Condé was able to take the field with not less than 30,000 men. But he again gave proof of the frivolity and want of judgment that were prominent features of his character; and having laid siege to the fortress of Chartres, he was induced, on the very eve of the assault, to accept terms from the French Government, which annulled the results of his brilliant exploits, and secured no real redress for his party. The 'Cloaked Peace of Chartres,' as it was called, concluded in 1568, renewed merely the Edict of Amboise, with some stipulations of no importance. Coligny and most of the Huguenot chiefs protested earnestly against its provisions; and, in this instance, we are happy to say, the Duc d'Aumale is on the side of the illustrious Admiral.

Why speak of peace when there is no hope of peace! might have been the exclamation of the Huguenots during the brief period that this truce lasted. From the Low Countries, where Egmont and Horn, with crowds of less famous victims, had perished on the scaffolds raised by the merciless Alva, and from Spain, blazing with the fires of the Inquisition, the baleful influence of Philip II. extended over France and its rulers, and throughout the kingdom enforced the doctrine that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Charles IX. and Catherine, who had recently obtained a large concession of Church lands by a promise to the Pope to put down the Huguenots, acquiesced in a renewal of the persecution; and the sect found itself again exposed to every kind of violence and outrage. We shall not draw out the dreary monotony of these scenes of proscription and crime, or enlarge on murders committed with impunity, on cruelties sanctioned by the provincial governors, on the licensed excesses of fanatical passion. Condé addressed a respectful remonstrance to the King; one of his letters contains an interesting account of the sufferings of the Reformers at a time when peace and toleration nominally prevailed:—

'Sire, the misdeeds committed day after day against us who, under your allegiance, are of the Reformed faith, make us write touching our grievances to you. I am the more emboldened because, without knowing wherefore, I am more pursued than any

other person. Yet no one can say that I have disobeyed your edicts, and I do nothing save live in my own house, under the assurance of the public pledge given to your subjects in the presence of foreign Princes. Yet, notwithstanding, we see ourselves murdered, plundered, and ravaged, our wives violated, daughters torn from their parents, the great dismissed from their offices, officers deprived of their trusts, and all of us denounced as your enemies and those of this kingdom. And all this without an attempt to do us justice. Alas! Sire, to what an estate have we been reduced. We see the common people slaughtering your subjects and nobles and doing wickedness as it lists, without being checked or punished. That is a notable and terrible thing, as your Majesty knows better than I; and, what is more, they all say that they have a pass-word to commit these crimes, a matter I will not believe.'

This tyranny was not long to be borne; in a few weeks civil war was raging in many parts of the distracted kingdom. Having received a timely warning from Tavannes—it is gratifying to record an instance of good faith among so many of foul treachery—Condé and Coligny hastened across the Loire; and, after a march, in Huguenot strain compared to the flight of Israel from Egypt, made their way with their families to Rochelle, thenceforward the bulwark of the Huguenot cause. This town, celebrated in former years for its valorous exploits against the Plantagenets, had lately resented an attempt made by the Government to subvert its privileges; and, deeply impregnated with the Protestant doctrines, through its commerce with England and the Low Countries, it welcomed with joy the illustrious fugitives. To Rochelle repaired the widowed Jeanne d'Albret —Anthony of Bourbon had died in the first civil war—with her son the youthful Henry of Navarre; and hundreds of Huguenots flocked in with their followers from Bearn, Poitou, and Gascony. Condé and Coligny assembled a considerable force; negotiations were renewed with Elizabeth; and the Admiral, with his instinctive perception that French Protestantism ought to incline towards the sea, laboured diligently at the defences of La Rochelle. A series of military operations ensued. Two armies, under the command of the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Montpensier, marched against Condé on different lines; and the region between the Loire and the Charente became the theatre of a succession of indecisive movements and combats. In March 1569, Condé, at the head of his principal force, advanced towards the Charente, in order to rally a Huguenot detachment in Gascony; but he was headed by the Duke of Anjou, who, occupying the left bank of the stream, barred with his army any progress southward.

The Prince now contemplated a march towards the north, to effect his junction with his supports on the Loire; but, either owing to his own hesitation, or to certain bad dispositions of Coligny, the Huguenot army on the right bank remained extended in disunited columns, that exposed a long flank to a daring enemy. Anjou, crossing the Charente at break of day, fell in force on the Reformers on the 13th; position after position was carried; and their scattered masses were quickly flying before the victorious Catholic horsemen. Condé was in the van with a few cavaliers; but, at the pressing summons of the Admiral, entangled in the broken centre and rear, he wheeled round, and endeavoured to retrieve the day. We transcribe, from the Duc d'Aumale's narrative, this animated sketch of the mélée that ensued; it brings out clearly the gallantry of Condé, and the effects of his sudden and dashing charge:—

'Condé had neither a foot soldier nor a gun. Out of the whole main battle he brought only two compagnies d'ordonnance, and some nobles and gentlemen in his train, in all three hundred horsemen. He has neither time to await the rest of his troops, nor the means of retreating; in a few minutes he will be surrounded on all sides. The moment he reaches the field he orders Coligny to charge the Duke of Guise with his whole cavalry. As for himself he will extricate the right wing and attack the massive columns of the Duke of Anjou. He calls for his arms. As he is putting on his helmet, the charger of La Rochefoucauld breaks his leg with a kick; one of his arms had already been disabled by a fall. Mastering the pain, he turns round to his cavaliers, and, pointing to his injured limbs, and to the device borne by his cornet, "Doux le péril pour "Christ et la patrie," "Here nobles of France!" he exclaims, "here is the wished-for time. Remember in what plight Louis of Bourbon goes into battle for Christ and his country." So saying he bows his head, and with his three hundred lances falls on the eight hundred of Anjou. The charge was irresistible; every squadron yielded to the terrible shock; and the confusion was so great that, for a moment, the Catholics believed that the day was lost.'

This success, however, was of brief duration; the Huguenot horsemen were soon surrounded by a surging tide of infuriated foes. After witnessing the fall of most of his companions, the Prince, wounded and unable to move, surrendered to two Catholic gentlemen. The fate of the gallant warrior was tragic:—

'The Royal cavalry continued the pursuit; its squadrons pass by the group that had been formed around Condé. The Prince soon perceives the red cloaks of the guards of Anjou. He points to them; D'Argence understands; "Hide your face!" was his exclamation. "Ah, D'Argence, D'Argence!" replied Condé, "you cannot

save me." Covering his face, like Cæsar, he awaited death; the unhappy man knew too well the perfidious hate of the Duke of Anjou, and his "bloody counsels." The Guards had passed, when their captain Montesquieu, having heard the name of the prisoner, cries out "Tue, tue, mon Dieu," and shatters the head of the captive with a pistol-shot.'

The naked and bloody corpse of the Prince was carried on an ass through the Catholic camp. The Huguenot prisoners wept at the sight, and many of the Catholics turned away their heads; but Anjou spurned the remains with brutal levity. So died this brave and chivalrous man. Nor is it difficult to understand his character. Bold and generous, but light-headed and dissolute, Condé was never a genuine Huguenot at heart; he was not moved by the earnest convictions and fervent zeal of the men of religion. Nor did he sympathise truly with their cause; he joined it from disappointed ambition; he would sacrifice it for his own ends; his high birth and courtly associations divided him from its most noble adherents, and made them somewhat distasteful to him. An accident made him the head of his party; but he had not the genius to retain the position; the real leader was the illustrious Coligny; and Condé was merely one of those brilliant personages who occasionally adorn important movements, but do not rule their course, or decide their fate. Yet he was a good soldier and a princely gentleman, who, at a memorable crisis in the destiny of France, took, what we believe, was the patriotic side, and fought for it nobly to the death; nor shall we condemn, as mere treason, his imprudent negotiations with Elizabeth. It is unnecessary to say that, in some respects, this estimate of Condé is not that of the illustrious author of this work:—

'The Prince was dissolute, and often caused scandal; he agitated his country and opened its gates to foreigners; he fought against his King and abandoned the religion of his sires; these are the shadows on the picture. We do not attempt to justify him; yet we may say that his vices and his crimes, like his virtues and high deeds, were in a great measure those of his age. No doubt he became a Huguenot without deep religious conviction; but vexation and ambition were not his only motives. Fighting as he did under the standard of the Reformers, he was not only avenging injuries done to himself, he was contending for the independence of the nation and the Crown, and for a legitimate succession in serious danger; he opened the way to Henry IV.'

The name and honours of Condé descended to his eldest son, Henry, a boy of seventeen. This young Prince had been carefully brought up, with Henry of Navarre, by Jeanne

d'Albret; unlike his father, he continued through life devoted in heart to the Reformed doctrines. Jeanne d'Albret, like the Spartan matron, despatched the cousins to the field at once; the Huguenot nobles proclaimed them their chiefs; but Coligny was still the real head of the cause. The youths served under the Admiral in the campaigns—described rather hastily by the Duc d'Aumale—in which Coligny, breathing the fire of his heroic spirit into the Reformers, succeeded, after repeated defeat, in wresting from the discomfited Government the favourable conditions of the Peace of St. Germains. During the short period when this great man directed the policy of the Louvre, Condé was often the guest of Catherine and Charles; and, as is well known, the double marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois, and his own with a Princess of the House of Cleves, was the immediate prelude of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In that night of horror and blood, when the palace of royalty became the shambles where fanaticism and perfidy slaughtered their victims, Condé, it is said, was the peculiar object of the fury and threats of the frenzied King; and but for the intercession of the Queen, he would have perished with other Princes of the Blood. Unlike his more supple and politic cousin, he resisted for a long time the mandates of the Court advising him to abjure his faith; but he yielded at last with avowed reluctance, and even consented to take part in the siege of his father's loved Rochelle during the reign of terror that followed the massacre. Unable, however, to acquiesce or temporise, Condé struggled to escape from this thraldom. The atrocities of the infatuated government having alienated many even of the Catholic nobles and the King's brother the Duke of Alençon, the Prince listened to the overtures of this party—the germ of the great *parti politique* that ultimately became supreme in the kingdom—but, the designs of its leaders having been discovered, he was compelled suddenly to fly from France. He now threw off the mask of Catholicism he had worn with pain, and became the leader of the extreme section of the Reformers which drew its fierce inspirations from Geneva. Uncompromising and austere, his character befitted him to play this part; but a private wrong had quickened his hatred of the Court, for the licentious Anjou had loved his wife; and this adventure, made by Court poets and wits the theme of insolent verses and jests, had deeply wounded his sensitive nature. We shall not follow the Duc d'Aumale in his elaborate account of the career of the Prince during the troubled period of civil wars, broken by short intervals of unquiet peace, that France witnessed during

the next few years. Condé, though he co-operated with them for a time, broke off from Alençon and his adherents, and the *politiques* headed by the heir of the Constable; he protested at the States-General of Blois against any tampering with 'a 'corrupt creed,' and resisted, as trifling with the Powers of Darkness, the efforts of the more temperate Huguenots to obtain freedom of worship for themselves, and to bind up the wounds of the distracted kingdom. He lived usually in state at La Rochelle—the rallying point of the violent Reformers who had received the name of the Counter League—and, in the varying phases of the long contest, he led a series of expeditions against the Catholics in Poitou and Touraine. He was, however, on the whole unfortunate; his abilities did not equal his zeal; and, though estimated by his party as a hero, he failed in most of his military undertakings. He was often obliged to make his escape from France; we find him soliciting aid from Germany, from Elizabeth, and from the Protestant Swiss Cantons against the common 'Catholic enemy'; and of all the Huguenot leaders he was the most open to the reproach of sacrificing the interests of the country to the passions of a sect.

Conduct such as this could not fail to annoy the Prince's cousin, Henry of Navarre, in the circumstances in which France was placed. Charles IX. had been for some years dead; the Crown had devolved on his brother Anjou, the feeble and degraded Henry III.; and it was evident that the decaying race of the Valois would leave no male descendants. Henry of Navarre had become the heir to the throne; and though Henry of Guise and the League were dominant; though Philip II. seemed on the point of annexing the crown of France; and though Catherine and her worthless son, yielding to the force of a stronger will, pretended to uphold the Spanish policy—signs were not wanting that the cause of legitimacy would triumph with an able and popular leader. The excesses and unpatriotic baseness of the League had disgusted the moderate Catholics; the *parti politique* was increasing in strength; it already looked to the Huguenot Henry as its future sovereign, and the hope of the nation. That remarkable man—astute and calculating under the guise of merry light-hearted frankness—endeavoured to gain the support and attachment of this growing party of patriotism and good sense, the triumph of which would be his own; and accordingly he condemned in his open way the obstinacy of Condé and the extreme Reformers; nor can we doubt that his statesmanlike mind, broad, vigorous, and somewhat indifferent to creeds, had no sympathy with the leader of

a sect sincere, indeed, but ungenial and rigid. A coolness arose between the cousins; and though no open rupture took place, and Henry was often in the field with Condé in their common enterprises against the League, they were separated in feelings, wishes, and objects. Catherine, with her usual Machiavellian art, endeavoured to increase this estrangement; ever seeking to compass her ignoble objects by dividing those whom she felt to be her enemies. But, unlike his silly and frivolous father, Henry was not to be the puppet of this woman. He had dallied among her squadron of Circes and had revelled in many an easy conquest, but no Kate had ever mastered that Hotspur. He had yielded graciously to imperious power and had feigned a willing obedience to it; but he yielded merely for his well-considered ends; he had counterplotted and baffled treachery; and if he wore the fox's skin the strength of the lion was beneath it. Such a man, engaged in the arduous task of winning slowly his way to a throne, and of becoming the head of a great nation by a policy of conciliation and justice, in spite of the efforts of a dangerous confederacy, was not likely to make an open foe of the leader of a party still attached to him; and though Henry pretended to humour the Queen, and at heart had little regard for Condé—he took care never to break with him. The cousins, throughout the civil war, continued upon the same side, though genuine friendship soon ceased to exist.

The Duc d'Aumale describes the feeling of Henry at this juncture with great ability; his sketch is perhaps rather too favourable; but we believe the outline is in the main correct:—

'Navarre had had the art to seem to follow the counsels of his supporters, and of Condé among others, who, we need not say, always advocated extreme measures. In taking this attitude the Bearnese obliterated the divisions of the Huguenot party, and at the same time, by the Concordat of Magdeburg, strengthened the tie of religion that united him to the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany. Already, by frequent embassies and able diplomacy, he had prepared this result; but, contrary to the example set by his party, he had not made one promise, or taken an engagement, that his subjects could reproach him with. In the same way he associated himself with Montmorency, the most powerful of the *politiques*; this was a pledge of his wish to conciliate; not a word he uttered, not a sentence from his pen, deprived the moderate Catholics of the hope of seeing his ultimate conversion. Thus, while he acts for the present his eye is ever fixed on the future; discouragement does not reach his heart, and the excitement of the contest does not disturb his high intelligence. His deeds are often those of a party-chief, his language is always tolerant and dignified,

as befits the future head of a great nation. As we trace, not only in his addresses to the great bodies of the state, but in his letters to private gentlemen, this far-sighted and magnanimous wisdom; as we follow in the details of his daily life that activity that nothing wearies, that presence of mind that nothing troubles, we understand how he came out victorious from that formidable and unequal struggle into which he entered with God his protector, and France his judge. God did not forsake him, and the verdict of the nation was for him; at the end of ten years he laid down his arms a Catholic and King of France.'

In the summer of 1587 Henry and Condé were together in the field. After a feeble struggle to escape from his masters, the King had yielded to the commands of the League, and had promised to chastise the Huguenot rebels. Three armies had been set on foot under Guise, Joyeuse, and Henry himself; but the King hesitated behind the Loire; perhaps, with the usual perfidy of the Court, he delayed, to allow the contending parties to destroy each other to his own advantage. Some months passed in trifling operations; but in October the main Huguenot army, having marched southwards to obtain reinforcements, Joyeuse endeavoured to cut it off, and, advancing with his troops towards the Dordogne, ordered one of his lieutenants, Matignon, to approach and join him upon that river. Henry and Condé having occupied Coutras, forced themselves between the two Catholic armies, divided from each other by the Dordogne; and Henry, with true military insight, resolved to fall upon Joyeuse at once before the arrival of his colleague. The battle that followed is described by the Duc d'Aumale with admirable clearness; but we have space for a single scene only, the encounter of the Huguenot cavalry with the gay horsemen of the nobles of the League:—

'Condé, seeing the squadrons on his right broken, seeks to charge the victors, when an old captain, named Des Ageaux, seized the reins of his horse, and exclaimed "That is not your game, it is there"—and pointed out to him the cavalry of Joyeuse about to put itself in motion. At this critical moment the King of Navarre calls about him his cousins and principal officers, and addresses them in deep and resonant accents. "My friends, here is a quarry very different from those you have taken before. Here is a bridegroom with his marriage presents in his pouch—the flower of the Court is with him. Will you be beaten by this fine dancer and these minions of the Court? Yes, we have them," he exclaims, "I see it in your faces. Yet, let us all believe that the event is in the hands of God; let us all pray for his aid. This will be the greatest deed we shall ever have done; be the glory to God, the service to the King our Sovereign Lord, the honour to us, the good result to the state." Henry unhelms; the ministers Chandieu and Damours chaunt a

prayer for the army, and the horsemen repeat in chorus the 12th verse of the 118th Psalm :—

'" La voicy l'heureuse journée
Que Dieu a faict à plein desir."

As each soldier was taking his place, the king stops his cousins— "Gentlemen," he exclaims, "I have but one thing to say—recollect that you are of the House of Bourbon. Please God, I will show you I am your elder." "And we will prove good younger brothers," was the reply of Condé.'

Coutras was the first great Huguenot victory, and like the siege of Cahors, and Ivry afterwards, it entitles Henry to a considerable place among the distinguished captains of that age. The Duc d'Aumale thus comments on the battle, and on the military talents of Henry; but we still venture to think that the great Bourbon was inferior in genius, not only to Parma, who towers over all the generals of the time, but to Spinola, and probably to Maurice of Nassau:—

'The victory was the more glorious, inasmuch as it was gained over an army superior in numbers and nearly equal in quality. It was due to the heroism of the King, to his decision, his watchfulness, his quick perception, his intelligent tactics, to that creative instinct he employed in politics and in war alike, and which was to inspire him in the brilliant defensive engagement of Arques, on the day of Ivry, and on other occasions. The rare military qualities of Henry IV. are not sufficiently understood; the bright and amiable side of that noble figure has always been brought to light; the double genius he possessed has often remained in the shade. Every one knows the gay and witty Prince, the brave soldier and bold partisan; but the able commander, the successful administrator, the great ruler, deserves the gratitude of France and the admiration of posterity. . . . Henry IV. perfectly understood war as it was waged in his own time, and his own country. As a tactician, his genius was creative; in arraying his troops, and making a good use of his ground, he was without a rival in his day; he sometimes felt the inspiration of a great commander in the general management of military operations; but he never attempted those deep combinations that prepare, delay, or bring on battles; strategy was unknown to him. Superior to all the French generals of that era, Henry IV. was unable to baffle any of the plans of the Duke of Parma. Perhaps, had the struggle between them been prolonged, the vigour of his mind would have enabled him to imitate the science of his rival; perhaps, too, Farnese, in the field, would have found it difficult to withstand the prompt resolution and energy of his adversary.'

On the field of Coutras Condé had displayed the hereditary valour of the race of Bourbon. He was thrown from his horse, and hurt inwardly, by a lance-thrust towards the close of the day; and his frame, always rather slender and delicate,

was not strong enough to recover from the shock. After lingering a few months, he expired. His death led to unhappy consequences that long darkened the lot of his family. In his wanderings he had won the heart of a noble lady of the House of La Tremouille, who had enabled him to return to La Rochelle from exile; he had married her, and there is no reason to doubt the conjugal fidelity of the Princess. But, with the usual credulity of that age, his death having been ascribed to poison, a tale of adultery and murder was spread about; and his unfortunate widow, although pregnant, was thrown into prison, where she remained some years. The character of Condé is thus described by the Duc d'Aumale with discriminating skill:—

'He was more sincerely regretted by the Reformation than his father, though his services in their cause had been less brilliant. But he had espoused with eagerness their prejudices and fancies; and it is this for which parties are often most grateful, in the case of their followers and leaders alike. For the rest, the sincerity of his religious convictions gave him a title to their respect. He was austere in his morals, and strict in his principles. He was brave, determined, obstinate, and an unbending partisan. But in politics and war he was deficient in insight; his mind was narrow, not very just, and he did not possess that rare gift of the King of Navarre—readiness for every turn in the game. He was unsuccessful in almost all his undertakings; his private and public life was an unhappy one, and yet he had a noble heart, he was easy, gracious, eloquent like his father, but with a little shyness that made him somewhat difficult of access. Perhaps in another situation his qualities would have been better developed; but birth and merit alike left him in the second place only. Henry IV. holds such a position in history that those by his side appear insignificant.'

Six months after the death of Condé his widow gave birth to a son who became the representative of his illustrious House. Like his father and grandfather, the infant grew to boyhood in the shadow of adversity, he shared in the sad fate of his mother, and was detained in one of the state prisons of France. The privations of the Princess and her child were severe; her letters show how hard, in that age, was the lot of even the most noble captives. Meanwhile France had passed successfully through a memorable revolution that decided her destiny. Unable to endure the tyranny of the League, and the violence of its insolent chief, Henry III. had conspired to destroy it, had compassed the death of Henry of Guise, had turned to Henry of Navarre in the extremity of his distress, and had closed a life of perfidy and crime by falling under the dagger of Jâques Clement. His title had devolved on

Henry of Navarre, who, after a long and dubious struggle, marked by the days of Arques and Ivry, by the siege of Paris, and the triumphs of Passau, had ascended the throne, bringing to an end, by a conversion we must pronounce fortunate, an era of ruinous civil wars, and moderating the anger of religious factions, by a wise, impartial, and national government, and by noble measures of just toleration. For a time, however, the position of the King and of the country he ruled was extremely precarious. The waves of the tempestuous sea, through which he had steered with masterly skill, were still high though the storm had lulled; Spain was hostile, and the ascendency of the House of Austria threatened the independence of France; the fierce passions of the League raged beneath the ashes of the extinct Confederacy. Henry IV., too, had no legitimate children. Margaret of Valois, like almost all the offspring of Henry II. and Catherine of Medicis, being smitten, as it were, with decay and barrenness: and the Holy See opposed difficulties to the divorce and remarriage of a Prince, in its estimation almost a heretic, and utterly alien to Papal sympathies. Should, as seemed not unlikely, France be involved in foreign war or domestic troubles, her hopes would depend on a single life; what would be the fate, if, amidst these perils, the monarchy was left without a certain succession? These considerations turned the thoughts of Henry to the youthful scion of the House of Condé, who, though in captivity, now was the heir presumptive of the House of Bourbon. Yet much time elapsed before the Princess and her son regained their freedom, and this result was due, at last, to an accident. The legitimacy of the young Prince being challenged, the King hesitated to acknowledge, as a possible successor, one who might prove a mischievous Pretender; and, in truth, Henry had no regard for the son of a father he had secretly disliked. At last, in 1595, at the repeated instances of De Thou, who had made this concession the price of services in procuring the consent of the Parliament of Paris to the registration of one of the edicts of toleration, the prison doors of the captives were opened; the innocence of the Princess was proclaimed; and her son was declared the true heir to the honours and possessions of the race of Condé.

Nothing in the early career of this Prince requires particular notice from us. Notwithstanding the protests of the extreme Reformers, he was brought up in the Catholic faith; and, until the marriage of Henry IV. and Mary of Medicis proved fruitful, was treated as presumptive heir to the Crown. He was

educated with care by great nobles and scholars, as became a Prince of the Blood; but though he acquired a taste for letters and some of the accomplishments of a grand seigneur, he was not fitted to shine at a Court ruled by a Gabrielle or a Marquise de Verneuil. Short, like his father, and not handsome, he was somewhat shy and awkward in manner; and his austere bearing and melancholy looks seemed out of place in the ballets of the Louvre, or the revelry of St. Germains. In 1608 he married; and the circumstances connected with this marriage illustrate curiously the morals of that age, and were associated with events of the greatest moment. The King, flitting from light love to light love, in spite of cares of state and advancing years, had cast his eyes on Marguerite de Montmorency, the youngest daughter of the first of his nobles now holding the sword of the famous Constable. The lady had been promised to a youthful courtier, in after years the eminent Bassompierre; but Henry IV. resolved that her hand should be bestowed on the Prince of Condé, 'that his nephew having no inclination for the fair, she might 'became the joy of his own old age.' The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, the beauty of the bride and her exquisite grace being the theme of many a dainty verse; and the amorous monarch, on her return to Court, pursued the Princess with such open attentions, that even the dissolute dames of the Louvre 'gossiped but too freely about his Majesty's conduct.' Spite of the remonstrances of grave counsellors and the ill-restrained jests of many a gay noble, Henry IV. was continually at the lady's side, dressed, like a youth, in her favourite colours; the 'féal chevalier' wrote often in passionate strains to his 'bel ange;' though 'roi, barbe grise, et victorieux,' he would give up the world to bask in her smiles. The infatuation of the King was so great, that some act of royal violence was feared; and even the Court poet, the complaisant Malherbes, hinted that, in France, the authority of law ought to be paramount to the influence of love. After assuring Henry

'N'en doute point, quoi qu'il advienne,
La belle Oranthe sera tienne;
C'est chose qui ne peut faillir.
Le temps adoucira les choses,
Et tous deux vous aurez des roses
Plus que vous n'en saurez cueillir'—

he puts this complaint into the mouth of the King—

'Mais quoi? ces lois dont la rigueur
Tiennent mes souhaits en langeur

Régnent avec un tel empire,
Que si le ciel ne les dissout,
Pour pouvoir ce que je désire,
Ce n'est rien que de pouvoir tout.'

It is unnecessary to dwell on the feelings of the Prince who had been insulted by this discreditable passion. The King had always disliked his nephew, and had treated him as a vile and silly dupe; and Condé found himself made by his marriage a dishonourable instrument of Henry's pleasures. The Princess too, it is said, showed no disinclination for her royal lover; she did not yield, but her heart was touched, or her vanity flattered, by his passionate adoration. Proud, sensitive, and knowing how ill he could compete with his uncle for a lady's favour, the Prince sought to conceal his shame in flight; he suddenly quitted his château of Muret, hurried with the Princess across the frontier, and, with a few attendants only in his train, took refuge at the little Court of Brussels. The Archduke, Albert of Austria, and Isabella of Spain, already alarmed at the hostile attitude of the ruler of France towards the Low Countries, were much annoyed at this apparition; but they tried to reconcile the claims of hospitality with meek deference to Henry IV.; and they received the Princess, with an intimation to Condé that, being a fugitive from his liege lord, he could not continue in their dominions. The Prince was escorted across the Rhine; and for some months the Archdukes were beset by entreaties, remonstrances, and vehement threats on the part of the discomfited royal lover. Envoy after envoy was despatched, insisting that 'the Prince and his innocent 'consort should be given up;' the Constable wrote repeatedly to his daughter, adjuring her to leave her 'disloyal lord;' and, at last, the rumour spread that a French army would cross the frontier to reclaim the fugitives. Condé was summoned to Brussels by the terrified Archdukes; and it cannot be doubted that the Marquis de Cœuvres, the ambassador of Henry, made an attempt, in which Condé was perhaps included, to carry off the Princess by force. We transcribe a brief passage of the narrative:—

'Cœuvres made up his mind to try the enterprise; the 14th of February, 1610, being the day fixed for the Princess to go to the palace, he made his arrangements to carry her off in the night of the 13th or 14th. Spinola received information of the design a few hours before, and it was necessary to tell the news to Condé. As was expected, the Prince could not master his vexation; he was not satisfied with demanding a guard from the Archduke, but filled the palace with his complaints, and ran through the town

imploring assistance. The Prince of Orange, not less angry, called together all his friends, gave them arms, and told them to "take and "kill." It was nightfall, the watch challenged each other with loud voices; pickets of cavalry traversed the streets preceded by torches; posts are set around the palace of the Prince of Orange; fires are lit, and the cry ran that the King of France was already at the gates.'

This violence of Henry IV. exasperated the grandees at Brussels, and touched the pride and punctilious honour of the Spanish Government. The exquisite beauty of the Princess, too, to which the Archduke Albert and the illustrious Spinola paid loyal homage, with many others, enlisted sympathy for her cause; and though her husband was treated with the pleasantry and scorn that persons in his situation meet with, it was thought a foul wrong that one so fair should be handed over to a royal adulterer. At Brussels, too, and even at the Escurial, it was argued that it would be good policy to support Condé against his sovereign. The House of Austria and Spain, it was felt, would soon be involved in war with France; and, in that event, the alliance of Condé, a Prince of the Blood, and the possible leader of a discontented party among the Huguenots, who had never forgotten his father's name, might be of great, nay paramount importance. The traditions of the influence of the Constable of Bourbon appear to have determined the Spanish statesmen. Condé was received in high state at Milan, and promised the protection of Philip III.; and the Archdukes were incited to defy the menaces of the King of France. Henry IV., divided between anger and love, summoned his nephew to appear and answer for his crimes, and wrote in ardent and tender phrase to the Princess to fly to her lover. The affair engaged the pens and the thoughts of the foremost diplomatists of the age; and the wrongs of Condé and the claims of his sovereign were discussed in hundreds of grave state-papers. Meanwhile Henry IV. quickened the preparations he had been making for war; the nobles of France were called to arms; the roads of the kingdom were covered with troops in such numbers and martial force as never had been beheld before; and while Austria and Spain were threatened in the Alps, in Savoy, and along the Pyrenees, the King marshalled his principal army with the avowed object of invading Belgium. The court poet only echoed the voice of general rumour, that the Princess of Condé was the origin of the fast approaching contest.

More than one writer has followed Malherbes, and has ascribed the memorable war that ensued to the wild passion of the

bewitched King. The rupture may have been accelerated by it, but it would be disregarding the broad facts of history, and misinterpreting the character of a sovereign—great notwithstanding some serious faults—to suppose that the question really turned on any such petty or personal matter. Henry IV. had for many years foreseen that a struggle between France, Austria, and Spain was inevitable, and was necessary to the greatness of his kingdom; he had made immense preparations for it with the foresight and energy of a true statesman; and, backed by the Protestant princes of Germany, by the Duke of Savoy, by Holland, and Venice, he was ready for the field in 1610. The bright eyes of Marguerite de Montmorency had little really to do with the work that was the crown of his political life; if love hastened his purpose, wisdom had formed it and brought it slowly to full maturity; and, in fact, the immediate cause of the war was the disputed succession of Juliers and Cleves, nor did the tardy consent of the Archdukes to give up the Princess of Condé delay hostilities even for an instant. We entirely agree with the Duc d'Aumale in his judgment on Henry's motives and conduct:—

'If Henry IV. took a kind of guilty pleasure in occupying himself about the Princess of Condé, if he continued to pursue, with rather a feigned ardour, this fancy of his declining years, his genius remained undisturbed and free, his policy did not change. That the Low Countries would have been invaded sooner or later, according to circumstances, cannot be doubted by anyone who has studied the projects of Henry IV. The result would have been the same had he never become the lover of the Princess . . . It was not, we must own, by noble means, not by the glorious daring of Launcelot or Tristram, that the King sought to recover the lady of his love; he could amuse himself by embroidering the cipher of his mistress upon his scarf, and yet have little in common with the heroes of the Round Table. Yet, we have a right to say, it was not as a paladin, but as a great captain and a great king, that he made war. Amorous caprice neither inspired his plans nor changed them. As we study the extent and completeness of his military preparations, the depth and perfection of his combinations; as we examine the resources he had collected, and the alliances he had secured beforehand,—as, in a word, we contemplate the situation of France and Europe, we must tear up the romance of chivalry that has been attributed to a personage by no means romantic.'

The melancholy death of the great King for a time changed the political situation, and Condé at once returned from exile. The present volumes stop at this point; their successors will continue the life of the Prince, and will doubtless unfold the splendid career of his more celebrated and illustrious descendant

the 'Great Condé of Rocroy and Fribourg.' Our estimate of this part of this work may be gathered from what we have already written. The Duc d'Aumale has traced with masterly skill the details of the religious wars of France. In this respect his labours are of permanent value to French history. He has sketched, too, with vigour and accuracy, many of the personages of this stirring era; has described, admirably, the policy and character of Henry IV.; and has occasionally interspersed his narrative with judicious and very happy comments. We do not, however, coincide with his views of the great Huguenot movement in France, of the conduct of its principal leader, Coligny, or of the attitude of the Government of France towards it; here, we think, the Duc has yielded to the influence of traditions far from the sober truth. But we have read his book with extreme pleasure; it throws a great deal of new light on a tract of time of enduring interest; it assures us that the scions of the House of Bourbon still shine as brilliantly in the walks of letters as in the more conspicuous avenues to glory and fame. Nothing but opportunity has been wanting to enable the Duc d'Aumale to fill a page in history as brilliant as any that records the exploits of the most illustrious of his race. He, like them, was born with courage and genius

> 'To make him famous by the pen,
> And glorious by the sword.'

The modest dignity of his life, as an English country-gentleman, has not effaced the recollection of his early achievements as a French soldier; and a cultivated taste for letters has added a charm to a character which awaits only the call of his country to be great.

ART. IV.—1. *On Labour: its Wrongful Claims and Rightful Dues; its Actual Present and Possible Future.* By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON. London: 1869.

2. *Eleventh and Final Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Organisation and Rules of Trades' Unions and other Associations.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1869.

3. *Memorandum of the Law relating to Trades' Unions.* By Sir WILLIAM ERLE.

4. *Les Associations Ouvrières en Angleterre (Trades' Unions).* Paris: 1869.

'THOSE who support social paradoxes,' says a modern writer, 'must expect severe treatment. By the usages of war, 'the conquerors never spare those who maintain indefensible 'positions.' The maxim is not unjust, but it is one which we have no disposition to execute in its rigour against Mr. Thornton. Whatever may be thought of the controversial merits of his book, of the soundness of his judgment, or the wisdom of his views on economical questions, we willingly give him credit for a sincere spirit of philanthropy, and a hearty zeal for the cause which he supposes to be that of social progress. From the ardour with which he pleads for his clients, and the temerity with which he assails received ideas, we should have conceived his work to be the first essay in this field of some youthful writer, eager for distinction and scornful of authority. An intimation in the preface negatives such an assumption; but the description which Mr. Thornton gives of himself proves that he has not outlived the period of enthusiasm. He describes himself as 'one of those enthusiasts who can discern no limit to human perfectibility' (p. 98), as 'an Ishmael' among political economists, 'not asking nor hoping for quarter.' He avows his expectation of an outpouring 'upon his devoted head of whole vials of 'wrath,' not indeed from his enemies the employers, but from his clients the working men. On the other hand, while he denounces with much vigour some of the most cherished claims made on behalf of this class, he indulges in visions of a time when Unionism shall have reached that perhaps distant, but, as he thinks, not impossible culmination, when an international league, binding together the sons of labour of all trades and of all countries, shall be installed in supreme dominion over the markets of the world. When we add, that in pursuing his argument Mr. Thornton assails with boldness, not to say

tramples on with disdain, principles which have been hitherto regarded as fundamental canons of political economy, and treats with scant ceremony the most eminent authorities on that science, from Adam Smith downwards, even occasionally tilting at some living writers for whom he professes a peculiar regard, our readers will readily conceive that the writer of the volume before us must be a man of marked and original opinions, combined with no ordinary self-confidence and courage. To this we are bound to add, that whatever other qualities of a reasoner he may lack, he occasionally displays considerable ingenuity in maintaining his theses, and writes with a vivacity of style which indicates the gift of a lively imagination.

The purpose of the book is the vindication of Trades' Unionism, not indeed as the best or ultimate solution of industrial difficulties, but as an institution fraught upon the whole with much less evil than good, and in fact a necessary security, so long as capital and labour continue to stand in the relation of mutual antagonism, for the interests of the working class. In order to establish this conclusion, Mr. Thornton adopts a method which is entirely his own, travelling mainly along the high *à priori* road, and driving with reckless intrepidity over the barriers which economical science, as hitherto understood, places in his way. Desiring, if we rightly comprehend his argument, to disprove the common objection to the exorbitant action of Trades' Unions, that they are fighting against nature in endeavouring to raise wages beyond the point which the law of supply and demand permits, Mr. Thornton sets out with a deliberate attempt to disprove the existence of any such law as determining the market price of commodities. Having demolished, as he believes, this ancient and fundamental canon of the economists, his next step—and, no doubt, a much easier one—is to show that labour itself being a commodity, the price to be paid for it, in other words, its wages, is subject to the same principles as govern the sale and purchase of ordinary chattels. Exploding supply and demand from this field also, he leaves open an almost unlimited margin for the claims of the associated workmen, who, according to his view, are entitled to extract the utmost farthing they can obtain in their bargain with the employer, the only limit to their exactions being that of their power, and the practical check, if we rightly understand him, being this, that, as workmen combine, capitalists can combine also, and if they do so, will find themselves a match, if not more than a match, for their antagonists. The prospect of such a struggle of classes opens, we remark in passing, but a dismal prospect for the future of our industrial system.

As he had attacked the doctrine of supply and demand in reference to price, Mr. Thornton assails, with even greater impetuosity, that monstrous figment, as he regards it, of the economists, the *wages-fund*. The book is written, on the whole, in a good-humoured spirit; but if ever an irritation of temper is betrayed, it is when the writer is brought into contact with this *bête noire* of his social philosophy. That the rate of wages is governed, as Adam Smith and his followers have conceived, by the proportion between the capital disposable for the payment of labour and the number of the recipients of that capital, is a notion that Mr. Thornton scouts with contempt, and he consigns the chimerical 'wages-fund' to the lowest limbo of unrealities. Yet, while attacking the name, we find him occasionally, under the pressure of facts, using language which virtually admits the thing, as when he says, 'that at any given time the whole 'quantity of work to be done is a fixed quantity, and the utter'most which employers can afford to pay for having it done is a 'fixed amount' (pp. 312, 313); and in other places his language recognises the inevitable fact that employment must be limited by the amount of capital which at the time being sets it in motion, that amount being the thing to which Smith, MacCulloch, Fawcett, and other writers have assigned the offensive name.

The existence of Trades' Unions, independently of the peculiar arguments just referred to, is justified by Mr. Thornton on the same grounds on which it has been vindicated by other writers, and by ourselves in a recent Number of this Review* —viz., that the isolated workman is at a disadvantage in contracting with the capitalist. The latter has a reserve to subsist upon; the former, generally speaking, cannot afford to wait. Adam Smith truly observes, that common interest binds employers together in a sort of tacit league not to raise the wages of labour. In order that the workmen may stand upon a level enabling them to bargain on equal terms, they are driven to associate, and armed with the weapon of combination, they can enforce their legitimate demands. We know that similar combinations, though rigorously proscribed by law, have existed from very early times in this country, and in the present day, favoured by political and social causes, they have attained a high degree of organisation and efficiency. They are, in fact, even now stronger than the law itself, for it admits of no doubt that in their present condition they are actually at variance with the law as it stands, and to suppress them at this period

* Ed. Review, No. cclviii. page 415.

would, we are firmly convinced, be beyond the power of legislation. We recognise these organisations, then, as a great fact, and we have no difficulty in admitting that the considerations above suggested afford them a *ratio existendi* which is perfectly valid. We are, however, quite unable to see that the case for their existence is at all mended or strengthened by founding it on the basis which Mr. Thornton has laid down—the negation of the doctrine of demand and supply as the law which regulates the amount of prices and wages. If the vindication of Trades' Unions is to rest on the disproof of these familiar and well-established laws of the market, we should be sorry for Trades' Unions.

We can hardly suppose it necessary, before we proceed to consider the really pressing and momentous questions that arise as to the action of the Unions and the proper mode of dealing with them by legislation, that we should recur to these fundamental principles of economical science which Mr. Thornton has impugned. Our limited space precludes the attempt to lay anew the foundations of these doctrines; but we may shortly describe the mode in which the assailant conducts his attack. The process is this:—Mr. Thornton exerts all his ingenuity to suggest certain transactions between buyer and seller in which the price of a particular article is not ruled by the relation of supply and demand. These cases he alleges to be exceptions to the rule; but since an economic law, according to his view, can be subject to no exception whatever, the fact of an exception proves (contrary to the proverb) the non-existence of the law. An examination of the examples adduced by him, however, shows that they are in fact not exceptions at all, and only appear to be such by omitting some of the necessary conditions of the law. It is, of course, an essential condition of the theory of price now in question, that the action and counter-action of supply and demand shall have ample scope by the transactions being conducted in a free and open market. The supposition of monopoly on either side is entirely excluded. The result must be educed from the 'higgling of the market,' the freely conflicting agency of competing buyers and competing sellers. Bearing this in mind, let us observe the sort of instance which is adduced to disprove the rule. 'Suppose,' says the writer, 'two persons at different 'times or in different places to have each a horse to sell, valued 'by the owner at 50*l.*, and that in the one case there are two, 'and in the other three persons of whom every one is ready to 'pay 50*l.* for the horse, though no one of them can afford to pay 'more. In both cases supply is the same—viz., one horse at '50*l.*; but demand is different, being in the one case two, in

'the other three horses at 50*l.* Yet the price at which 'the horses are sold will be the same in both cases—viz., 50*l.*' The above is presented as an instance in which increased demand does not increase price. But it is surely obvious enough that the conditions of the transaction are not such as the rule contemplates at all. There is no open market; there is neither competition of sellers to lower nor of buyers to raise the price either in the one case or the other. The two parties in the first, and the three parties in the second case, who have predetermined to pay a certain uniform price, are virtually as one; and there is not, as supposed, any difference whatever in effective demand between the two examples. The other instances adduced as exceptions in like manner exclude, in one shape or another, the essential element of unrestricted competition which has always been prescribed as the condition under which the relation of supply and demand regulates price.

'But now,' asks Mr. Thornton, 'if supply and demand do 'not determine price, what does?' This is an important question, which he answers in these terms:—'It is competition; 'wherever competition exists, that determines price.' But what, we naturally ask, determines competition? Why do buyers in one state of the market bid eagerly against one another? Why do sellers in an opposite state try to tempt purchasers by lowering their price? Can any other reason be given for these phenomena but a deficiency of the desired commodity relatively to the wishes and means of the customers, in the first place—a superabundance in the other? And what is competition but a symptom of something behind? Demand and supply are facts—a large or a short supply of corn at market; the commencement of a war, or the opening of a new outlet for commodities. Competition is but the *expression* of these facts—the barometer which indicates the fluctuations of the commercial atmosphere. Supply and demand determine price; competition, where it exists unrestricted, prevents either sellers or buyers from rising above or sinking below that standard. Mr. Thornton, indeed, finds it impossible to contend, in the face of familiar facts, that supply and demand have no effect upon prices, but he strangely prefers to consider competition as the *causa causans*, only 'indirectly affected' (p. 60) by supply and demand, instead of regarding competition—i.e., the overbidding or underbidding of buyers and sellers—as simply the effect and index of a deficient or redundant market.

With respect to the 'wages-fund,' so scornfully treated in the work before us, we do not conceive that many of our readers will require from us at this time of day an elaborate demon-

stration. But the gist of the matter lies in a small compass, and admits of brief statement. The annual income of a nation, as of an individual, may be applied in either of two ways—in unproductive consumption, or as reproductive capital. The latter of these, which forms the life-blood of labour, again divides itself into two portions, of which one is devoted to paying the hire of labourers, the other is expended in materials, plant, and other *pabula* of industry. To confine our attention to the former of these, which is now in question, it is obvious that the action of various motives and circumstances, operating on the minds of individuals, may cause this fund to be, from time to time, in the case of each particular employer, a varying quantity. The idea that every such person regularly sets apart a fixed sum to be expended, neither more nor less, in wages, would doubtless be found unsupported by fact. Still it remains true, as will be apparent on very slight reflection, that at any given time a definite sum is being actually employed in payment of wages throughout the various branches of industry. Nor is it beyond the power of statistics to estimate with tolerable accuracy the annual amount of capital so applied; in other words, the aggregate wage-income of the working-classes. We believe that Mr. Leone Levi, Mr. Dudley Baxter, and other eminent political arithmeticians, actually profess to do this. The number of the wage-receiving population, on the other hand, we suppose it will not be disputed, is susceptible of computation. Possessing these data, and marking the variations of one and the other from time to time, we have a gauge to measure, with some approach to exactness, the progress or decline in the condition of the labourers. If the increase of circulating capital year by year is found to be running ahead of the current increase in the number of the recipients, we may hopefully anticipate the advancement of the latter in the scale of comfort. If, on the other hand, the claimants for a share of the wage-paying capital are observed to multiply in a greater ratio than the fund which is to sustain them, Mr. Thornton, and those who think with him, may be assured that all the efforts of the Trades' Unions, were they ten times as powerful as they now are, could not arrest, though doubtless they might aggravate, the fall of wages. It is simply impossible that the rate of wages can permanently increase without an increase relatively to the number of workmen of the wages-fund; and those who strive by artificial agencies to evade or overbear this law, will be sure to find in the end that they are kicking against the pricks.

We gladly pass on from the consideration of these rudimentary

and technical points, not often now brought into controversy, to the more urgent questions which the Legislature and the public will shortly have to face, touching the proper mode of dealing with the Trades' Unions. It is a subject confessedly of great difficulty, but from which there is no escape. The labours of the Royal Commission have issued in laying before us a vast amount of information respecting the proportions, organisation, and policy of these bodies. Much light has been thrown on the shape and character of this great social phenomenon. The question remains, 'How are we to deal with it?' The Commissioners are themselves not unanimous in their answer to this question. They have given us a multiplicity of reports—a *concordia discors* of opinions. The report of the majority, signed by the chairman and by seven out of the ten members, is, if we may say so without disrespect to the eminent persons who have subscribed it, a not wholly satisfactory document. It bears, we think, on its face, the impress of considerable hesitancy and compromise. Upon several essential points it gives what is called in another kind of inquest, 'an 'open verdict.' The Commissioners leave the public to form their own judgment upon these questions as best they may from the multifarious evidence adduced. As regards the economical principles applicable to the case, they decline the responsibility of pronouncing a definite opinion, but they present us with two separate papers of much ability, by Mr. H. Merivale and Mr. Booth, which are to be taken, we presume, *valeant quantum*, upon their own merits, but without the official *imprimatur*. The conclusion arrived at by the eight Commissioners, including the chairman, who have subscribed Report No. 1, is in favour, to a partial extent, of legislative recognition and protection to these bodies, accompanied, however, by certain conditions and restrictions, which may or may not have the effect in their eyes of neutralising the boon. Lastly, we have a separate report and commentary on the whole subject by two dissentient Commissioners—Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. T. Hughes. This document, which is, in fact, an elaborate exculpation of the Trades' Unions from the objections commonly urged against the system, is, we are bound to say, an elaborate and extremely skilful performance. We doubt if the cause of unionism has found, or is likely again to find, so effective an *apologia*. The skill of advocacy is manifested alike in the topics which are put forward and in those which are kept in the background. A contrast, of which the historical truth must be admitted, is drawn between unionism as, with all its faults, it now is, and the barbarous and brutal features which stamped

it in the early part of the present century. The atrocities of the Sheffield and Manchester workmen are described as wholly exceptional and unique. The stupid and suicidal regulations which are found in the codes or adopted in the practice of some of the unions, are represented as the crude features of an immature and undeveloped class of associations, from which the more advanced and enlightened organisations have purged their laws. The policy and justice of giving legal recognition and countenance to a system which, though long proscribed by law, has been developed by circumstances, and has gradually consolidated itself into a power far too prominent to be ignored and too formidable to be suppressed, even were its suppression desirable, is urged with great force. And, lastly, the futility of offering to the Unionists a legal *status* clogged with restrictions and conditions, to which they cannot submit without compromising their self-respect and independence, is insisted upon with arguments to which it is impossible not to allow considerable weight.

In our former paper on this subject, which appeared at a time when a certain portion of the evidence laid before the Commons had been made public, we examined at some length the rules and practices of these associations. We found them to be in numerous instances such as no one acquainted with the principles of economical science, or the practical operations of trade, could regard without consternation. Viewed with reference to the employers, some of these rules might have been thought expressly designed to fetter capital and discourage enterprise. Viewed in the interest of the men themselves, they appeared to be the suicide of labour. The object of such regulations apparently was to create in the hands of the members of the unions an artificial monopoly of work—a closely-fenced and fettered system of industrial protection. The policy of enhancing the price of labour was pursued by means of a variety of perverse contrivances for making it less effective; by lowering the standard of industrial energy, by discouraging the superior class of workmen, and 'levelling up' the wages of the indolent and incapable to the same scale as the diligent and skilful; by prohibiting or restricting the use of machines, and other labour-saving processes by which production is increased; by subjecting the employer in all the operations of his business to the dictation of an arbitrary and ignorant clique; and by exercising a coercive jurisdiction, scarcely less intolerable, over members of their own class who might presume to contravene their behests. After what has already appeared in these pages, it is unnecessary to illustrate

this policy by examples. It is enough briefly to indicate such salient instances as these :—Regulations that no one shall move bricks in a barrow, but only carry them in a hod, and not more than eight bricks at a time. That stones shall not be worked in a quarry while they are soft, but only by the masons at the place where they are used. That a plasterer and a labourer must be separately employed, though the work might be as well done by one of them. That bricks made on one side of a canal must not be used for work done upon the other; and that bricks must only be made by hand, when they could be made cheaper and better by the machine. That men shall not do a good day's work so as 'to best their mates.' That they shall only walk at a given rate to their work when they walk in 'the master's time;' and that those who happen to live close to the work shall be paid for the same walking time as those who come from a distance. These and a hundred other vexatious and stupid regulations which are to be found throughout the evidence, illustrate to the extreme point of absurdity the theory that the workman's interest consists in making his labour less efficient, in making the products dearer to the customer, and the profit smaller to the capitalist, without the inevitable accompaniments of lowering the demand and the remuneration for labour.

In the face of such illustrations of the spirit of rampant unionism as such articles of its code afford, it might well be thought that only one line of argument in vindication of associations convicted of such a policy was open to any advocate of sense or candour who might desire to rescue them from public condemnation. Compromised as all these bodies are, more or less, by the extravagance of a part, it may still be urged, in arrest of judgment, that all are not equally erring. It may be contended, with much colour of truth, that the progress of these associations in numbers, influence, and wealth has been marked by a constant accession of more enlightened views, and a gradual abandonment of shortsighted and suicidal regulations. The Society of Amalgamated Engineers, or that of the Carpenters, which are generally appealed to as model instances of these fraternities, may justly point to the fact that prohibitions and restrictions which many minor unions enforce form no part of their code, and that their policy, so far from stimulating strikes, or setting man and master at variance, is distinctly of a conciliatory and pacific character. Other large and influential unions, having their centre in the metropolis, can allege with truth similar grounds of defence. It is in the small, obscure and less developed provincial bodies

that the anti-social practices which have brought discredit on the system prevail. The tendency, therefore, of these associations, in proportion as they increase and become better organised, is to cast aside the obnoxious and exclusive portions of the code. Still more should it be borne in mind that these combinations have been formed and grown up hitherto under a cloud. The law has frowned on them, the outer world has regarded them with suspicion and dislike, they have been driven into a region of secresy, and have naturally imbibed some of that enmity against the law which is the natural product of a condition of outlawry—all influences of an ungenial and unwholesome kind. But reverse this policy, substitute for statutory proscription and hole-and-corner meetings legal recognition and publicity,—invest the unions with the dignity and self-respect which attach to a corporate existence, and you will soon find that these purifying influences exercise their natural effect, and the strong common-sense and right feeling of the working man will cast off the narrow and stupid dogmas which interested agitators and crafty drones have imposed upon him to his own injury. In a word, the true cure for the vices and dangers of Trades' Unions is to be found in the free action of public opinion, the sense of responsibility to law, the possession of an honourable *status*, and the pride of a well and honestly exercised power.

Such, we say, is the rational, the judicious, nay, it is the only tenable defence now to be urged at the bar of public opinion on behalf of combinations which by the glaring errors and impolicy of some, and by the criminal excesses of, as we hope, but a few of their members, have incurred a large amount of suspicion and alarm in the minds of the community. Such is, to a great extent, in substance and spirit, the case so ably stated on their behalf by Messrs. Harrison and Hughes. Such, too, is mainly the line of argument taken by the author of the little work, 'Les Associations Ouvrières en Angleterre,' attributed to the Comte de Paris, which exhibits the fruits of a very careful study of the history and policy of our Trades' Unions, and is marked by that clearness of discernment and accuracy of thought characteristic of the accomplished princes of the Orleans family. Very different in tone and effect, we regret to say, is the advocacy employed by Mr. Thornton. So far as his book is likely to have an influence with the working classes at all, we must reluctantly express our belief that its influence will be mischievous. For although it does contain many admissions—some, indeed, which might be turned forcibly against himself, and of which he appears not to perceive

the weight—to the damage of the Union cause, the whole character and spirit of the book is eminently one-sided. So far from tending to mitigate the chronic feud between capital and labour, the *animus* evinced by the writer in respect to the employer class is calculated to widen the gulf. According to his strange theory, that 'in a normal state of things . . . 'the price of labour is determined, not by supply and demand, '*which never determined the price of anything*, nor yet generally 'by competition, which generally determines the price of 'everything else, but by combination among the masters' (p. 85), Mr. Thornton regards the employers as having been hitherto, so far as unionism has not operated to restrain them, the absolute dictators of the labour-market (p. 181). And how, in his opinion, have they exercised this power? 'The right of 'capital,' he says, 'has generally been used directly against 'them (the employed), and has *almost always been exercised* '*with remorseless disregard of their welfare*.' Conciliatory language, indeed! Surely these sweeping denunciations of a whole class, appealing forcibly to the prejudices of those whose relations are not too cordial already, are as unwise as they are illiberal and unjust. In the evidence now published, Mr. Thornton may find ample materials, if not to disabuse him of a baseless theory, at least to set him right as to a matter of fact. As one instance out of a large number, to show what are the real agencies in the fluctuations of wages, we extract the following statement made to the Commissioners by Mr. G. T. Clark, the manager of the great Dowlais Ironworks at Merthyr Tydvil, where from 8,000 to 9,000 persons are employed, and where for many years past there has been no strike, and *no trades' union in existence*. Yet the wages, which the employer is supposed to dictate, instead of being kept down at a uniform low point, have undergone considerable fluctuation up and down, during several years past. And how are these changes occasioned? Mainly by supply and demand, of course; but not without important modification from other motives. Let us hear Mr. Clark:—

Q. 10,110. 'When the men have any difference with the 'master, the question is settled then and there, within the 'circuit of the works; and I conceive that that is a very easy 'way of settling a dispute.' He is then asked (Q. 10,111) as to who are the parties who decide on the alterations of wages. Answer: 'I think that the masters and men together are the 'best judges'—and he thus explains the process (Q. 10,112): 'It is like a double hammer; you meet in the middle, and the 'heaviest shoves the other a little one way or a little the other.

'Now at this present moment everybody knows that in Wales 'we are earning no money by iron-working, and that there are 'a great many losses. If the thing were settled theoretically, 'wages ought to go down; but for various reasons they do 'not. The fact is, that beyond anything it is important to be 'on pleasant terms with your men; and it does not do to be 'on the look-out to screw them down. You deal liberally 'with them, and then if they know that you have a heavy 'contract with them they will not throw you over.' We will quote one more statement of the same witness, to illustrate the efficacy of the law of supply and demand where the artificial lever of unionism does not exist. (Q. 10,185.) He says: 'At 'this present time, if America were closed, I have not the 'smallest doubt that wages would go down, because we know 'perfectly well that the *collier has America under his lee*, and 'he may go there. . . . That is a great check upon the price 'of labour in England.' A check—as, of course, the witness means—on the reduction of wages; because emigration draws off the supply of English labour, and sustains the price.

Of course employers are of various sorts, like other classes of human beings; but a perusal of the evidence will show that the instance of the Dowlais works is by no means singular; that while supply and demand operate in the long run upon all, other motives and considerations, far from being 'remorse-'less,' influence their conduct; and, above all, that the notion that the masters, even where unions do not interfere, do or can arbitrarily dictate the price of labour, irrespectively of the state of the market, is simple infatuation.

But if the employers are not such dictators as the advocate of labour asserts, he admits with singular frankness who it is that desire so to be. Mr. Thornton does not argue for the abolition of ascendency, in order to instal equality in its place. He sees plainly that what Unionism aims at is merely to transfer autocracy to their own hands, and we hope we do not misjudge him when we say that he appears to contemplate the prospect of the change of dynasty with considerable satisfaction.

'The simple aim of Trades' Unions,' he says, 'is to enable 'themselves to dictate arbitrarily the conditions of employment. 'Whatever of good or evil can be urged for or against their 'pretensions, may be briefly comprehended in this saying' (p. 180). 'We shall find that they have no notion of con-'tenting themselves with an equal voice in the settlement of 'labour questions. They tell us plainly, that what they 'aspire to is "to control the destinies of labour;" that they

'want, not merely to be freed from dictation, but to dictate, 'to be able to arrange the conditions of employment at their 'own discretion; and facts are not wanting to indicate how 'they would use such discretionary power if they had it' (p. 171). In another passage (p. 236) the author takes a survey of the prospects of Unionism in the future, calculating its probable career, in advance, from its remarkable development hitherto. He considers that 'an immensity is practicable in the way both 'of the consolidation and extension of Trades' Societies'—looks forward to a rapid conversion of the outside workmen to Unionism; beyond this to the formation of a national league of all societies, after which 'the formation of this and of 'similar foreign leagues into an international federation may 'be expected to follow in due course.' And in another place he estimates that 'at the present rate of progress less than a 'hundred years would suffice for the operation' (p. 290).

Such is the anticipation of the ultimate development of the Union movement which Mr. Thornton hopefully entertains — the industrial revolution contemplated will then be complete. In the picture exhibited before us we see capital absolutely prostrate at the feet of labour. An immense industrial organisation prescribes the terms on which it will condescend to let out its members to the humbled employer. Master and man have changed places. It is the former who must now go cap in hand; the latter will signify with dictatorial condescension the rate of pay, hours of labour, and workshop regulations under which it will please him to act. Such a prospect of the industrial future of this country may be to many persons rather appalling. Mr. Thornton not only views it with complacency, but he is kind enough to point out the steps and processes by which so desirable a consummation may be reached.

'Though in the interests of universal labour,' he says, 'the formation of national and cosmopolitan unionism be thus clearly *an end to be aimed at*, the best, if not the only, means to that end, is the previous formation and bringing to maturity of separate Trades' Unions. The thing is scarcely to be done, if done at all, in any other way. National Unionism is only to be built up piecemeal. The only plan at all feasible is for separate sections of labourers to organise themselves independently, and for each organisation to confine itself to its own affairs. . . . This is the plan that, unconsciously perhaps, for the most part, Trades' Unions are at present following. . . . Mr. Thornton acknowledges that 'to *many persons* the idea of a confederacy embracing the entire working population may appear chimerical,' but he thinks that 'the thing is not more improbable than some of the actual phenomena of Unionism would not long since have appeared.' (P. 289.)

The economical effect of the realisation of such a vision comes next to be considered. To our mind the consequences of a system which, in common with the 'many persons' above referred to, we regard as the wildest of chimeras, are hardly worth estimating, simply because it appears evident that long before it had reached the point of international federation, the experiment would collapse in the general ruin of all the interests concerned. The consequence of allowing the associated working class, installed in the possession of absolute monopoly, to tax the capitalist *ad libitum* by imposing their own rate of wages and terms of service, would merely be to drain dry the reservoir from which labour is supplied with aliment; in other words, to drive capital out of the country. Mr. Thornton, we are aware, assumes a cosmopolitan organisation, so as to leave no refuge for the persecuted capitalist to fly to; but as he admits that such a gigantic confederation could only be built up piecemeal, trade by trade, and country by country, it would follow that the community which should take the lead in the great Labour League (presumably our own) would be the first to feel the effect, while those nations which were wise enough to associate themselves more slowly, or so much wiser still as to decline joining the movement at all, would benefit by the influx of the capital which we had frightened from our shores.

Let us see what is Mr. Thornton's own view as to the operation of the supposed industrial revolution on the producing classes. As to the labourers, he takes the benefit of a series of assumptions which it may suit him to make, but which no logical reasoner would for a moment concede. 'According to 'the hypothesis, there would be no diminution of production 'and no rise of prices, so that in their quality of consumers 'they would be in no degree the worse; while as there would 'be the same amount of employment as before, and as that 'employment would be better paid, they would in their quality 'of workmen be better off. Their gain in the form of aug- 'mented wages would be pure unalloyed gain, and would be gain 'in which the whole of them would participate, none getting 'more than others, or getting what they got at the expense of 'others of their own class.' (P. 290.) Having settled the matter as to the operatives, the writer next takes the case of the employers; and certainly the passage we are about to quote, in which the sacrifice of the capitalist on the altar of industry is described with a sort of grim jocularity, is one of the curiosities of the book—indeed, we might say it is unparalleled in any work in which questions of political economy are

seriously discussed:—'Of the entire community *the only class* 'that would lose would be that of employers, and even to 'these there would be the consolation of reflecting that they 'were the few suffering for the good of the many. We may 'imagine them revelling in retrospect on the sacrifices sustained 'by them for the advantage of an appreciative public, even 'as Strasburg geese have been supposed, amidst their liver-'enlarging tortures, to glory in foreknowledge of the added 'zest which the discriminating epicure would in consequence 'discover in his *pâté de foie gras*.' (P. 291.)

We fancy that the geese which are here supposed to be, not crammed as at Strasburg, but depleted *pro bono publico*, would be found to belong to that celebrated breed which is distinguished for laying golden eggs, and that unless Mr. Thornton, in defiance of the fable, can teach his clients some method of evading the natural consequence, the emaciation or destruction of the bird would be attended with anything but beneficial effect to those who subsist on its produce.

Although, we are bound to admit, the author condemns in sufficiently strong language some of the most flagrant excesses and abuses of power on the part of the Unions, there are certain of their rules and practices, manifestly hurtful to their own cause, unfair to their employers and oppressive to their fellow-workmen, for which he sets up a weak and injudicious defence. We are sorry to find any writer of cultivated intelligence lending himself to the propagation of fallacies which tend to confirm an imperfectly-educated class in shortsighted and selfish notions as to their own interests. If these combinations of labour which have attained such large dimensions and influence, are about to claim sanction from the law, that writer is no wise friend of the working class who does not do what in him lies to disabuse their minds of the fallacious theories which have led to the adoption of rules and practices in their Unions, injurious to the interests of society, their own included, and which, from the general alarm and suspicion they create, form at this moment the great obstacle to the admission of these societies to legal recognition. We refer to such regulations as those against piece-work, overtime, the employment of apprentices, and the like; and to such practices, among others, as 'picketing,' the compulsion put upon non-Unionists to join the Unions, the striking for higher wages against an employer while executing a contract commenced upon an agreed scale, and other proceedings which, though not actually criminal, are anti-social and repugnant to common equity. It is painful to find such abuses of the power of combination not scouted as

they deserve to be, but palliated and almost extolled in the work before us. We marvel that any man of education and ability should borrow from the mouths of ignorant witnesses such excuses for the prohibition of piece-work as that it induces men 'to contract intemperate habits,' and that it is likely to produce 'scamped work' (p. 315). These wretched pretexts, devised *ex post facto* to excuse regulations which are obviously adopted with a very different object, are destitute of any foundation in fact. It is well known, on the contrary, that piece-work is, as a rule, of better quality than day-work, and piece-workers usually the most diligent and rising members of their class. 'Piece-work or payment by merit,' says a witness already quoted, Mr. G. T. Clark, 'is the means by which the 'possessor of natural or acquired ability surpasses the man 'who is less gifted or less industrious, and by which all im-'provements are brought about. Beyond everything its ten-'dency is to raise the character of the workman, giving him a 'strong stimulus to improve himself, and it removes the neces-'sity for watching that he works his full time and does not idle. 'To pay all equally is to place all on the same dead level, and 'to remove any tendency to progress.' (Q. 10,500. See note.)

Another witness, Mr. Robinson, engineer of the Atlas Works at Manchester, told the Commissioners:—'The plan of doing 'piece-work in an establishment like ours and in Whitworth's 'and Beyer's, has led to such a reputation for our work that we 'can get higher prices than other firms; and it is far easier 'to check the quality of the work done in a properly organ-'ised establishment than it is to check the amount of the 'work.' (Q. 10,089, 10,090.)

Mr. Mundella, M.P., to whom we shall presently refer again, states that all the work done in his establishment is piece-work. In face of such evidence, which might be increased tenfold, we are gravely told that it is from motives of public spirit that Unions proscribe piece-work, and we are asked to believe, against all experience of human nature, that men more industrious than their fellows are peculiarly exposed to the vice of drunkenness, and that the hand of the diligent and skilful is apt to produce slovenly and dishonest work. The true reason of the enmity against piece-work is tersely stated by the Commissioners to be this—that it 'shows 'what may be done by skill and industry, and so raises the 'standard of expectation on the part of the employer.' (Report, p. xvi.) 'Properly considered,' says Mr. Merivale in his judicious 'Observations,' 'piece-work is strictly analogous to 'machinery. . . . Jealousy of machinery is equally natural,

'but not more wrong' (p. cxxiii.). Mr. Thornton, however, has notions of his own about machinery not very consistent or intelligible to our understanding, and which might not unnaturally lead the Unionists who proscribe the use of machine-made articles, to believe that the reason of the matter is rather on their side than the reverse. The doctrine that the tendency of machinery is 'not to diminish but enlarge the 'field of employment,' which we have ventured to present as a truism not at this day requiring formal proof, he is pleased to designate 'a pious fallacy.' If so hardy a theorist would condescend to learn something from a practical man, we would recommend Mr. Thornton to study the experience of Mr. Mundella, who so far confirms the best authorities on political economy, that he states in his evidence:—'The more machi-'nery we introduce, the more wages the men get. I am con-'vinced that, so far as our trade is concerned, machinery has 'been a great blessing.' (19,464.) This, it is to be observed, is at Nottingham, the very centre in years gone by of frame-breaking, then a capital offence.

The last point upon which we shall think it worth while to comment on the fantastic arguments used by Mr. Thornton to palliate the abuses of Unionism, is with reference to the measures often adopted by those bodies to force their unwilling fellow-workmen to join them. Of the extent to which this interference is carried, the evidence given before the Commissioners furnishes ample proof. We shall avail ourselves of two admissions in the work before us—one of fact, namely, that at the present time not more than 8 per cent. of the working class belong to Unions (p. 298); another of principle—'Of all the natural rights of man there is not one more 'incontestable than this, nor with which interference would be 'more manifestly unrighteous,—that every one should be at 'liberty to do his best for himself, leaving all others equally 'at liberty to do their best for themselves' (p. 95). Happily the author is here in complete accord with the law of England as laid down in a recent case by Mr. Baron Bramwell. Now if a given number of workmen choose to form themselves into a combination, so long as they interfere not thereby with the rights of others, it may be right that they should do so; but on what possible ground or pretext can they, being themselves a minority, coerce other workmen to join the league against their will? The natural right of every individual to use his proper gifts and capacities as his own choice dictates, is so far from being superseded by social obligations, that it is proved by experience that such freedom of choice conduces to the

most productive employment of the faculties of each, and so returns the largest contribution to the general well-being. Suppose an individual workman in any trade to disapprove of the principles and agencies of the Union formed among his fellows, to think their regulations—as in some cases he well may—anti-social or immoral, is he to be compelled, against his judgment and his conscience, under penalty of starvation if he refuses, enforced by the strike of the Unionists against the master, to enlist in their ranks and pay a heavy tax out of his wages to their funds? What has Mr. Thornton to urge in extenuation of such interference as this with individual liberty? We shall give his argument in favour of compulsory Unionism at length, because it is worth while to see all that the most thorough-going advocate can urge for so preposterous a claim:—

'To begin with the refusal of Unionists to work with non-Unionists, the consequences of refusal may doubtless be as serious to those affected by it as if they had been subjected to personal restraint. If it be impossible for A to obtain work unless B will consent to work with him, and if B refuse, A is thereby as effectually disabled from earning a livelihood as if B had bound him hand and foot, or shut him up in prison. And if A thereupon, in order to induce B to work with him, yield to B's wishes in some disagreeable particular, he is no more a free agent than if B had been a slave-driver, standing over him with his whip. Nevertheless, although A may be as much to be pitied as a slave, it does not follow that B is as much to blame as the slave-driver, or is, indeed, at all to blame. B, be it observed, is doing nothing to A, good or bad. He merely abstains from doing something which A wishes him to do, but which he is under no obligation to do. He is not infringing A's liberty of action; he is only exercising his own liberty of inaction. A has no claim upon his companionship, and cannot therefore be wronged by being refused it. Nay, circumstances can easily be imagined in which the refusal would be not only not objectionable, but meritorious. Suppose A to be a thief, or an obscene talker, or to be in the habit of chastising his wife with the poker, the sternest moralist would not think the worse of B for refusing to work or otherwise associate with him, so long as he continues his evil courses. Although B's holding aloof would still be equivalent to leaving A to starve, yet if he should, at the same time, make A aware that he had merely to reform in order to obtain the desired co-operation, B would be generally admitted to be sufficiently blending mercy with justice, and to be marking with no more than just severity his disgust at A's immorality. But *in the estimation of a zealous Unionist,* disaffection or treachery to Unionism is quite as heinous an offence as theft or wife-beating; and, if so, why may he not with equal propriety adopt the same mode of testifying against both? You may say, perhaps, that he is quite mistaken in his estimate, but that is

no better than saying that you think he ought to see with your eyes, and act according to your notions of right and wrong, instead of his own. If we would judge fairly of the proceedings of Unionists, we should endeavour to place ourselves in their situation, and look at things from their point of view. If our country were engaged in a life-and-death struggle, should we have any qualms of conscience about denying the substantial advantage of our co-operation to any of our countrymen who should obstinately refuse to aid in the national defence? But what patriotism is to all right-minded Englishmen, Unionism is to a large number of English workmen—a cause in which, mistakenly or not, they believe self-sacrifice and self-devotion to be as virtuous and glorious as everyone considers them to be for the sake of one's country. How, then, can we blame them for adopting, with regard to those whom they look upon as traitors, a system of non-intercourse, which, in like circumstances, we should not hesitate to adopt ourselves?' (Pp. 221, 222.)

Such is Mr. Thornton's defence—not, be it observed, an extenuating plea on behalf of men who, though engaged in a confessedly wrong cause, may reasonably claim some excuse on the score of ignorance or obliquity of judgment; but a deliberate defence of a practice which he places on a level in point of respectability with patriotism or with that strict personal virtue which will sacrifice itself in order to escape moral contamination. Let it be borne in mind that, according to the admission both of other 'zealous Unionists' (Q. 1349), and his own, already quoted, the aim of Unionism is confessedly neither purely patriotic nor highly moral. Its simple end is increase of wages. When in pursuit of this—certainly not immoral, nor in itself blameworthy, though interested—end, B *strikes against* A—that is, *ex concessis*, deprives him of his employment, which is his bread, because A does not happen to approve of rattening, picketing, and other like practices, are we to be told that 'B is doing nothing to A, good or bad'? Because the injury is done through the medium of a third person—the employer—is the act which is so done for B's advantage real or supposed, and to the ruin of A, in the eye of reason less immoral and unjust than if B 'bound him hand and foot, or shut 'him up in prison'? But the climax of this shallow sophistry is reached when we are told that however immoral *we* may deem such conduct, the question is not how it looks in our eyes, but how it appears 'in the *estimation of a zealous unionist*.' Indeed! is this the proper test of the morality of Unionism? Is Mr. Thornton addressing the tribunal of public opinion? is he appealing to the moral judgment of the world at large, who are neither workmen nor employers, to decide fairly between the two interests, or is he not? If the 'estimation of zealous

'Unionists' is to determine all these controversies, *cadit quæstio.* Zealous Thugs doubtless approve of assassination; zealous Inquisitors think persecution of heresy a paramount obligation. If we, who, standing apart from class interests, conceive ourselves bound to weigh these questions in the scale of abstract morality and justice, are not to judge, 'according to our notions 'of right and wrong,' but to look at them with the eyes of 'zealous Unionists,' surely all that is then needed is to inform us what in each case is the opinion entertained of this or that practice by the most ardent members of the fraternity, and all consideration of the morality of their proceedings based upon other standards becomes superfluous. But in that case, we fail to see the *raison d'être* of Mr. Thornton's book.

The limits of our space oblige us to hasten on to a brief review of the legislative changes recommended by the Commissioners. The relation in which Trades' Unions stand to the law, as it is expounded in the valuable memorandum furnished by Sir William Erle for the use of his colleagues, is certainly peculiar, and such as we think cannot without discredit be suffered to continue. We shall not presume to vex our non-legal readers with a disquisition upon the legal *status* of these bodies as affected by (1) the Common Law, (2) the Statute Law, (3) the decisions of the Courts. It is enough to say—and a most pregnant fact it is—that the regulations which the greater part, if not all, of these societies adopt, and the objects for which they exist, distinct from those of Friendly or Benefit Societies, are such as place them in the category of illegal combinations—illegal, however, not in the sense of being *criminal,* but in such sense as to subject them to an incapacity of availing themselves of ordinary legal privileges and protection. In so far as their rules prohibiting piece-work, overtime, the employment of apprentices, and the like, operate in what the law terms 'restraint of trade,' the Societies themselves become tainted with illegality, which excludes them from the benefits afforded by the Courts to the Queen's subjects in general. Furthermore, though the associations themselves are not what the law deems *criminal,* but only *incapacitated,* yet their action in the shape of a 'strike' would, unless it came within the strictly limited conditions under which the Act 6 Geo. IV. c. 129 exempts from criminality combinations for keeping up the rate of wages, be punishable by the common law, still unrepealed, with fine and imprisonment.

Now, it is worth while to reflect on the fact that these numerous and powerful organisations, which have extended from trade to trade, which count an aggregate income amounting

probably to not less than 1,000,000*l.* per annum,* and which subsist in more or less vigour and activity in nearly all the great industrial centres of the country, have thus grown up, and consolidated their strength, in the very teeth of the law, which has not only refused to recognise their existence, but denounces severe penalties against that form of action which they notoriously and not unfrequently exert. 'Are laws, thus confessedly impotent, worth maintaining? Nay, is it not, as a rule, impolitic to maintain the semblance of laws which, by reason of the changes of society, or the conditions of public opinion, cannot be put in execution, and whose existence is a standing proof of their inefficiency? We are unable to resist the conclusion that in a community in which both the legislative and judicial powers are so largely composed, as they are in this country, of the popular element, if the laws do not fit in with existing social facts, and if the facts are such as experience shows, cannot be got rid of, the only practicable alternative is so to modify the laws as to adapt them, as well as may be, to the facts. If the State should attempt to put in full execution the laws which now exist relating to trade combinations, it is certain that either the Unions or the law must break down. We have no hesitation in predicting that the attempt would fail, and the authority of the law would suffer serious injury and discredit. But though a conflict, *à l'outrance*, between the tribunals and the Unions would be in a high degree imprudent, and probably disastrous in its results, there is room for a compromise which, if judiciously arranged, would at once restore authority to the law and confer a privilege which is much desired by the Unions; for although they have successfully asserted their existence, and attained no insignificant power in defiance of the law, they are by no means insensible to the disadvantage and discredit which their present position of outlawry entails upon them. They are subject to difficulties which have been long complained of as a serious grievance, in enforcing their remedies for abstraction of funds against their own officers, and in making a valid title to their property. Some of these difficulties have been removed by a recent Act of the Legislature, 31 & 32 Vict. c. 116, which facilitates proceedings by associations in the case of embezzlement by members of their own body; but there remains the want of a summary remedy, such as is given to Friendly Societies by the Act 18 & 19 Vict. c. 63, s. 44, since, as the Courts have

* So stated by the Commissioners signing the Third Dissent, p. lix.

decided, that section applies only to societies established for purposes which are *not illegal*, and the regulations in restraint of trade which are prominent in most of the Union codes exclude them from the benefit of this provision. Recent decisions to this effect have produced much soreness of feeling, though we hope the more intelligent Unionists are too sensible to be led away by such inconsiderate rant as Mr. Thornton utters when he writes:—'*One of our principal Courts of so-called justice* has 'lately pronounced fraud and robbery not to be crimes when 'committed against Trades' Unions, thereby, as it were, giving 'public notice that those associations may henceforth be cheated 'and pillaged with impunity' (p. 207). The judicial power had no alternative but to pronounce that the remedies of a Statute passed with reference to a quite different species of societies were not applicable to those whose chief object was the regulation of trade, and that in a manner at variance with the hitherto declared policy of the law; but the Legislature may very properly be called upon to consider whether full proprietary rights, and the power of enforcing them against wrongdoers, may not henceforth be extended to those associations at least whose rules and objects are free from any ingredients of a criminal character. The majority of the Commissioners who have signed the Report No. 1 are prepared to take some definite steps towards the legalisation of Trades' Unions.

They say:—

> 'With regard to the general question of the right of workmen to combine together for determining and stipulating with their employer the terms on which only they will consent to work with him, we think that, provided the combination be perfectly voluntary, and that full liberty be left to all other workmen to undertake the work which the parties combining have refused, and that no obstruction be placed in the way of the employer resorting elsewhere in search of a supply of labour, there is no ground of justice or of policy in withholding such a right from the workmen' (p. xiv.); and they 'are prepared to recommend that a Bill be brought in so far relaxing the existing law in substance as to enact that no combination of persons for the purpose of determining among themselves, or of stipulating for, the terms on which they will consent to employ or be employed, shall be unlawful by *reason only that its operation would be in restraint of trade.*' (Pp. xvi.-xvii.)

So far the recommendations, if carried out, would relieve those associations which are prepared to adapt their regulations to the conditions prescribed from the stigma of illegality under which they now lie, and, by putting an end to that disability, would place within their reach the remedies against the

criminal abstraction of their property from which they are now debarred.

Further than this, however, the Commissioners think that 'there would be advantage to the Unions if they were established with the capacities, rights, and liabilities arising from 'a *status* recognised by law; and that there would be advantage to the public if their proceedings were made public, and 'the officers of Unions, acting according to law, had the position to which persons discharging important duties are entitled' (p. xviii.). They recommend, therefore, that 'facilities 'should be granted for such registration as will give to the 'Unions capacity for rights and duties resembling in some 'degree that of corporations, and to the public the means of 'knowing the rules, members, and funds of the Union, and 'also their expenditure and proceedings' (p. xxv.).

In the propriety of this recommendation we cordially concur. The policy of disability and exclusion from the protection of the law has been tried with signal unsuccess. In proportion as the Unions, grown strong enough to disregard the law, have thrown off the veil of concealment and come out in the light of day, their proceedings have become more orderly and less violent, their regulations less arbitrary and unreasonable, and the time we think has come to make trial of those two potent checks upon unjust and anti-social conduct between man and man—legality and publicity. More and more at the present day, under the increasing power of public opinion, these forces are proved to have a greater effect than legal penalties and proscriptions, and we feel much confidence that under such a *régime* the harsh and repulsive features of Trade Unionism would become greatly mitigated and eventually disappear. We therefore cordially welcome the scheme of registration which is proposed alike by the majority of the Commissioners and by the two whose signatures are affixed to Dissent No. 3. At this point, however, their opinions diverge, and question arises which is one of no small difficulty. By the report of the majority it is proposed to attach certain conditions upon which the privilege of registration shall depend. They observe that 'many of the rules and byelaws of some of 'the Unions are framed in defiance of the principles of economical science, and tend to restrict the free action of those principles on which depend the well-being of society;' and they propose to confine the privilege of registration to those societies only whose rules may be certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies to be unobjectionable in regard to certain particulars which they specify. The conditions are shortly these—namely,

there must be no regulations restricting subcontracts or piece-work, the use of machinery, the employment of apprentices, or of non-Unionists, and there must be no interference in the way of support or subsidy from one Union to another in time of strikes. Provided, however, that an Union be certified by the Registrar (from whose decision an appeal would lie to a court of law),* to be unobjectionable in the above respects, it would be entitled to registration.

Against this part of the proposition of the majority, the two signataries of the third dissent emphatically protest. They observe that 'the question as to certain rules, and payments 'under such rules—those relating to disputes as to piece-work, 'apprentices, and the like—seems to us one on which public 'opinion in the capitalist class and the workman class differ 'so widely that the State would not be wise to assume either 'side of the controversy as a matter of public policy' (p. lix.); and 'it appears to us that when the right of workmen to com-'bine to secure their own interest is admitted, it would be 'arbitrary for the State to assume that combinations for any 'particular object are not for their interest, and to declare 'them unlawful' (p. xxxvii.). There is one, and one only, limitation which Messrs. Hughes and Harrison would impose on the right of registration; it is that the regulations must contain no clause implying the commission of *crime*. They draw a broad distinction between matters of public policy, such as the interests, real or supposed, of trade, and those which come within the purview of the criminal law. 'We think 'that the Registrar should annually certify that the rules and 'byelaws contain no clause implying the commission of any 'offence punishable under statute; but he should not have 'power to withhold the certificate on the ground that in 'his judgment the rules are unreasonable or in restraint of 'trade. He should also certify that an annual statement of 'accounts has been rendered to him, and that the accounts 'showed an expenditure in accordance with law. We think he 'should be empowered to call upon the secretary and treasurer to 'show the details of items in this statement, and to examine 'books, ledgers, and other documents. If the Registrar finds 'in the rules and accounts submitted to him any clause infer-'ring the commission of crime, or any item of expenditure 'implying a criminal object, he should be empowered to refuse 'the certificate; and in the case of any payment suggesting 'the commission of crime, he should communicate with the 'proper authorities.' (P. lix.)

The above is not the sole dissent from the recommendation

of the major part of the Commissioners on this branch of the subject. There is, besides the dissent just quoted, a partial dissent (No. 2) which bears the weighty names of Mr. Herman Merivale and of Lord Elcho, who, although they have subscribed the Report of the majority, decline to concur on one point—namely, as to making the permission to register depend on the absence of any regulation relating to the support by Unions of the men belonging to other and unconnected Unions in case of strike. 'This,' they state, 'is so common a practice 'of Trades' Unions, and one from the Unionists' point of view 'so desirable in itself, that the *advantages attendant upon regis-'tration will not, in our opinion, be a sufficient inducement to 'Unions to abandon it.*' (P. xxix.) In that case, they argue, no check would be given to the practice, while the benefit of publicity which registration secures would be frustrated. And they justly remark that the practices specified by their colleagues as bars to registration do not, after all, exhaust the category of objectionable practices.

The force of these remarks appears to us to be very great, and though we would speak with diffidence on a subject of much difficulty, we are inclined to think that the reasoning of dissent No. 2 has a wider scope than the point to which the protest is limited. It will be for the Legislature to consider, when it concedes, as we assume it will now do, the principle of the right of combination, by what limitations the privileges to be accorded to the Unions shall be defined. It is useless to offer a boon upon terms which will probably ensure its rejection. The advantage of bringing the Unions, their rules, their policy, and expenditure, within the pale of legal cognisance and publicity, and under the checks and influences which that position will naturally engender, is in our judgment so eminently great, that it will be worth purchasing on somewhat liberal terms by the State. But the project of establishing an economic censorship in the hands of the Registrar or the Courts of Law, with power to decide whether the regulations of particular societies do or do not conform to orthodox principles, is a very serious one for the Legislature to entertain. It is true the Report (No. 1) specifies certain articles of the economic creed which alone shall be deemed indispensable; but the reason for selecting these, and these only, 'will not be 'self-evident. It will be asked, "Why go so far?" or "if so, 'why not farther still?"' It is manifest, as before observed, that other vicious regulations than these are to be found, or may be devised, in the codes of Trades' Unions. If the admission to registration is to be conditioned on economic soundness, and

the State in conceding this privilege is understood to certify that the rules imply no deviation from pure commercial principles, it would be necessary to inquire into and disallow other restrictions upon freedom of trade and the rights of industry besides those which the Commissioners have selected for disallowance. We confess we see great difficulty in drawing the line of legislative sanction at any point short of that on which the dissentient Commissioners take their stand—the point at which commercial policy ends and criminality begins. If the State avowedly declines the function of an economic censor, but merely undertakes the ministerial duty of affording legal protection on condition of submission to those responsibilities which publicity involves, imposing only such restrictions as regard for the security of the lives and property of its subjects requires, in that case the *imprimatur* of its officer will simply be taken for what it purports to be; but if the State professes to discriminate between false and sound economical regulations, it will encounter a much more arduous task. For ourselves we are free to declare that, if there is any one point, not involving matter of crime, which we should be disposed to make a bar to registration, it would be the attempt to enforce membership of Unions by rules binding the existing members not to work with non-Unionists, or by other similar provisions. In regard to these bodies we say, in the words of Messrs. Hughes and Harrison, used for another purpose, 'they should rest 'entirely on consent.' Compulsory Unionism is a contradiction in terms and an iniquity in practice.

There remains one more recommendation of Report No. 1 to which we feel compelled to take exception. It is well known that the Unions in general include two distinct objects —namely, certain benefits of a friendly character to the needy, sick, and superannuated members; and trade purposes, such as the support of workmen on strike. But though the purposes of the two are quite distinct, the funds are common. It is evident that such a financial combination is unsound in theory. There can be no security for the solvency of a society which mixes up objects of which the requirements may be calculated with certainty, with objects, such as a strike, on which the expenditure must necessarily be incapable of estimate. So say the actuaries, and doubtless they are right. The best answer which the Unions have to give, is that they are practically solvent; that there has been no instance of default hitherto; that the contributors suffer no grievance and make no complaint. The authors of Report No. 1, however, are dissatisfied with the footing on which the security of the finances rests,

and they recommend that it should be required as a condition of obtaining a 'first-class Trades' Union certificate,' entitling the recipient to special privileges, that the trade and benefit funds should be kept distinct, and the one be not employed in aid of the other. To such a proposition, however, two objections arise, each of great weight. It is urged that it would be highly impolitic to require a Union to fix and set apart beforehand a definite proportion of its funds to be employed on strikes. Being incapable of estimation, it would necessarily be fixed at a high sum, and the 'strike fund' would be a standing suggestion to its own employment. Well says the poet—

> 'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes deeds ill done!'

The other objection is the same which applies, though perhaps in a less degree, to the propositions before considered. The Unions would never accept registration upon such terms. To what extent Messrs. Hughes and Harrison are entitled to represent these bodies, we do not pretend to say; but they state broadly their conviction that the Unions would almost without exception decline to submit to registration on such conditions (p. xxx.). It is a choice of evils between which the Legislature must determine. For our own part, we incline to the opinion that the evil of unchecked, unlicensed, and to a certain extent clandestine, associations outweighs the dangers on the other side. And this we say, although on general economical principles we are almost entirely in accord with the majority of the Commissioners, and should have some serious exceptions to take, did opportunity and our space permit, to the tenets of the dissentient minority.

Happily there is one conclusion on which all the members are agreed. It is in the marked approval pronounced on that solution of the differences between master and workmen which has been successfully inaugurated by Mr. Mundella at Nottingham in the shape of a Board of Conciliation, and which is explained at length by that gentleman in his very interesting evidence (Q. 19,341 *et seq.* and Q. 19,679 *et seq.*). The Nottingham Board is composed of seven employers and seven workmen, elected respectively by the two classes; its meetings are held once a quarter, or oftener if needed. The representatives of the two interests come together to discuss in a friendly manner across a table questions of wages and other points of difference, with a view to their amicable adjustment. It is of the essence of the system that it is entirely voluntary, and it is usually found that, after free discussion, and often by

means of mutual concession, an arrangement is come to which, though without legal force, is considered to be morally binding and is generally acquiesced in and honourably fulfilled. Mr. Mundella testifies to the straightforward character and fairness of the representative workmen. The result has been that there has been for nine years a total cessation of strikes, and a friendly feeling between masters and workmen, in a district once beyond all others the scene of embittered hostility, violence, and outrage. A somewhat similar system has been carried into operation at Wolverhampton and elsewhere by Mr. R. Kettle, Judge of the Worcestershire County Courts, with remarkable success. This gentleman's evidence is also of great value. Both to him and to Mr. Mundella we consider the country owes much gratitude for their exertions. The Commissioners look with great hopefulness to a system of this kind as affording the prospect of 'a peaceful, prosperous future 'for the industry of this country.' And they do not hesitate to declare that if their Commission should be the means of drawing attention to what has thus been effected, the time spent upon it will not have been mis-spent, nor the labour thrown away.

ART. V.—1. *Das Buch vom Grafen Bismarck.* Von G. HESEKIEL. Bände 1 und 2. Elberfeld: 1868.

2. *Monsieur de Bismarck.* Par L. BAMBERGER. Paris: 1868.

If we have placed these two books at the head of this article, it is certainly not for their intrinsic value. Herr Hesekiel, whose work assumes the arrogant title of '*The* book' of Count Bismarck, is a penny-a-liner of the Kreuzzeitung persuasion, writing novels, articles, and feuilletons, with prodigious fertility, to prove the divine right of that party, small but once powerful by court intrigue. The tendency of his book is to show that Count Bismarck even in his more recent changes has ever remained faithful to his original feudal tenets. Its composition is loose, spiced with numerous anecdotes of doubtful interest, and with many personal digressions of indubitable dulness, as for instance, the author's excursion to Count Bismarck's estate of Schoenhausen, where he goes into raptures at the 'historic impression of eating strawberries 'from Bismarck's garden in Bismarck's library.' If we add that the illustrations by which the editor has sought to make up for the author's want of literary merit are vulgar and

commonplace, we may fairly say that a more wretched piece of book-making has scarcely appeared in recent biographical literature. The only things of interest in these pages (but they do not come from Herr Hesekiel) are certain confidential letters of Bismarck which throw a curious light on his character, although we are at a loss to understand how he could communicate documents of such importance to such a biographer.

The second work is of a very different type. Herr Bamberger is a German Liberal, who, after the events of 1848, was obliged to leave his country, and won an honourable position in Paris as a banker. Like many of his countrymen living in foreign lands, he felt most bitterly that Germany as a nation was powerless by her divisions, and therefore hailed with joy the establishment of a strong Prussia. Sitting for Mayence in the Customs Parliament, he has now tried to explain to the French people the character of the statesman by whom this great change has been wrought. We think his appreciation will be found correct in the main. He admires his hero, but is too unprejudiced to see in him the model of a national Minister. He winds up his little book by saying that Bismarck, notwithstanding the elasticity of his mind, will always disappoint those who flatter themselves that he can be anything but an aristocrat, using the cause of progress not for *liberal* but for *political* objects. The sketch which the author has drawn may therefore serve to render Bismarck's figure more familiar to the French people, but it is superficial; and whosoever has taken the trouble to watch the course of political events in Germany in the last few years will scarcely learn anything from it.

We do not dispute the difficulty of writing the biography of a man who stands in the vortex of public affairs, and who is engaged in a great political experiment on the ultimate success of which opinion is still much divided. This difficulty is the greater, when we have to deal with a statesman, who, tried by the test of principle, has been singularly inconsistent in his conduct and opinions. In trying to give an outline of the character and career of this remarkable man, who, however he may be judged by posterity, has stamped his name in indelible characters on the history of our time, we do not presume to explain everything, still less to be initiated in the arcana of his secret designs. We shall simply endeavour to tell as much as is possible according to our present knowledge, and to weigh his merits unbiassed by any personal feelings.

Otto von Bismarck was born April 1, 1815, on the family

estate of Schoenhausen, in the province of Brandenburg. The family belongs to the ancient gentry of the country, and has furnished many officers and servants to the Electors and the Kings of Prussia. Bismarck's father was a captain of horse, who died in 1845; his mother, a daughter of Frederic William III.'s Cabinet Secretary, Menken, is said to have been a remarkably clever and ambitious woman; she always wished that her son should enter the diplomatic career, but she died long before his public life began. Bismarck was first educated in Berlin, and went to the University of Göttingen in 1832, where he soon became famous, not for his application, but for his duels and extravagances. According to his own account he only twice attended lectures before he passed his examination. He continued this wild life while he was employed as a subordinate functionary in different Government offices; but soon got tired of red tape and retired to his own estates, which he successfully tried to extricate from the embarrassed condition in which he found them. He divided his time between agricultural pursuits and orgies which procured for him in the surrounding country the name of 'Mad Bismarck.' Strange stories were afloat about his riding, hunting, and drinking, and his prodigious faculty of emptying huge bumpers of porter and champagne, half-and-half. But the same man who was considered a terrible scape-grace would sometimes retire from his jovial companions and remain shut up in his library for days and nights, reading hard metaphysics, history, and politics; then sallying out on long rambles accompanied only by a huge mastiff, and afterwards boring his friends with long political dissertations. He also diversified his country life by several journeys to England and France, and in 1847 he married Fräulein von Puttkammer. The parents of the lady on whom he had bestowed his affections were quiet, pious people, and therefore considerably alarmed when he, a man as yet only famous for his eccentricities, proposed to their daughter, but were thunderstruck when the maiden firmly though bashfully declared that she loved him. They, however, consented, and never had reason to repent it, for in all the vicissitudes of his political life Bismarck has proved a model husband and father. Thus he settled down as a country squire at Schoenhausen; but he was not destined to remain long in that quiet condition, for his political career was about to commence.

King Frederic William III. had died without fulfilling the solemn promise, made in the crisis of 1815, of granting to his people a national representation. His successor felt that things could not go on as before, and was willing to admit representatives

of the people to a certain share in the Government. Frederic William IV. was intelligent enough to fathom the worthlessness of the paper constitutions then so much in vogue; he professed the highest admiration for British institutions, and lauded England as the country of hereditary wisdom; but, on the other hand, he never attained to a true appreciation of modern times and wants. His romantic and mediæval inclinations bound him within an enchanted circle. So it came to pass that when after long and fatal hesitation he issued (February 3, 1847) the letters patent granting a representation, composed of delegates of the provincial Diets, this Royal grant caused general disappointment. The first step of the new Assembly was to declare that the Convocation of the United Estates (Vereinigter Landtag) could not be considered as a fulfilment of the Royal promise of 1815. This declaration was strongly opposed by Bismarck, who took his seat as a delegate of his provincial Diet. The wars of 1813–15, he said, had not given to the Prussian people any right to demand a constitution; their object was to shake off the foreign yoke. The Prussian Kings held their throne not by grace of the people, but by divine right; their power was *de facto* unlimited, and every concession they made was a free gift. In the same spirit he opposed a bill for removing the civil disabilities of the Jews: 'You may call,' he said, 'my ideas dark 'and mediæval, but I ask that Christianity shall be above the 'State. Without a religious foundation the State is only an 'accidental aggregate of rights, a bulwark against the King, 'a bulwark of all against all(?) Its legislation will not be 'regenerated out of the original fountain of eternal wisdom, 'but stand on the shifting sands of vague and changeable 'ideas of humanity. If I should see a Jew a representative of 'the King's sacred Majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated.' In short, Bismarck spoke in that Assembly as a member of the extreme right, or feudal party. When shortly afterwards the storm of 1848 swept away the United Estates, and the King in spite of his former declarations granted a paper constitution, Bismarck in the last sitting of the Estates protested in a manful and dignified way, and then retired to his country-seat, deeply regretting the weakness of the Government, whose adventurous flight he was unable to follow. But he lost no jot of heart or hope; and when soon afterwards the Socialist follies of the democratic party drove even the Liberals into opposition, he became the nucleus of a new Conservative party, and one of the most trusted advisers of Frederic William IV., whose personal acquaintance he had made in Venice on his wedding tour.

The courage and energy which Bismarck showed in those stormy times deserves to be acknowledged. He never bowed to the revolution even in the most critical days, and took a chivalrous pleasure in defying the menaces of the demagogues; but at the same time he expressed a withering contempt of popular rights and public opinion, and identified the Liberal leaders with the heroes of the barricades. He was at that time also a most ardent adversary of all projects of German unity, and denied that the nation at large really desired it. 'Prussia,' he said, 'had only one enemy—the revolution, and 'ought to make common cause against it with Austria.' When therefore the crisis came, and Baron Manteuffel went to Olmütz to accept the humiliating conditions dictated by Prince Schwarzenberg, Bismarck frankly defended from the tribune this capitulation, and denied that it could be Prussia's policy to abet the Liberal Quixotes of the German Parliament. 'I acknowledge,' he said, 'in Austria the representative and 'the heir of an old German Power, which has often and 'gloriously wielded the sword of Germany.' Such opinions were of course acceptable to the Austrian Court; and when the time came to reappoint a Prussian Minister at the re-established Diet, in 1851, Bismarck was chosen for the post and sent as plenipotentiary to Frankfort, where he remained for eight years. It was during this period that his political ideas underwent the great change by which he has since astonished the world. He arrived in Frankfort in the full fervour of a partisan of the Holy Alliance, and a champion of the reaction. He ridiculed every national German interest, and was ready to co-operate eagerly with Austria against the liberal Hessians as well as against the Schleswig-Holstein rebels; and it may here be noted, that the same man who in 1864 was the principal instrument in dismembering Denmark, in 1849 condemned the war against Denmark as 'a most unjust, frivolous, 'and pernicious undertaking in order to support a revo-'lution without legitimate motives' (Sitting of the Second Chamber, April 21); and in 1852 he received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Danebrog, 'in acknowledgment of his acti-'vity in the pacification of Schleswig-Holstein.' But if he was ready to act as a faithful ally of Austria, Bismarck remained nevertheless a Prussian, and claimed for his country a co-ordinate position in the Germanic Diet.

The working of the German Federal Constitution before 1848 had in fact only become possible by a tacit agreement between Austria and Prussia, Prince Metternich taking the lead in all European questions, but leaving Prussia a certain

liberty of action in North Germany, and particularly in all questions of material interest, like the Zollverein. Bismarck had, as he himself says, grown up in admiration, nay even adoration, of Austrian statesmanship, and on his arrival at Frankfort he immediately started on a pilgrimage to Johannisberg to pay his respects to the Nestor of European politics. He returned from this visit with the hope that Austria would acknowledge it to be just and wise to give Prussia, after the reconciliation which had taken place, such a position in the Confederation as would induce the Berlin Cabinet to exert its whole strength for the common interests of the allied German Powers. But under Prince Schwarzenberg's premiership things began to wear a very different aspect. That haughty Minister was resolved to use his victory in the most relentless manner; his device was openly, 'il faut avilir la Prusse et après la démolir;' he had resumed the old Hapsburg dream of a universal Empire; his design was to crush once for all the ideas of German unity, and to realise the idea of an Empire of seventy-seven millions by making Austria enter into the Confederation with all the countries subject to her sceptre. Bismarck was not the man to submit to such a policy. 'Soon after my arrival at Frankfort,' he afterwards wrote, 'the scales fell from my eyes. I saw that many of the quantities with which I had hitherto counted did not exist; that the Austria which was before my mind did not exist in reality; and that therefore it was impossible to go along with her.' A short time afterwards he was sent on a special mission to Vienna, and there tried to persuade the Emperor to take a more friendly position towards Prussia, but he failed in this attempt. He was most courteously received, but obtained nothing. Thenceforth Bismarck became a decided adversary of Austria, and his whole activity at the Diet was a protracted struggle against the paramount influence of the Vienna Cabinet. In this struggle he was not much supported by his Government. The King was deeply discouraged, nay broken, by the late events, and therefore was always for yielding to the pressure exercised from Vienna by the three Bavarian Princesses, who at that epoch exerted so fatal an influence in European politics—the Archduchess Sophia, the Queen of Saxony, and the Queen of Prussia. So he consented to Austria's entering the Confederation with her whole empire, which was only prevented by the protest of England and France. When soon afterwards the Eastern difficulties began which led to the Crimean War, Bismarck was with heart and soul on Russia's side. His motives were perhaps as much dislike of Austria

—who seemed willing to side with the Western Powers—as admiration for the Emperor Nicolas, the patron of the feudal party, whose death, Herr von Gerlach afterwards said, Prussia ought to mourn like the loss of a father. Certain it is that Bismarck contributed powerfully to estrange Prussia from the allied Powers, and to keep her in that one-sided neutrality which proved so useful to Russia. He supported the efforts of the Kreuzzeitung party to recall Bunsen from his post in London. He seconded the ill-advised interference of the secondary States at the meeting of Bamberg, and did his best to prevent Baron Usedom and General Wedell from setting out when they were sent to London and Paris to negotiate a *traité analogue* to that which Austria had signed with the Western Powers. His influence at that time was great; he was frequently summoned to Berlin, and more than once his name was put forward for the Premiership. In 1857 the King was taken ill, and a year later the Prince Regent on his accession dismissed Baron Manteuffel's Ministry. The event was unexpected by Bismarck. Some of his friends advised that he should forthwith resign; but he preferred waiting till the new Ministers showed their colours:—

'If these gentlemen,' he wrote to his sister, November 1858, 'keep up a certain connexion with the Conservative party, if they endeavour sincerely to establish an understanding and peace in home affairs, they may have a considerable advantage for our foreign policy, for we had sunk downwards we scarcely know how: this I felt here most bitterly. I think the Prince (Hohenzollern) was made Premier to give guarantees against a party-government and sliding down to the left. If I am mistaken in this, or if Government wants my post to gratify the place-hunters, I shall retire under the guns of Schoenhausen and watch how Prussia is to be governed by democratic majorities, trying to do my duty in the Upper House. Change is the soul of life, and I hope to feel ten years younger if I find myself in the same position of warfare as in 1848-49. The prospect of a fresh and honest struggle without any official shackles—if I may say so, in political bathing trowsers—has nearly as much charm for me as a continued *régime* of truffles, dispatches, and grand crosses. If I should find the parts of the gentleman and the diplomatist incompatible, the pleasure of spending decently a high salary will not make me waver for a moment. With my simple wants I am independent; and if God keeps my wife and children in good health, I say "vogue la galère, whatever the "waters may be."'

Towards the end of the year Bismarck was recalled from his post, and named Minister at St. Petersburg. He expressed his disappointment to the Prince Regent, because he

thought he might have done good service to Prussia in Frankfort under the new state of affairs; but he accepted his new destination, which was honourable in itself, and allowed him to keep aloof from party struggles. He left Frankfort with the conviction that the existing federal institutions were unprofitable, and in critical times most dangerous for Prussia, without offering those equivalent advantages which Austria derived from them.

'The minor princes and governments,' he wrote to Baron Schleinitz, 'do not measure the two great Powers by the same standard: the interpretation of the scope and of the laws of the Confederation is modified according to the wants of Austrian policy. Since 1850 we are met in every question by the same hostile majority, by the same pretension that Prussia ought always to yield. In the Eastern question Austria's power of gravitation proved so superior to ours, that the other German governments, although agreeing in their convictions with Prussia, were obliged to give way. They declared themselves unable to discharge their federal duties if Austria was resolved to go her own way, although they themselves were convinced that the federal law and the interests of Germany were in favour of our policy. Their clinging to Austria is based on an erroneous conception of their interest, which prescribes a common opposition to Prussia and to the natural development of her influence and power. The aim of the policy of the middle states is the development of the federal treaties in the sense of Austrian supremacy. This can only be done at Prussia's expense, if we are always willing to submit and to bear with untiring complacency the disproportion between our federal rights and duties. This tendency of the policy of the middle states will reappear after every vacillation with the steadiness of the magnetic needle, because it is not the arbitrary result of changing circumstances and persons, but the natural and necessary result of the federal relations with the minor states. *We have no means of coming to a permanent and satisfactory arrangement with this policy within the pale of the existing federal treaties. I consider our present federal relations as a disease of Prussia, which we shall be obliged to cure sooner or later with fire and sword (ferro et igni) if we do not take preventive measures in seasonable time.*'

It is not astonishing that with such convictions Bismarck should have advised his Government to profit by the opportunity offered by the Italian War in order to obtain a revision of the Federal League, which would ameliorate the position of Prussia in Germany. Nor can it be doubted that such a policy would have been highly popular with the Prussian people. They felt humiliated by long subjection to Austrian supremacy. They hated the Government which had signed the Concordat, and were favourable to Cavour's liberal

and national policy. When, therefore, the Cabinet of Vienna, after the ominous words of the Emperor Napoleon to Baron Hübner on New Year's Day 1859, began to prepare for the contest; when all the minor Courts and the German press, guided by Austria, were raging for war; when in regard to Prussia it was said at Vienna, 'If the Emperor commands, 'the Margraves must obey,' Bismarck pressed his Government to assume an independent position, and to consult only Prussian interests for her future policy. 'If the majority at 'Frankfort,' he wrote to Baron Schleinitz, 'under the pressure 'of Austria, should take resolutions which overstep the pro- 'visions of the Federal treaties, or which even would go so 'far as to set aside those treaties, we ought to take up the 'gauntlet. The more unequivocally such a violation is mani- 'fested, the better for us. We shall not easily find more 'favourable conditions in Austria, Russia, or France to permit 'us to ameliorate our position in Germany. On the other 'hand, our Confederates are in a fair way of offering us a 'legitimate cause for such an undertaking.'

But the weak and indolent Minister who then directed Prussia's policy could not muster courage for an energetic course of action. He declared, it is true, that Prussia, willing as she was to defend every German interest, would not allow the Diet to dispose of her army; but he lost time in fruitless attempts at mediation, before and during the campaign, till the world was astonished by the news of the armistice of Villafranca. Austria had preferred to sacrifice the province of Lombardy to making any concession to her hated rival in Germany, whom after the peace the Emperor accused openly as the chief cause of his defeat.

Long before these events Bismarck had retired to his new post at St. Petersburg, and, disappointed in his expectations from the new Ministry, was glad to be removed from party strife to a position where he could observe the march of political events as from a watch-tower. As an old partisan of Russia, he was most cordially received by the Emperor, the Court, and Prince Gortschakoff; and he took advantage of his comparative leisure to study the country, the language, and society. As at Frankfort, he kept a hospitable house, and was a welcome guest in the fashionable circles of the capital. His residence in Russia was also marked by several severe attacks of illness, from which he has never entirely recovered. But Bismarck's life in St. Petersburg was not altogether that of an observing philosopher, merely doing his duty in the business of the legation; he had always kept up his connexion

with Berlin; he had strengthened his relations with the Prince Regent, now King William I., by frequent personal intercourse, and his political ideas had more and more ripened. His letters from St. Petersburg show that at that time he was already considerably estranged from his old convictions:—

'The system of the solidarity of conservative interests in all countries,' he writes September 18, 1861, 'is a dangerous fiction without complete and unrestricted reciprocity. If we cling to it without this condition it becomes Quixotism, which only hinders our King and Government from fulfilling their proper task, to protect Prussia against any attack. We should not proclaim as a shibboleth of the Prussian Conservative party the extravagant and lawless ideas of sovereignty (*den ganz unhistorischen, gott-und rechtlosen Souveränetätsschwindel*) of those German princes who use their federal position to play at European politics. Our Government is Liberal in Prussia and Legitimist in other countries. We protect the rights of foreign crowns with more zeal than those of our own; we are wild for maintaining those diminutive sovereignties created by Napoleon and sanctioned by Metternich, and remain blind to the dangers by which the independence of Prussia and Germany is threatened as long as the nonsense of the present Federal Constitution is maintained, whilst it is only a hotbed of dangerous and revolutionary tendencies. We ought to say plainly what changes we wish to accomplish in Germany; whether they are to be realised by a revision of the Federal Constitution or by free association like the Zollverein. We ought to declare at the same time frankly that we wish to bring about these changes legally, and do not wish to go further than our security and the interests of all require. A stronger consolidation of the German military forces is as necessary to us as our daily bread; we need new and elastic duties for the Zollverein, and provisions for protecting our material interests which arise from the unnatural configuration of the internal German frontiers. Neither can I conceive why we should be terrified at the idea of a popular representation at the Diet or at a Customs Parliament. Can we Conservatives impugn an institution as revolutionary which legitimately exists in every German state?'

The man who could write in this strain was evidently already separated by a wide gulf from the Kreuzzeitung party, whose chiefs began to look at him with considerable alarm. Meanwhile the internal affairs of Prussia were drawing to a crisis. King William, in dismissing Baron Manteuffel, had not become a Liberal. The reason of Manteuffel's disgrace was Olmütz. The Prince could not forgive him for having lowered Prussia's position in Europe by a weak and vacillating policy. Therefore the first aim of the Liberal ministers who came into office in November 1859 ought to have been to raise that position. The Italian war offered an excellent opportunity. The Emperor Napoleon was most willing to give

Prussia free play in Germany if she would let him have his way in Italy. He even repeated his offers when he was going to annex Savoy and Nice. But Baron Schleinitz could not make up his mind to act one way or the other. He allowed himself to be taken by surprise at the news of Villafranca; he tried to get up a feeble protest against the aggrandisement of France, but drew back when Lord Palmerston justly declined to join him, and he gravely administered a rebuke to Italy for her revolutionary proceedings, which was ably answered by Count Cavour. At last, probably feeling himself unequal to his position, he resigned, and retired to the more genial and quiet post of the Minister of the Royal Household. The ministry of the 'New Era' had lost the golden opportunity of reconciling the King with its more liberal ideas by an energetic foreign policy. It was therefore only natural that they met with a strong resistance from their Royal master when they tried to convert him to the necessity of constitutional reforms. The King's ideas took a different direction. The experience of 1859 had strengthened his conviction that the organisation of the Prussian army was unequal to the wants of the day, and he considered a reform as necessary, if Prussia was to maintain her rank as a great Power. This reform, therefore, became his great aim after Villafranca. General Bonin, the Minister of War, who hazarded a slight opposition to the King's plan, was dismissed, and General von Roon took his place. No notice of this change was given to the other members of the Cabinet, but they quietly submitted to it. It now became the task of the Finance Minister to procure the necessary funds for the reorganisation of the army, which raised the military budget from thirty-two to forty millions of thalers.

The revenue of Prussia was in a flourishing state, and by no means unable to bear this increase of expenditure, but it ought to have been made acceptable to the Legislature by careful preparation and by liberal reforms. Baron Patow might have succeeded if he had insisted on these precedent conditions. But he did not; and the project of army reform fell on the heads of the deputies like a stone from heaven. It was, therefore, not astonishing that the bill was very ill received. The Special Committee which examined it demanded the reduction of the time of effective service exacted by law from every Prussian subject from three to two years, and this proposal was backed by a great majority. An open conflict was with great difficulty avoided by a provisional compromise, granting an additional vote for one year. In the mean time

the reorganisation went on as if it had been finally passed. In March, 1861, the House passed a resolution, requiring a more specific budget. The Ministry insisted upon a dissolution, which was granted, but, at the same time, on liberal reforms, which were refused by the King. The Cabinet resigned, and only General von Roon, Baron von der Heydt, and Count Bernstorff re-entered the new Conservative administration. But this administration was a weak one. The country answered by sending an overwhelming adverse majority to the House of Deputies; and Baron von der Heydt's position was shaken from the beginning by the publication of a letter to General von Roon, insisting on reduction of the military expenses. Already at that epoch Bismarck had become the candidate of the Conservative and military party for the Premiership. Arriving on leave in the spring of 1862, and assisting at the inauguration of Count Brandenberg's monument, all eyes were directed upon him. 'Salute 'the new Premier,' said a member of Manteuffel's Cabinet to a Liberal colleague of the new era. Certain it is that negotiations in that sense took place; but Bismarck refused to serve under Baron von der Heydt, and even did not wish to become Minister at that moment, because he saw that things were not ripe for a decisive step. However, on leaving for Paris, where he had been appointed ambassador, he foresaw that the ministerial question was not yet settled. 'I do not 'know,' he wrote to his wife, 'whether I can send our furni-'ture to Paris, for I may be summoned back to Berlin before it 'arrives. What I am doing now is rather making an attempt 'to escape than choosing a new residence.'

Bismarck presented his credentials in Paris (June 1), and then went on leave. He made a short trip to London to see the Exhibition, and tried most unsuccessfully to win Lord Palmerston's good-will for his projects. He then went to the Pyrenees and Biarritz, where he met the Emperor, and in their frequent walks by the seaside laid the foundation of the intercourse which afterwards proved so useful to him. On his way home, at Avignon, he was met by a telegram which summoned him to Berlin. The long-expected crisis had at last arrived. The House of Deputies had finally refused to vote the increased military budget. Baron von der Heydt declined to spend the money against this vote, and resigned, together with Count Bernstorff, and Bismarck was appointed Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

His position was a difficult one. He had always advocated the army reform as the condition of a more energetic foreign

policy, and he was now called into office in order to maintain the contested reorganisation. But, at the same time, he did not underrate the dangers of a protracted Parliamentary conflict, and wished seriously to come to an understanding with the House. In confidential conversations with the leaders, he protested against the principles of the Kreuzzeitung party; he declared that he wished to be supported by the Liberals; he hinted at a future grand foreign policy. But he requested the maintenance of the army reorganisation. He admitted that, personally, he had no objection to a shorter term of military service, but he added that this was out of question for the moment, and he urged the difficulties of his personal position. The Liberal party declined to treat upon such vague promises. Nor was this astonishing, if we consider Bismarck's past; for had he not contributed with all his might to crush every effort of a liberal and national policy in 1849 and 1850? He now came forward avowedly in order to support the King in carrying unconditionally the army reform, against the will of the majority. Neither was his language calculated to quiet suspicions when he appeared for the first time in the Committee of Ways and Means. He told the Members that they took things too tragically. The Government did not wish for a conflict, and was willing to settle the quarrel if it could do so honourably. People were too self-willed, too much inclined to individualism, too critical, in Germany. This personal independence made it difficult to govern constitutionally in Prussia. Perhaps her citizens were too civilised to bear a constitution.

'We are too hot-blooded; we like a big armour for our slim body, but then we ought to use it. Germany does not look for Prussia's liberalism, but for her power. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden may indulge liberalism, but nobody expects that they will play Prussia's part. Prussia is obliged to collect her force for a favourable moment, which has already been missed several times. Her frontiers are not favourable for a healthy commonwealth. The great questions of our time are to be decided not by speeches and resolutions, but by blood and iron.'

It was, in short, the theory, which Bismarck himself afterwards condensed in the sentence, that only a full-grown State could indulge in the luxury of a Liberal Government. There was, perhaps, in his words a certain amount of bitter truth; but such language, delivered in the flippant way which was proper to him, was far from reassuring those to whom it was addressed. The attempted understanding broke down, and Bismarck resolved to govern without a budget legally voted.

The Prussian Constitution is built on a very broad basis, but without any solidity. It proclaims a great many liberal principles without giving the people the power to realise them. It declares that a great many things must be done, without providing any remedy in case they are not done. The Constitution granted to the Legislature the right of voting the supplies and imposing new taxes, but it declared expressly that, under any circumstances, the existing taxes should continue to be levied. The budget was to be submitted, first to the House of Deputies, and then sent up to the Upper House, which could only accept or reject it as a whole, but not amend it. In the debates on the Constitution in 1850–51, Bismarck had contributed much to curtail the rights of the Legislature, when Herr Simson moved a resolution, that the Government should not be entitled to appropriate any money without the consent of the House. Bismarck opposed this, declaring that if the Government and the Legislature could not agree on the budget, the last budget would remain in force till an agreement had been arrived at. Ten years later he put this ingenious theory into practice. He made the Upper House reject the reduced budget voted by the Deputies; declared that no provision for this case had been made by the Constitution, and that therefore he was going to govern with the last budget, hoping sincerely that the present passions would cool down and an understanding would be established. The people might clamour and rage, protesting that he had violated the Constitution. The Constitution gave the Crown the right of levying the existing taxes, and as long as he could go on without new taxes or loans the Deputies were *de facto* powerless to unseat him.

The Chamber once dismissed, Bismarck went to Paris to present his letters of recall, and then turned to the scheme of foreign policy, in which he hoped to find the solution of the Gordian knot of the situation at home. The relations of Prussia with Austria had become most critical. Count Bernstorff had marked his accession to office by a dispatch to the Prussian Minister at Dresden, M. de Savigny, in which he maintained the right of Prussia to form within the pale of the Confederation a closer political union, such as the Zollverein presented for material interests. Austria and the Middle States answered by the famous identical notes in which they protested against this pretension, which indeed was directly opposed to the principle of the existing Bund. Count Bernstorff took his revenge by recognising the Italian kingdom, and signing a commercial treaty with France, which Austria opposed because it did away

with the differential advantages which her commerce with the Zollverein had hitherto enjoyed. Under the pressure of the Vienna Cabinet the Middle States, with the exception of Saxony, declined the French treaty, and introduced at Frankfort a project for a popular representation by delegates of the local Chambers. Prussia, not being previously consulted, protested at Frankfort against this proposition.

Bismarck now frankly declared in his first conversation with Count Karolyi, the Austrian Minister at Berlin, that things could not long go on in this way. Prussia's relations with Austria must become better or worse. He recalled the tacit agreement which, before 1848, had subsisted between the two great Powers, and which alone had assured to Germany a long period of repose. He asserted that since the re-establishment of the Diet Prussia had encountered a systematic opposition, not only in Vienna, but at the middle Courts, particularly those whose friendship was rendered most important to her by the geographical configuration of Germany. This opposition, fostered by Austria, checkmated Prussia in prosecuting her legitimate interests, particularly for the Zollverein, and estranged Prussia's sympathies from Austria. Count Karolyi answered that Austria could not renounce her traditional influence in Germany, but that, nevertheless, he was confident that she would find in Prussia an ally in case of any war dangerous for Austria. Bismarck told him that this was a dangerous illusion. Austria's German policy had prevented Prussia from helping her in the Italian war, and under similar circumstances he would be unable to advise his Royal master even to observe a similar neutrality; on the contrary, an alliance of Prussia with Austria's adversaries would become quite possible, if the Vienna Cabinet did not adopt a more friendly position in Germany towards Berlin. In another conversation Bismarck earnestly insisted upon the withdrawal of the delegate-project at Frankfort, and told Count Karolyi that Prussia would not submit to any resolutions overstepping the competence of the Diet, but would consider such resolutions as a rupture of the Federal tie. In a dispatch addressed to Baron Werther, the Prussian Minister in Vienna, Bismarck went a step further, and ingenuously advised Austria to renounce her position in Germany, and to transfer her centre of gravitation to Pesth. Count Rechberg's answer was of course an indignant protest, and the matter rested there, for a much graver complication was at hand.

In January 1863 an insurrection broke out in Warsaw, which soon took alarming proportions. It was only natural

that Prussia, as a neighbouring State, and having herself a considerable number of Polish subjects, should take measures of precaution, and nobody objected when a certain force was concentrated on the frontier; on the contrary, in a conversation with Count Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador at Paris, M. Drouyn de Lhuys expressed his satisfaction at the untroubled state of the Grand Duchy of Posen.* But the Court of Berlin was not satisfied with these preventive measures. General Alvensleben, a declared partisan of the Russian alliance, was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, and there signed with Prince Gortschakoff a secret convention against the insurrection. It stipulated that, disturbances having broken out in the Kingdom of Poland which might endanger property and tranquillity in the frontier provinces of Prussia, the troops of either of the two Governments should be authorised, on the requisition of the military authorities of the other, to cross the frontier, and, in case of necessity, should be permitted to pursue insurgents into the territory of the other.†

This Convention was a most imprudent act of provocation. It was entirely unnecessary, the interests of Prussia being on the contrary to localise the insurrection, and to observe an expectant policy. In abandoning wantonly this natural reserve and making common cause with Russia, the Berlin Cabinet, as M. Drouyn de Lhuys justly observed, not only accepted a share of responsibility for the repressive measures of Russia, but invited the separated members of the Polish nationality to oppose their union to that of the Governments, and to attempt a really national insurrection; in short, the Convention evoked the whole Polish question.

M. de Bismarck seems to have soon perceived that he had made a mistake. In conversations which ensued with the English and French Ambassadors, he endeavoured to attenuate the scope of the Convention. The agreement, he said, had no political character or significance whatever; it was simply an arrangement for the maintenance of security on the borders of the two countries. The insurgents were in the habit of falling on Custom-house stations and other localities, where public funds were deposited. It was necessary that the agents of Government should be enabled to withdraw with their funds from threatened posts to places of safety, if necessary even on foreign

* Dispatch of the French Foreign Office to Baron Talleyrand, Ambassador in Berlin, dated February 17, 1863.

† Dispatch of Sir A. Buchanan to Lord Russell, dated Berlin, February 27.

territory. This means of safety was assured to them by the Convention, and if they were pursued by the rebels, the latter in their turn would be followed by the Russian troops over the frontier until they fell in with an armed Prussian force. The other clauses only provided that officers should reside at the respective head-quarters of the two Governments in order to carry on the correspondence which would be necessary between them. No ratifications of the Convention had as yet been exchanged, it therefore was not only incomplete, but could not even be considered a binding engagement, for it was expressly stipulated that either of the contracting parties should at any time be at liberty to terminate the agreement. Whoever would consider the circumstances dispassionately and impartially, would easily satisfy himself that the Prussian Government had done no more than was necessary for the maintenance of tranquillity and the protection of the population on a frontier which was 1500 miles in length; but a portion of the English and French Press hostile to Prussia, and the whole Press of Denmark and Austria, had seized upon the Convention to calumniate Prussia.

Lord Russell not being satisfied by these explanations, and having plainly expressed his disapprobation of the Convention along with the hope that the respective Governments might be disposed to cancel it or to put an end to its operation, M. de Bismarck informed Sir Andrew Buchanan that the necessary instructions to carry the Convention into effect had never been drawn up. It might therefore be looked upon as a dead letter.

This declaration could only be considered as a formal retreat, and so the Prussian Premier's first campaign in European politics was as much a failure as the part he had attempted to play in the German question. In the subsequent discussions of the Western Powers and Austria with Russia on Polish affairs he maintained a cautious reserve. He declined to support the representations of those Governments in St. Petersburg, because, he said, the concessions which they recommended the Emperor of Russia to grant to his Polish subjects would not satisfy them. Whatever they might obtain now would be used as a means of arriving at eventual independence. An independent Polish state must prove a dangerous neighbour to Prussia. Nobody could expect her to join in measures which she believed would lead to such a result. Bismarck knew moreover that Russia would never yield on the Polish question, and had accepted the discussion with the Western Powers only in order to gain time for crushing the insurrection. He saw

that Austria could never seriously support a movement which threatened her with the loss of Galicia; he discerned that England was not inclined to draw the sword for the restoration of Poland, and that France left alone could not do so. His imprudent policy at the beginning of the insurrection is nevertheless to be strongly blamed, for it complicated the question and exposed Prussia to serious danger. In January 1863 Prince Metternich arrived in Vienna, offering from the Emperor Napoleon a free field of action in Germany, with the support of France, to Austria, if she was willing to co-operate with France for the restoration of Poland. Count Rechberg could not make up his mind to accept that offer; and as for the Emperor, the shadow of Venetia still stood between him and the French alliance. But what would have become of Bismarck's projects if Prince Metternich had found a more willing ear for his overtures in Vienna?

In the meantime the internal conflict was raging in Prussia with unabated vigour. The King had not opened the session in person, and the speech from the throne held out no hope of concessions. The House of Deputies resolved to answer by an address, which in strong language accused the Ministers of violating the Constitution by governing without a budget. It was in the debate on this address that Bismarck made the memorable and characteristic declaration that 'Constitutional 'conflicts may be decided in other countries by a change of 'the Ministry, but this is not the custom in Prussia. With 'us, if two political bodies, which cannot go to law, are unable 'to agree, circumstances decide which of the two is the 'strongest.' Count Schwerin answered with an indignant protest against this new doctrine, that might goes before right; and Waldeck told the Minister that it was a miserable excuse to cover his unconstitutional acts by Royal orders. The King refused to receive the address in person, and answered by a rebuke in the style in which the Stuarts spoke to their Parliaments.

The Polish Convention provoked another angry debate most unwelcome to the Premier. He tried to prevent it by privately telling the Vice-President that if Russia should be unable to master the insurrection, she might be disposed to cede her Polish provinces to Prussia, who would easily Germanise them. This was considered as an ill-timed gift, but the statement was not utterly unfounded; for it appears that at one moment Russia, embarrassed by her internal difficulties, actually entertained a plan to that effect. But the prospect of acquiring a Polish Venetia was not tempting to the House,

and a motion was introduced, declaring that Prussia's interest demanded strict neutrality. This motion was seconded by addresses of the Chambers of Commerce of all the important towns in the Eastern provinces.

M. de Bismarck at first denied the existence of the Convention with Russia: he called it 'a sea-serpent.' When he was compelled to admit that an agreement had been signed, he violently accused the House of siding with the insurrection, and of encouraging foreign Powers to intervene because Prussia was defenceless. The motion was nevertheless carried by 246 against 57. Another debate gave the haughty Premier occasion for his famous declaration — 'When we shall deem it 'necessary to make war, we shall do so with or without the con-'sent of this House.' It was unavoidable that such arrogance should lead to strong personal hostility. Bismarck treated the Assembly with the utmost contempt when he left the House during a speech of a member of the Opposition. The adjournment of the debate was resolved upon. Coming back, he coolly declared that he was perfectly able to hear the orator in the adjoining apartment. He refused to submit to the standing orders of the House on the ground that they applied only to members, not to Ministers; and when, notwithstanding, General Roon, the Minister for War, was called to order, the Cabinet declared that it would no more appear at the sittings if the House did not renounce this pretension. The President of the Chamber replied 'that he maintained his right 'of enforcing discipline and obedience against every speaker 'alike.' Another stormy debate ensued, upon which the session was closed by another ungracious Royal message.

The Prussian Constitution provides that in cases of urgent necessity, when the Chambers are not sitting, the King shall have the right of issuing ordinances with the force of law. The session had scarcely been closed when a Royal Order appeared by which the constitutional freedom of the press was suspended. Now the liberty of the press, as it legally exists in Prussia, would be considered extremely illusory by every Englishman, for according to the law of 1852 every newspaper, nay every book, may be seized by the Government before it is published, and the Ministry had largely availed themselves of this power. But this was not deemed sufficient. The Royal Order authorised the administrative authorities to stop, to suspend, or suppress, after three notices, any paper which by its general tone seemed to endanger the public weal, an expedient borrowed from the administrative despotism of Imperial France. It was clearly a measure in violation of the law; no

urgent necessity could be alleged, because no illegal resistance was threatened; and it was promulgated just after the close of the session, because the Government knew that the Chamber would never sanction it. The Crown Prince protested, in a speech made at Dantzic, that he had no part in this measure: the Universities of Heidelberg, Kiel, and Göttingen declared the order illegal; the members of the most considerable towns sent addresses to the King against it. A new order forbade the discussion of political affairs by the town councils; the civil authorities were instructed not to allow any participation of Government functionaries in the manifestations of the Opposition, except to pledge themselves to support the Ministry.

At that moment Prussia's position was most critical. By her conduct in the Polish question she was completely isolated in Europe, for Russia's alliance did not offer any support, and at home the gulf between the Government and the people had become wider and wider. Austria thought the conjuncture favourable for a great stroke of policy, and she convoked a Council of Princes at Frankfort. The King of Prussia had gone to the waters of Gastein, where he received the visit of his nephew, the Emperor. Francis Joseph told him of his project, and the King expressed his willingness to take part in it, but proposed an adjournment of the meeting till October. The Emperor of Austria left Gastein without an answer. Two days afterwards an Imperial aide-de-camp brought a formal invitation to the King, dated before the departure of his nephew. On the advice of Bismarck the King declined to appear at Frankfort, and remained firm in this resolution, even when afterwards the King of Saxony came in person, as a delegate from the Congress, to repeat the invitation in the most pressing terms. In giving this advice Bismarck was undoubtedly right. The Austrian reform project could only have the object of strengthening Austrian influence in Germany; all the Middle States would vote for it. Prussia therefore would have been left alone, with Baden, and a few minor States. The King's position in Frankfort would therefore have been embarrassing, whilst by declining the invitation he caused the whole project to fall to the ground, for a federal reform without Prussia was absurd. It so turned out: the project was feebly conceived, and as it would only have complicated the existing federal machinery, it was superficially discussed, and remained a dead letter. Austria had lost her opportunity when she did not venture to accept in January the offer of France; the consequence was a failure in her Polish as well as in her German policy.

Bismarck took advantage of the Princes' Congress as a pretext for dissolving the Prussian Diet. In his report to the King he expressed the hope that all political divisions would cease whenever Prussia's position in Germany and Europe should be endangered, and that his Majesty's faithful subjects would confirm this conviction by new elections. The experiment failed; the victory of the Opposition was more complete than ever, and the Government numbered only thirty-seven adherents in the new House, which immediately rejected the order against the press as illegal. But the domestic struggle was already receding before the more pressing questions of foreign policy. France had been ill pleased with the wavering and irresolute policy of Austria in the Polish question; she had been encouraged, by the position which the Vienna Cabinet took in the beginning, to believe that it would make common cause with the Western Powers; but Count Rechberg saw in this grave question only an opportunity to embarrass Prince Gortschakoff. He joined France and England in their representations at St. Petersburg, but wheeled round when the moment for action was at hand. The Emperor Napoleon, after having in vain given utterance to remonstrances which even partook of the character of threats, threw up the Austrian alliance, and started his project of a universal Congress, destined to resolve all the questions pending in Europe. This proposal was most distasteful to the Court of Vienna, for was not the Venetian question one of pressing interest? Had not the Imperial Speech declared that the treaties of 1815 had ceased to exist? Count Rechberg began to feel uneasy, and was thinking of drawing nearer to the Northern Powers, particularly Prussia, when an event took place, which was destined to change the whole aspect of affairs.

On the 15th November the King of Denmark died. We are not going to evoke the much-vexed question of the Elbe Duchies; we simply indicate the part which M. de Bismarck has played in it. He had formerly, as we have seen, contributed to the best of his ability to replace Schleswig and Holstein under Denmark's sceptre, and we find in his correspondence no trace that he ever regretted the course he then pursued. On his accession to power this chronic quarrel revived, but he took steps to protract the discussion of it, so that no crisis might ensue. The death of King Frederick produced a violent commotion in Germany, which was increased by the publication of an ill-advised decree at Copenhagen. German public opinion unanimously demanded a 'federal

'execution' against Denmark. M. de Bismarck, whose first principle seems to be to use public opinion, but not to obey it, opposed this measure to the utmost of his power. He declared in the Chamber and at the Diet that Prussia considered herself bound by the treaty of London of 1852, provided Denmark fulfilled the provisions of it. But the King was determined to do something for the Duchies, and on the other hand the popular movement which had already carried away the minor and some of the Middle States became so strong that it was impossible to remain passive. Bismarck still hoped to crush the whole affair; he represented to the King that it would be dangerous for Prussia to advance single-handed, the more so as Austria had the same right of intervention, and would probably, as in 1851, make common cause with Denmark. If Prussia took the lead, a European war, in which Prussia would be isolated, might be the consequence: he therefore demanded a previous understanding with Austria. Count Rechberg, whose only care was to prevent Prussia from making capital out of the prevailing German excitement, gladly seized this opportunity to get out of his isolated position, and in a few days an informal agreement was signed, by which the two Powers bound themselves to act together. They now came forward at the Diet with a joint declaration that a federal occupation of Holstein was inopportune, and moved that the execution already resolved upon on the 1st of October should take place. This motion was carried by strong pressure on the votes of the minor States. Bismarck at that time was still heart and soul on Denmark's side. He told the foreign Ministers that the execution was only decided upon to put down the revolution, and that if Denmark would only ostensibly satisfy the two great Powers by some constitutional concessions, the whole storm might blow over. But events proved too strong for him. The federal troops had scarcely entered Holstein when Prince Frederick of Augustenburg appeared in Kiel, and was hailed as the sovereign of the country. On the other hand, the Copenhagen Ministry resisted the friendly advice given by England and France, and refused all concessions. Bismarck was furious; he told the Danish Envoy that the conduct of his Government would make it impossible to him to neutralise any longer the powerful influences at Court in favour of the Duchies. A proposition which he made with Austria at the Diet, to summon Prince Frederick to leave Holstein, was rejected. A loan of twelve millions which he asked from the House of Deputies was refused, and followed by an address to the King, declaring that

the country would not grant any funds to a Ministry which lived in permanent war with the Constitution.

The Prussian Premier felt that he must take a decisive step unless he would be overruled. In the meantime he had discerned that the danger of a European conflagration was disappearing, because France would decline to act.

The Emperor Napoleon, deeply resenting Lord Russell's refusal to accept his proposal of a general Congress at Paris, rejected the English proposal to intervene, and declared the London treaty of 1852 to be 'une œuvre impuissante.' Russia was not able to come to Denmark's rescue, and was at the same time under deep obligations to Prussia. Hereupon M. de Bismarck resolved upon a bold stroke of policy which would give him back the lead; he suddenly proposed, at Frankfort, with Austria, the occupation of Schleswig. The motion was rejected, but the two Powers declared that they would nevertheless take the matter into their own hands. It is impossible to comprehend how Austria could have committed herself so far in a transaction which could not possibly turn to her advantage; but Bismarck had cajoled her by signing a secret treaty of guarantee for the integrity of her possessions during any war which might ensue from these proceedings. Schleswig was occupied, Jutland invaded. France would not move, and declared that she considered a war with Germany as disastrous for her interests. Still at that time M. de Bismarck's plan went not beyond the establishment of a personal union between the Duchies and Denmark. At length England succeeded in bringing together a Conference in London, but did not succeed in finding a common basis, either before or during the meeting, which could be accepted by the belligerents, for in a confidential dispatch to M. de Latour (March 20), M. Drouyn de Lhuys proposed to take the vote of the populations as the only means for settling the quarrel, and was about to bring this proposition officially before the Conference when it appeared to have arrived at a deadlock. This news, telegraphed by Prince Metternich to his Government, filled Count Rechberg with alarm. Austria could not oppose this proposition for the Duchies, but it would involve most troublesome consequences for Venetia. Prince Metternich suggested that the only means to avoid this unpleasant alternative was to go a step further, and to declare frankly for the right of the Prince of Augustenburg. Count Rechberg followed this advice, and without informing beforehand his Prussian ally, he instructed the Austrian Plenipotentiaries in London to present a proposition to that effect. M. de Bismarck was taken by surprise

by this step, but he instructed Count Bernstorff to accede to it; and thus the two great German Powers delivered to the Conference, on the 28th of May, their memorable declaration in favour of the rights of the Prince of Augustenburg.

The Prussian Premier tried to excuse this step in a conversation with the representative of a great Power: 'Je ne 'pouvais pas faire autrement, je ne pouvais pas me laisser 'distancer par l'Autriche;' but he afterwards seems himself to have acknowledged that it was a blunder; and when the Conference broke up without a result, he suddenly recollected that the Augustenburg rights were by no means so clear as he had thought on the 28th of May. Fortunately for him the Grand Duke of Oldenburg had come forward with claims of his own, so M. de Bismarck suggested that the respective conflicting rights of the German Princes must undergo a careful investigation, and proposed to have the question examined by a committee of the Diet. In the meantime he vigorously pushed on the negotiations with Denmark; the principal points of the treaty of peace were settled by the preliminaries; but many details still remained to be decided, and Bismarck was reasonably afraid that Austria would require, as a preliminary condition of her signing the treaty of peace, that the Duchies should be erected into an independent State and member of the German Confederation. He had accompanied his King to Carlsbad and Gastein, and afterwards paid a visit to the Emperor at Vienna. 'Every morning,' he afterwards said, 'I expected Rechberg to come in and ask me to sign 'a paper to the effect that neither of the two Powers should 'derive special advantages from the treaty;' but that incapable statesman had forgotten all his former distrust of Prussia, he was completely blinded by the prospect of an alliance with Prussia against the Revolution, which Bismarck flashed before his eyes, and by which he hoped to reconquer Lombardy. When the latter had safely got into the railway carriage without binding himself in any way, he snapped his fingers at his impotent colleague and set to work for the execution of his ambitious plans.

His visit to Vienna had given him the measure of what he might risk in affronting Austria. At the same time an event took place which drove the Cabinet of Vienna still more into his arms. On the 15th of September a convention was signed between France and Italy for the evacuation of Rome. Austria felt that this treaty revived the alliance between the two signataries, and in consequence was directed against her Venetian position; Russia still resented her Polish policy; so

she clung to the fatal deception of the Prussian alliance. At that time Bismarck had made up his mind to annex the Duchies with or without the consent of Vienna; but he felt the necessity carefully to prepare his way, and he perceived that the most important condition was to secure the good-will of France. A few weeks' residence on a southern sea-shore would restore his shaken nerves, and he forthwith went to Biarritz, passing by Paris. He was well received. Indeed the Prussian Premier, although he had made common cause with Russia against Poland, and had recently signed a secret treaty for the integrity of the Austrian Empire against France, had always carefully abstained from wounding the Emperor Napoleon. He never shared the hatred of his party for the 'parvenu du 2 dé-'cembre,' and whilst the Kreuzzeitung continued to style this sovereign 'Louis Napoleon,' Bismarck had eagerly sought his acquaintance and cultivated his friendship. He had been several times in Paris, and won the Emperor's good graces so effectually that when he was appointed (1862) ambassador there, the French Minister notified to the King of Prussia that this choice was particularly agreeable to his sovéreign. When taking leave of the Emperor on his promotion to the Foreign Office he gave the most explicit promises for his future policy, particularly for the maintenance of the commercial treaty with France, and he kept his promise to the very letter in compelling the minor dissenting States to adopt that treaty without any alteration. In July 1864 Bismarck met M. Rouher at Carlsbad, and had many conversations with him on the state of affairs. He began by hinting at the necessity of giving Prussia a better geographical configuration. She was divided, he said, by Hanover and Hesse into two halves; it would be next to impossible for her to allow the erection of a new federal State on the Elbe, likely to make common cause with the minor Governments against her. It was this unfortunate delimitation of her frontiers which had so long kept Prussia in the enchanted circle of the Holy Alliance; if she was better constituted she would be at liberty to choose her alliances, and what alliance could be more acceptable to her than that of France? In Venetia, in the East, both Powers had the same interests; and if France should wish for an equivalent to this Prussian aggrandisement, why there was Luxemburg and Belgium. The King of Holland would be glad to get rid of the incumbrance of the Grand Duchy, and Belgium was a nest of democrats! These expressions were of course repeated in Paris, and if they were not taken as quite serious, it was at least thought, in the leading circles, that M. de

Bismarck might prove a useful man. He did his best to strengthen this idea on his visit to Biarritz, and although we do not pretend to know all that passed between him and the Emperor in their solitary walks on the shores of the Atlantic, it is certain that he went home with the conviction that he had nothing to fear from France in the execution of his plans.

Already before his departure for Paris, Count Rechberg, alarmed at the September Convention with Italy, had reminded him of the secret treaty guaranteeing the integrity of the Empire, but Bismarck answered, that this convention had only been concluded for the duration of the war, which war was now ended by the treaty of peace. This was perfectly true, but it gave the *coup de grâce* to the unlucky Austrian Minister, who was dismissed and replaced by Count Mensdorff. Many thought at that time that this appointment of a general to the Foreign Office was a sign of reviving energy in Vienna, and even Bismarck did not like it. He, however, lost no time putting the new Minister's strength to the test. Soon after his return to Berlin he suddenly got up a quarrel with the federal troops (Saxons and Hanoverians) which still occupied Holstein and compelled them to withdraw. Count Mensdorff strongly objected to this arbitrary proceeding; but he at last yielded, and helped to sanction it by a federal resolution. Bismarck then knew what to think of the General's firmness. So when, shortly afterwards, Austria proposed to hand over the Duchies to the Prince of Augustenburg, he gravely replied that with the conflicting claims of the Duke of Oldenburg and the Prince of Hesse he really felt perplexed, and wanted to enlighten himself by a reference to the Prussian crown-lawyers. These gentlemen, belonging mostly to the Kreuzzeitung party, deliberated on the question for nine months, and at last came to the conclusion (though only by a majority of 6 to 5) that none of the pretenders had a full right to the whole of the Duchies; that therefore Prussia and Austria, to whom the King of Denmark had ceded the country, were the only legitimate owners of the territory, deriving their title from the very sovereign whose rights they had forcibly disputed. The opinion of the minority has never been published. M. de Bismarck declared moreover that, in case the Duchies should be erected into an independent State, he should require some concessions from their future sovereign for Prussia, and had submitted this question to the deliberation of his colleagues. They took three months for consideration, and then came forward with their programme, known as the 'February 'conditions,' which left next to nothing to the unfortunate man who should assume the sovereignty of the Elbe Duchies.

Bismarck then assured the diplomatists that the Prussian people were indignant at his having asked so little; but later he frankly avowed that these conditions had been drawn up with the intention to make them unacceptable to anybody. Indeed not one of the pretenders would submit to them. Austria refused to listen to such terms, and so the matter dropped, Prussia maintaining in the meantime her conditions.

During the session of 1865 Bismarck tried in vain to bring the House of Deputies to terms; the idea of the annexation was agreeable to many of the Liberals, but the majority would not accept it as a bribe for giving up their constitutional rights. Bismarck knew of course that this provisonal state, this two-headed government of Austria and Prussia in the Duchies, could not last, and he began to prepare for a more serious conflict. The Prussian Governor of Holstein tried to make some gentle encroachments on the rights of his Austrian colleague; Count Mensdorff protested against any one-sided measures, and compelled their withdrawal. Bismarck answered by a haughty dispatch dated from Carlsbad, where he had again accompanied the King his master. In a conversation with the French Ambassador at Vienna, the Duc de Grammont, whom he met there, he said, that he was by no means afraid of a war with Austria, but, on the contrary, wished it, and would have the supremacy in Germany, peacefully or forcibly. He afterwards told the Bavarian Premier, Baron von der Pfordten, that he considered a war with Austria imminent, and that he could only recommend the Middle States to remain neutral during the duel: the House of Wittelsbach had a particular interest in doing so because it would be called to take the lead in South Germany, Prussia confining herself to the North. At the same time Count Usedom, the Prussian Minister in Florence, was instructed to sound General Lamarmora as to a possible alliance of Italy with Prussia in case of war with Austria. These overtures were gladly received by the Italian Premier, who answered that he was ready for anything, and was already eagerly sketching out a plan for the future campaign when suddenly the news arrived that Austria and Prussia had made their peace by signing the convention of Gastein. The key to this sudden turn was that Bismarck was unable to overcome the scruples of his Royal master, whilst he was himself not ready for action. On the other hand, the Emperor of Austria, who was just trying for the first time a serious reconciliation with Hungary, deeply alarmed at Prussia's menacing attitude, had resolved to make a supreme effort to avert the conflict. He had sent Count Blome to Gastein, where the King had gone from Carlsbad, and had offered to sell his

'condominium' over Lauenburg for a round sum of money. A separation of the administration of Schleswig and Holstein was also proposed to avoid the recurrence of the misunderstandings which had recently occurred. M. de Bismarck was not inclined to accept these offers, because he thought them insufficient. But the King was as yet not in a mood to quarrel seriously with his nephew; and General Manteuffel, who had signed the secret treaty of February 1864 in Vienna, was heart and soul for maintaining the Austrian alliance. Moreover Count Blome is said to have given mysterious hints that the ultimate settlement of the question might be brought about, and that there might soon be an occasion which would allow Austria to give up with honour her position in the Duchies; the great affair was that both Powers should make common cause against revolution and unbelief. Such language was very acceptable to King William; Bismarck was compelled to give way, and the Convention of Gastein was drawn up and signed. At an interview of the two sovereigns in Salzburg, which was held to make the reconciliation complete, we have since learned, by the dispatch of Bismarck to Baron Werther dated January 1866, that a crusade against the revolution was agreed upon. Shortly afterwards the two Powers addressed harsh notes to the Senate of Frankfort, declaring that they would no longer tolerate the subversive efforts of a licentious press and of seditious meetings of which Frankfort was the theatre. They blamed the Senate for its culpable indulgence, and expressed a hope that they should not be forced to prevent more serious consequences by interfering on their own account.

The impression which the Convention of Gastein created was generally most unfavourable. Italy accused Prussia of treachery; the Middle States turned in disgust from Prussia, and took their revenge by acknowledging Italy; the Duchies protested that they would not be sold at so much per head; the French Government addressed a circular dispatch to its agents, in which it strongly condemned the Convention. 'We 'regret to find in this combination no other basis but force, no 'other justification but the convenience of the parceners. 'This is a practice to which Europe nowadays had got disac-'customed, and one is obliged to look for precedents in the 'most unfortunate epochs of history. Violence and conquest 'pervert the notions of right and the conscience of the people.' Lord Russell sent a dispatch to his agents at foreign Courts expressed in similar terms.

M. de Bismarck, who was made a Count when the Lauen-

burg Estates paid their homage to the King, found himself in an awkward position. He tried in vain to soothe the wounded susceptibility of the Italian Cabinet, by stating that nothing was decided, and the whole arrangement merely provisional; he encountered distrust on every side; everybody suspected secret articles in the Convention, hiding some dark plan. The English and French fleets met at Cherbourg. But the most painful thing to him was M. Drouyn de Lhuys' circular. He was just about again to refresh his nerves in the genial temperature of Biarritz, but the King forbade the journey, it not being dignified to visit a country whose Government had assumed such a position towards Prussia. Yet Count Bismarck felt the pressing necessity of another interview with the Emperor Napoleon for the success of his policy. So he secretly sent word to Paris that, as he had important communications to make, the French Government should remove the King's objections to his journey by giving an attenuating interpretation to the circular of August 29th. M. Drouyn de Lhuys complied with this wish. Bismarck obtained with some difficulty the King's consent, and the next morning left for Paris. We are, of course, again at a loss to tell what overtures he made to the Emperor at his second stay at Biarritz; what silent or express encouragements he received. Thus much is, however, certain; he persuaded Napoleon that the Convention of Gastein was only an armistice, that no reconstruction of the Holy Alliance was to be feared; and he obtained in exchange a more or less explicit assurance of the friendly neutrality which France would observe in case of a rupture between Austria and Prussia. Count Bismarck acted with admirable skill in these preliminary conversations. He at once discerned that the Emperor's mind was engrossed by a question more of Italian than of French interest; that he wanted to fulfil his programme, 'libre jusqu'à l'Adriatique;' to secure Venetia to Italy without going to war himself, France being sick of expeditions in the interest of others. This favourite aim Bismarck promised to fulfil by an alliance of Prussia with Italy. He saw the Emperor's doubts whether even the two would be a match for Austria, but wisely abstained from dispelling those doubts, though he was perfectly convinced that Austria's power was hollow. He did not impugn the Emperor's idea of Prussia's military inferiority, because, though sure of beating the Austrians, he knew that this belief of Napoleon's was the condition of Prussia's remaining unfettered. No promises of compensation were exacted by the Emperor, because he thought that he should be able to dictate his own

terms when the two rivals had well nigh exhausted their strength. From that point of view he wished for the conflict in Germany which was to make him arbiter of Europe, and was afraid lest the scruples of King William should prevent the war. Two years before, the Emperor of the French had said to M. Nigra, 'Nous amenerons les Puissances allemandes 'à se tirer des coups de canon;' and he foresaw (in this respect not unwisely) that the total emancipation of Italy would be the result of the collision. He did considerable service to Bismarck in pushing forward the Italians, who, since Gastein, entertained a deep distrust of Prussia's intentions. He took care to come forward with the proposition of a Conference only when it was too late. When, shortly before the outbreak, somebody asked the Princess Mathilde, 'Aurons 'nous la guerre en Allemagne?' she answered, 'Nous n'osons 'pas l'espérer.'

Count Bismarck came home satisfied with the result of his excursion, and Austria soon gave him an opportunity to open the quarrel. The Emperor Francis Joseph felt that he had been too compliant in Gastein, and refused to proceed against the Senate of Frankfort; the Imperial lieutenant in Holstein, General Gablenz, was not permitted to govern that province like a pasha or a Prussian. Whilst General Manteuffel ruled in Schleswig with an iron hand, his colleague allowed the inhabitants to do pretty much what they liked, as long as public order was not compromised. In the last days of January 1866, a large popular meeting took place in Altona, where the convocation of the Provincial Estates was energetically asked for. Count Bismarck took this event as a pretext for opening his campaign against Austria. On the 26th he addressed a dispatch to the Prussian Minister in Vienna, Baron Werther, which denounced in the strongest language the aggressive policy of Austria in the Duchies. 'In Gastein 'and Salzburg,' he said, 'I was entitled to believe that His 'Majesty the Emperor of Austria and his Ministers agreed with 'us in the necessity of fighting the one common enemy of both 'Powers, the revolution. How painfully must not the King our 'gracious master be impressed in seeing revolutionary tenden'cies, destructive to every throne, protected by the Austrian 'double-headed eagle. Must not such impressions weaken the 'feeling which His Majesty has fostered long ago and affection'ately, that both Powers ought to hold together?' This was written three months after Count Bismarck had declared at Biarritz that he was determined upon war, and two months before the secret treaty had been signed with Victor Emmanuel,

to whom King William had administered such a severe reprimand for his revolutionary proceedings. The dispatch concluded by summoning peremptorily the Austrian Cabinet to declare whether it was willing to change its policy, so dangerous to monarchical principles, and to revert to a common line with Prussia. No evasive answer could be accepted. If an intimate understanding in all the important political questions could not be obtained, Prussia must resume her complete independence, and use it solely according to her interests.

It may well be believed that Count Mensdorff was startled by this extraordinary communication,* and that he immediately left for Pesth to submit it to the Emperor. Austria's answer was extremely moderate. It refuted one by one the Prussian accusations, maintained that Austria had the right to govern Holstein as she thought fit, and declined in a quiet but dignified tone to bind herself as to the future. Count Bismarck declared that he considered this answer as negative, and should abstain from making any further communications relating to the Duchies. A fortnight afterwards, the short session of the Prussian Chambers was suddenly closed; the House of Deputies had dared to impugn the legality of a sentence emanating from the Supreme Tribunal, which questioned the liberty of speech in the Legislature. It had further declared that the annexation of Lauenburg was null and void without the sanction of the Chambers. Count Bismarck, who wished not to be molested by embarrassing interpellations in his high-handed policy, at once cut short the proceedings of the deputies and sent them home. Apparently now everything looked calm, but it was the calm before the storm, and a series of little events betrayed the secret activity under the surface. One fine morning Prince Couza was dethroned, and was replaced by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who before starting as 'Mr. Lehmann' on his expedition had asked the advice of Bismarck, and received the answer that to win much, much must be risked. Another day a Cabinet Council was held, to which were summoned Count Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador in Paris, General Manteuffel, the Governor of Schleswig, and the leading military men. Then again the papers reported that an Italian general was on his way to Berlin to study the system of the needle-gun. On the 11th of March a Royal decree was published, menacing with severe punishment any person attacking the sovereign rights of Prussia

* Count Bismarck, in his circular of March 24, called it conciliatory in substance and friendly in form.

and Austria in the two Duchies or either of them. Count Karolyi was instructed to ask the Prussian Premier if he had the intention to break the Convention of Gastein? 'No,' was the answer, 'but if I had that intention should I answer 'you otherwise?'

It was only natural that Austria should feel alarmed at such indications of a coming conflict; neither could she be doubtful as to Bismarck's intentions. Count Karolyi had already in January expressed his conviction to his Government that war was unavoidable. But nobody in Vienna measured the magnitude of the danger; still less was a statesman at hand to encounter it with a clear eye and a firm hand. The Austrian Government at that moment had still cards in hand by which it might well have trumped those which Bismarck flung upon the table. Italy had deeply resented Prussia's conduct at Gastein, and would have been only too happy to come to a direct understanding with Austria for the cession of Venice. Such an understanding would at the same time have deprived Bismarck of his only ally and of Napoleon's conditional sympathies. But the confidential overtures which the Cabinet of Florence caused to be made in Vienna were rejected. The Emperor refused to yield on a question of military honour. A dispatch addressed by Count Mensdorff to the Ambassadors in London and Paris declared that Austria would rather encounter a double war than cede one of her most important provinces either for money or under a moral pressure. The other string which Austria was able to pull with effect was King William and the Court party. The King might be dissatisfied with Austria, but he had not forgotten the traditions of a long life. His father had recommended on his death-bed the maintenance of the union with Austria and Russia; the Court and the Kreuzzeitung party were strongly in favour of the Austrian alliance, and shuddered at the idea of a compact with sacrilegious Italy. It was Bismarck's most arduous task to neutralise the efforts of this party, supported by the Queen Dowager, and to bring his Royal master, as he himself irreverently termed it, to the edge of the ditch which he would have to jump. The most powerful partisan of the Austrian alliance had been General Manteuffel. Bismarck had been obliged to yield to his influence at Gastein, but he had at the same time managed to get rid of his rival by sending him as Governor of Schleswig, where the General soon made himself ridiculous by his speeches, and odious by his arbitrary rule. He then worked upon the King's mind by representing Austria as bent upon a war of extermination against

Prussia; he alleged her conduct in the Frankfort affair as treacherous, her government in Holstein as revolutionary; he provoked the Austrian press by every insult in his semi-official press, and when the Vienna journalists answered in a similar tone he showed their articles to the King, who knew nothing of the attack, as a proof of the dark designs of the Imperial Cabinet. In this way he convinced his master that Austria was conspiring against his military honour with the Middle States and Liberalism. Nevertheless, King William remained averse to war, and in the Cabinet there was scarcely one Minister siding openly with Bismarck. In this situation Austria had only to observe a completely passive attitude. It was Bismarck's intention to provoke her; consequently it was her interest not to notice his provocations, and to maintain strictly a strong position within the circle of her rights. But Bismarck was right when, beginning his campaign, he said that he relied for success on Austria's faults. The Cabinet of Vienna did exactly what he wished. Alarmed by the menacing symptoms in Berlin, it began slowly to arm, to displace troops in Bohemia, and to negotiate with the Middle States. Bismarck, of course, denounced this indignantly in his newspapers, and soon afterwards in a circular dispatch to the German Governments, which represented the situation as most critical, declared the German Confederation as totally unequal to the emergency, and asked how far Prussia could rely on their support in case he should be attacked by Austria, or forced to go to war by unmistakeable menaces? At the same time he obtained leave from the King to resume his negotiations with Italy. In the beginning of March General Govone arrived in Berlin, in order to negotiate a treaty of alliance. In these negotiations with Italy Count Bismarck showed great ability. His task was most difficult, for the repugnance of the Court and even of the King to this alliance was still great. The Prussian generals had justly a very indifferent opinion of the Transalpine army; nevertheless its co-operation was necessary in order to divide the Austrian forces. But the Prussian alliance was still more necessary to Italy. A quarrel between the two German Powers was the only means by which Venetia could be gained. General Govone was well aware of this, and of the difficulties which Bismarck encountered in high quarters; more than once he gave his cause up for lost, and at last, in order to carry it, felt himself obliged to make such concessions that the treaty, which, after many vacillations, was signed on the 8th of April, could scarcely be regarded as a bilateral contract. Prussia

reserved to herself the right for the three following months to declare war against Austria, and in that case Italy was obliged to attack Venetia, but there was no corresponding obligation on Prussia's side to assist Italy in an attack on Austria, or even if attacked by her. So Italy was fettered, and Prussia remained free to act as she thought fit; she might either use her alliance against Austria or make a new Convention of Gastein. The war once declared, the two Powers were bound not to make any separate treaty of peace, and to continue hostilities till Italy should have obtained Venetia, and Prussia an equivalent territory in Germany. With the signature of this treaty the Venetian card was lost for Austria, and it was of no avail that shortly before the outbreak of the war she ceded this province by a secret treaty to France. Italy had bound up her destinies with those of Prussia, and could not accept the cession without the consent of her ally. Some days after the signature of this offensive alliance against Austria, Count Bismarck continued, with consummate impudence and perfidy, to protest that the sentiments of the King his master were friendly to the Emperor, and to complain that Austria was meditating an attack on the Prussian dominions!

The treaty of April 8 was, of course, an immense gain for Bismarck; nevertheless his cause was not won. Germany was indignant at the prospect of a fratricidal war; the Prussian people protested by energetic demonstrations against the pernicious policy of the great disturber of peace. The project of federal reform, which Bismarck proposed at the Diet (April 9), and which sought to win the democratic party by proclaiming universal suffrage, fell flat, and was considered only as a *ruse de guerre*. In the French Chamber M. Thiers denounced the ambition of Prussia in an eloquent speech, and asked the Government to put a stop to a policy so perilous to the peace of Europe. The majority, generally so obedient to M. Rouher's voice, was evidently in sympathy with the speaker of the Opposition, and the Minister of State obtained with great difficulty a vote which left the matter to the discretion of the Government. The Middle States also caused Bismarck considerable perplexity. He was well aware of the magnitude of the coming struggle, and wished to obtain as many allies as possible; he knew that Saxony would side with Austria, but he tried hard to win over Hanover and Bavaria. He offered, by his reform project, to Bavaria the military leadership in the South, and did his best to obtain the neutrality of Hanover, which would disengage 20,000 Prussian troops. He invited Count Platen to Berlin, who was treated

with the utmost consideration by the Court, and at that time promised to remain neutral. Last not least, King William caused great embarrassment to his Minister; when things became awkward and war imminent, the King scrupled to present himself before the world as the ally of Victor Emmanuel, the more so as he was afraid that France would still intervene. The German sovereigns made serious representations to him; the leaders of the Kreuzzeitung party were indignant that a man whom they had nurtured in their bosom should desert all their principles. Bismarck at that epoch not only had misgivings as to his final success, but more than once feared a total failure of all his plans. But two powerful aids came to his rescue. The one was his secret friend of Biarritz, who afraid that after all there would be no war, no cession of Venetia, no place for a French umpire, made the famous speech of Auxerre against the treaties of 1815 just when affairs began to slacken at Berlin. The other auxiliary was Austria herself, by the incessant faults which she committed. Of the long series of her blunders we will only name two. In the last days of May the three neutral Powers—Russia, France, and England—made an official attempt to prevent war, by proposing a Conference in Paris. We will leave the question open how far the proposal was sincere on the part of Napoleon, but it was made, and comprised the affair of the Duchies, the Italian difficulty, and the German federal reforms, as far as they could interest the balance of Europe. Of the three contending Powers Austria alone had an interest in attending this Conference, because she wanted nothing. What position should Prussia and Italy take? Could they simply declare that they wanted Venetia and the Duchies? If they had done so, Austria would have asked by what right, and for what compensation? Bismarck, of course, discovered this at once, and was thunderstruck when he learnt that Austria had accepted the invitation; but the Vienna Government helped to extricate him out of this difficulty. Count Moriz Esterhazy, who at that time had a most unlucky influence, persuaded the Emperor to make it a previous condition that every solution should be excluded from the deliberations which would give to any of the parties in question a territorial aggrandisement. Before this condition the project of a Conference fell to the ground. But even then Bismarck was at a loss how, and under what pretext, to begin the war. Austria was good enough to give him that pretext too, by introducing the affair of the Duchies at the Diet, and summoning the other States to her assistance, though she was perfectly unprepared

to open the campaign. Bismarck was not slow to perceive this advantage; he immediately gave notice that he should consider the passing of the ill-advised Austrian motion as a *casus belli*, and forthwith invade the territories of his adversaries. He had at last obtained that for which he had struggled so long; he had compelled his King to break up the traditional alliance, to make common cause with the revolution, and to proclaim universal suffrage. 'This,' he said to a friend before starting for the Bohemian headquarters, 'is more than what 'remains for me to do; we shall conquer, or I shall fall with 'the last charge of cavalry.'

We have not here to follow the prodigious seven days' campaign which culminated in the victory of Sadowa. It may suffice to say, that however severe the judgment of history must be on the means by which Count Bismarck brought about the contest, the result completely justified his calculations as to the military and political success of his designs. He had discerned that the power of Austria and the Middle States was hollow; and he always felt confident that Prussia would be able to strike a decisive blow before France, unprepared as she was for war,* could intervene. He staked all upon one card; but he won the game. The ultimate gain even greatly surpassed his expectations. His aim had been the exclusion of Austria from Germany, and the territorial aggrandisement of Prussia. But he would have been satisfied in obtaining the Elbe Duchies and the Electorate of Hesse, which separated the two halves of the Prussian monarchy; he had not contemplated the annexation of Hanover, but rather that of Saxony, and of a northern district of Bohemia. The most galling result of the French intervention, which led to the preliminaries of Nickolsburg, was to him the territorial integrity of Saxony. On the other hand, the acceptance of the line of the Main cost him little or nothing. The division of Germany into North and South had always formed part of his plans; he wanted to rule supreme in the North, and knew that he could never annex Bavaria and Wurtemberg. The accession of the South to his new confederation would have tended to establish a counterpoise between Prussia and the other members of that body. This did not suit him; he wanted, not confederates, but vassals. He was obliged to leave

* Strange as it may appear, we have it on the best authority that the then French Minister at War, Marshal Randon, was not able at that moment to have placed 100,000 effective fighting men on the Rhine.

Saxony untouched, but he did not wish to have in his Federal Council more states of such importance. He sought to strengthen his military position for any future emergency by securing the Southern armies; this was done by secret treaties with Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden. He felt the necessity of reconstructing the Zollverein on somewhat improved conditions. But, for the rest, he little cared for the South, as long as it remained independent of Austria. He made no difficulty to re-establish in the treaty of Prague the clause which France had asked for, and which had been omitted in the preliminaries of Nickolsburg, that the Southern States should enjoy an international independent position. With these reserves, which rather apply to his general political views, it must be acknowledged that throughout the negotiations in July and August he showed the most consummate skill. He combined boldness and energy with foresight and prudence. He strained the bow sometimes hard enough, but he did not overstrain it, and showed himself moderate towards those of his adversaries whom he was not decided to crush. He had had difficulty enough to make his Royal master 'jump,' but once started, he had scarcely less difficulty to stop the King, who, elated by victory, now thought everything possible. He firmly withstood every encroachment of France, and gave unhesitating and peremptory refusal when M. Benedetti asked for the frontiers of 1814. After the interview at Salzburg, he boldly affirmed by his dispatch of September 7, 1867, the right of Germany to remain master of her destinies, and has successfully baffled every attempt of Napoleon to form an alliance against Prussia; but he took care not to wound his susceptibility without absolute necessity.

It is from this point of view that his conduct in the Luxemburg question must be judged, which has, as we think, unjustly been reproached with bad faith. He had, it is true, directed the attention of the French Government to this province, which by the new configuration of Germany had become in a certain way masterless. He considered it as a convenient compensation, which might reconcile France with the new order of things on the other side of the Rhine. He had even, late in 1866, assured M. Benedetti that he would do nothing to oppose the annexation of Luxemburg, and that he would make Germany swallow this pill. But at the same time he had given distinct warning that the affair ought to be speedily settled, that it ought to be an accomplished fact before the meeting of the North-German Parliament, and that, if the matter came to be publicly discussed, he should be forced to

protest against it. This warning, which was the condition of his acquiescence, was neglected; the negotiations between Holland and France dragged on; the King of Holland wavered and consulted the Prussian Minister; the affair became public just when the German Parliament was deliberating in the first blush of patriotic enthusiasm. An open consent to the annexation of a German district to France then became impossible for Bismarck; so he took a position of reserved resistance, but accepted the proposal of neutralisation, by which a retreat was rendered possible to the Emperor. He did so in opposition to public opinion, which considered this solution humiliating, and against the advice of the Prussian generals, who maintained that the conflict with France was unavoidable, and that no more favourable opportunity would ever occur for asserting Prussian supremacy. Bismarck was, of course, aware that at that time France was still ill-prepared for war, but he considered a conflict between the two Powers as an immense calamity, and refused again to stake everything on the uncertain issue of a battle. Time alone can show whether his hope, that war might be avoided, was right, but it is just to state the merits of the case as they really stand. His general policy has indeed since 1866 been as peaceful as it was bent upon war before. Hitherto he has successfully striven to smooth away every obstacle, to dispel every cloud rising on the European horizon. When in November 1868 affairs on the Lower Danube took a threatening aspect, Bismarck sent a rough message to his *protégé* Prince Charles of Roumania, requiring the immediate dismissal of Bratiano, and the unruly Minister retired. He afterwards took the initiative of proposing a Conference in Paris, which prevented the conflict between Turkey and Greece. The humiliation of King George was most unpalatable to Russia, Bismarck's sole ally, but he did not heed that, because it was the only means of securing peace.

It is yet too early to pass a sentence on the positive result of the great struggle of 1866. We think that the exclusion of Austria from German affairs is final, and we consider the hopes of restoration which the dethroned princes still entertain as perfectly chimerical. They have amply deserved the fate they met with; the wave of events has passed over their heads, and they will not emerge again. But, taking these two points for granted, the state of Germany is merely provisional. A confederation like the North-German, of which one State of twenty-five millions forms four-fifths, and all the rest, comprising together less than five millions, the remaining fifth,

is a thing which cannot last. The Federal Council is a mockery, Prussia rules supreme in it; and if the representative of another State ventures the slightest attempt to assert its independence he is covered with abuse, as lately happened to Herr Hofmann, the Hessian plenipotentiary. No country can bear more than one great Parliamentary Assembly, but Germany at present has three: the Prussian Chambers, the Northern Reichstag, and the Customs' Parliament. One cripples the functions of the other, and each being competent only for certain branches of legislation is powerless for all the rest, whilst the members are worn out by the fatigue of sessions which last nine months, and the public is getting tired of listening to interminable debates. There is no responsible Ministry in Prussia. Count Eulenburg and his colleagues, though despised and beaten in nearly every division of the House of Deputies, remain quietly in their places. Bismarck is at once President of the Prussian Ministry and Federal Chancellor. In this latter capacity he is, according to the Constitution, alone responsible; he refuses to accept any colleague; but this responsibility exists merely on paper, there is no power to enforce it. The supreme direction of Foreign Affairs has been transferred to the Confederation, but its members retain the right of legation. We see Saxon Ministers in London and in Paris by the side of the North German Ambassadors.

But the most perplexing question is, what is to become of the Southern States? They cannot remain for any length of time in their present isolation, and yet they do not know which way to turn. A union with Austria is out of the question, because it would be contrary to the Treaty of Prague, and would be opposed by Hungary. The famous Southern League, which re-appears like the sea-serpent from time to time in Bavarian papers, is impossible, because Wurtemberg and Baden will never submit to the leadership of Munich. Baden would fain enter the Northern Confederation, but Count Bismarck will not listen to her offers. Wurtemberg and Bavaria declare that there can be no question of their acceding to the Confederation, in consequence of the unitarian tendency of its Constitution and Legislature. The present state of Germany may fairly be called a collection of anomalies, complicated by an extremely awkward situation out of doors, where France and Austria are lying jealously in wait. We know, indeed, too well, that politics are not governed by logic, and that a condition of things which seem to defy all reasonable predictions often may last for a long

while. Nor do we presume to prophesy when a crisis will come, or what direction it will give to the future fate of Germany; but we maintain that it will come sooner or later, and that we have as yet seen only the first act of the great drama when the curtain fell after Sadowa.

As regards Count Bismarck's part in future transactions, we feel considerable confidence as far as his foreign policy is concerned, but very great distrust for all internal questions. What human foresight, cunning reserve, and daring energy can do to frustrate the plans of the enemies of Prussia, he will certainly do. But this defence will only protect the approaches to the fortress, and we have little trust in his ability to finish the inside of the building. The reason of this disbelief is his hatred of real liberty and his incapacity for internal administration. His imperious nature rebels against all control. The King he must endure, and he manages him with wonderful dexterity, divining the rising thoughts of the Royal mind; but he will not have a second and real task-master, and therefore declares that parliamentary responsibility is contrary to Prussian traditions. Nor can his introduction of universal suffrage be alleged in favour of his having popular principles; he had seen by the example of France that it was long found to be consistent with an uncontrolled executive; it corrupted the mass of the people with a show of liberty by withholding real power from the intelligent part of the community. On his accession to office the Berlin Punch, 'Kladderadatsch,' published a caricature representing Bismarck taking leave of Napoleon, who said to him 'Now mind you show that you 'have learnt something in my school.' There was much truth in this; he had indeed well learnt the lesson which the Second Empire had seemed to convey to him, and his character is in many points similar to that of the present Emperor. We find both inclined to think more of ends than of means, alike unscrupulous as to the paths and measures by which they may achieve their purposes; with this difference, that in Louis Napoleon the propelling force is rather quiet and tough volition, in Bismarck vehement self-will. Both have a strong leaning to secret plotting and intrigues in their foreign policies; they want to achieve great things in war and peace by Cabinet conspiracies. Both are above all possessed with the same fundamental idea in politics, that of basing the throne of absolute power on universal suffrage. They recognise in the ignorance, the passion, the excitable prejudice or the stagnant stupidity of the masses, their natural allies, their surest supporters, the strongest foundation of their power. Democracy

is at the root of their system, autocracy at the summit. The middle classes in all countries, which furnish the largest contingent of the advocates of really liberal principles, are to be persecuted and ridiculed as 'egotistical bourgeois.' It is this fundamental idea which makes both these remarkable men so prone to Socialist opinions. Louis Napoleon's writings in that sense are known. Bismarck has held friendly intercourse with Lassalle, and proposed to that agitator a league with the Conservative party against the 'Fortschritts' party, and Herr Wagner, his Parliamentary jackal, is constantly coquetting with the Socialist members of the Reichstag, praising Lassalle as a great, unappreciated man. Napoleon and Bismarck have both a keen and attentive eye for the material wants of the people. The Emperor introduced Free Trade in France; to the Prussian Premier Germany is indebted for many useful economical reforms, which he carried in spite of his feudal friends. But he is as little inclined as the French potentate had been, previous to the great concessions which were extorted from him in August by the result of the last elections, to grant unrestrained liberty to the press, or to accept an effective Parliamentary control, and he thinks himself a better judge of what suits the country than all the rest of the community.

To govern is, according to his ideas, to command, and parliamentary government is to command with a flourish of speeches and debates which should always end in a happy subserviency with the ruling Minister. This arbitrary disposition is of course strengthened by his success of 1866; but he will be grievously deceived in believing that only stubborn resolution is wanted to triumph again. He is a man of the type of Richelieu and Pombal, but this style of statesmanship is rather out of place in our century, at least for obtaining a lasting success.

We cannot therefore consider him as a really great statesman, though he has certainly gifts of the highest order. He is a first-rate diplomatist and negotiator. No man can captivate more adroitly those he wants to win; nobody knows better to strike at the right moment, or to wait when the tide is running in his favour. His personal courage is great, physically as well as morally; he shrinks before nothing conducive to his end. He is not naturally eloquent, but his speeches are generally impressive and full of terse argument. He is a capital companion in society, witty, genial, sparkling in his conversation. His private life is pure; nobody has accused him of having used his high position for his pecuniary advantage. It is natural that such qualities, backed by an

indomitable will, a strong belief in himself, and an originally robust constitution, should achieve much. But by the side of these virtues the darker shades are not wanting. We will not reproach him with ambition; it is natural that such a man should be ambitious. But his ambition goes far to identify the interests of his country with his own personal power. Everything is personal with him; he never forgets a slight, and persecutes people who have offended him with the most unworthy malice. His strong will degenerates frequently into absurd obstinacy; he is feared by his subordinates, but we never heard that anybody loved him. Driven into a strait, his courage becomes the reckless daring of the gambler who stakes everything on one card. He can tell the very reverse of the truth with an amazing coolness; still oftener he will tell the plain truth when he knows that he will not be believed. He is a great comedian, performing admirably the part he chooses to play. He knows how to flatter his interlocutors by assuming an air of genuine admiration for their talents; they leave him charmed by his condescension, whilst he laughs at the fools who took his fine words for solid cash. His contempt of men is profound; he dislikes independence, though he probably respects it. There is not a single man of character left in the Ministry or the more important places of the Civil Service. Few things or persons exist at which he would not venture a sneer.

At present he has chosen to retire, for an indefinite period, from a perplexing situation which he has himself created. Nobody can tell in what direction he is going to steer his vessel. He likes to strike the imagination of the public by sudden resolutions. Nobody can prophesy what will be the final result of the great political experiment upon which he has entered, for it depends on the working of so many different factors that even the boldest will scarcely venture to calculate the issue. We have simply tried in these pages to give an outline of his past life and career; and, incomplete as it must be, we should be surprised if our general appreciation of this extraordinary man is not borne out by the facts which the future historian of Prussia and of Europe will have to relate.

ART. VI.—*The Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris Described and Considered in relation to the Wants of our Cities and of Public and Private Gardens.* By W. ROBINSON, F.L.S. London: 1869.

HORTICULTURE has made vast progress during the last fifteen years. The advance of civilisation, a period of scarcely interrupted peace, a better knowledge of other countries arising from the increased facilities of travel, and, though last not least, the removal of the duty upon glass, have all combined to foster it; and the action of our Horticultural Societies, their exhibitions and literature, even the much-admired and much-abused ribbon-beds, and the taste for fine-foliaged plants and for subtropical gardens, have all had both a direct and reflex action in stimulating and being stimulated by it.

The work which we have placed at the head of this article, and which, in its turn, will, we are assured, do good service to Horticulture, owes its origin to these influences. Mr. Robinson, its author, was the 'Times' and 'Gardeners' Chronicle' Horticultural Correspondent at Paris during the Exhibition of 1867, and in the intervals between reporting on the fortnightly novelties brought to that Exhibition, he occupied himself in studying the various systems of gardening followed in the neighbourhood of Paris in all their phases. Much he saw there that seemed to him new, and that might be advantageously introduced into the practice of gardening in this country; and he set himself vigorously to point it out to his countrymen. A sharp discussion followed between him and some of our leading horticulturists, as to the merits or novelty of his recommendations, which did not quite end as such discussions usually do—in all parties remaining at the close of the same opinion as they were at the commencement. More than one of those who took a part, or, at all events, an interest, in the discussions went to the Continent to see and judge for himself, and returned converted. Others have remained unconvinced. Proud of his converts and anxious to extend his views, Mr. Robinson has now published the present work, of which the general contents may be thus briefly summarised. Commencing by a description of the parks and promenades of Paris, including under that head Versailles, St. Cloud, Meudon, and Fontainebleau, he passes on to an interesting and instructive account of the mode in which the floral and arboricultural decorations of these places are provided or as it were manufactured. He then gives what by many will

be found a very useful *resumé* of the best fine-foliaged plants for the decoration of, first, the subtropical garden, then of what he calls the hardy subtropical garden, and last, of apartments and greenhouses. He treats of the different devices for giving effect, for screening off, for securing shade, and for growing flowers and transplanting trees in towns, describes the newest horticultural implements, and after a clear explanation with full details of the French modes of fruit-growing and market-gardening as contradistinguished from our own, he concludes by an account of a short horticultural tour. The whole volume is profusely illustrated by a multitude of beautiful and admirably executed illustrations.

The parks and gardens in Paris of which we have a description are the Champs Elysées and the gardens of the Louvre and the Tuileries, the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Parc Monceaux, and the Parc des Buttes Chaumont, the Jardin des Plantes, and the Luxembourg Garden, the Square des Batignolles, the Square de Montrouge, du Temple, de la Tour St. Jacques, des Arts and Metiers, and a number of smaller squares. Of course with such a number we cannot attempt touching on them all; we shall merely notice anything of special interest which strikes us regarding any of them as we turn over the pages.

The Bois de Boulogne as now laid out is in especial degree the creation of the Emperor Napoleon III. So indeed are all the parks, gardens, and promenades in Paris. He has suggested, encouraged, or adopted the improvements in them all, and Baron Hausmann has carried them through by the medium of engineers and horticulturists such as M. Alphand and M. André; but the Bois de Boulogne was the first to which the Emperor directed his attention, and as it was also the most important, he took perhaps more direct action in the scheme. The belief is very general among this generation that in old times the Bois de Boulogne was a grand old wood; and that its magnificent timber was destroyed by the Parisian sans-culottes in the time of the Revolution, or by the Prussians who bivouacked there in 1815. One reads of such irreparable devastation always with regret, and even to strangers the supposed desolation is the subject of lamentation. It is therefore a relief to be told that our sympathy has been misplaced. We learn from M. Alphand's great work on the Parks and Promenades of Paris, that although no doubt the dangerous classes of Paris destroyed many of the trees in the Bois de Boulogne, the loss was not of the kind supposed. The soil was so bad that good trees would not grow upon it, and the timber

was scraggy and of little value. Until 1852, when the Emperor felt himself firmly seated on his throne and with leisure to attend to internal improvements, it continued to be little better than a neglected common. In that year he directed that it should be transformed into what we call a park. Lakes were dug, islands and cascades formed, plantations made, and the result is, as Mr. Robinson expresses it, 'a magnificent combination of wild wood and noble pleasure 'garden.' Our readers, however, are too familiar with its features to require us to pause upon them. We may, however, take advantage of the opportunity to direct attention to Mr. Robinson's remarks on the watering of the grass so as to keep it green during the summer.

Everyone knows the difficulty of keeping the grass green even in our own land in a hot summer. In London the parks all become brown except in a few favoured spots kept constantly watered. Nothing preserves verdure but constant watering, for it is a fact which perhaps everyone does not know, or at least may not think of, that if grass is once allowed to become brown, no amount of watering will ever restore it—the turf is gone for that season. A week's intermission of watering at a critical period will reduce it to the state of a burnt-up and neglected hill side. If this is so with us, we may conceive how much more difficult it is to preserve green turf on the Continent, where the atmosphere is so much hotter and drier in summer than in England. It used to be said that they could not get turf like ours on the Continent. This is now no longer the case. At Paris, at Berlin, nay even at Lisbon, sward as green and fresh as our own is to be seen when the proper means are taken to produce it; and these are mainly constant watering, but not wholly so. At Paris a top-dressing of leaf-mould or thoroughly decomposed manure is given in spring, and daily watering afterwards, unless of course when a sufficient supply of rain falls. In still warmer countries the dose of leaf-mould is repeated all through the summer whenever the grass begins to show a want of freshness. But it is the mode of watering to which we specially invite attention. It is done by hydrants and hose. These we use too —(and by the way we wish our authorities would apply them to washing our streets as is done in Paris and Brussels, instead of the water-carts, which leave them alternating between the mud of the Mississippi and the dust clouds of the Sahara)—but in working them the French have introduced modifications by which they can get over a great space at one time. The most important of these is a hose of metal pipe with flexible joints

at every six feet, and two pairs of little wheels for each joint or section of the pipe, and with perforations in these pipes at about a yard apart, so that the water jets out in a succession of showers at that distance. These jets may be opened on each side of the pipe, which thus becomes double-actioned, watering the ground both to the right and the left. With such an apparatus thirty yards long a man can easily water 1,500 square métres per hour. Of course thus to water any extent of grass daily, morning and evening (which is what is done), requires a good supply of water, perhaps more than we could spare in most of our cities; but we shall perhaps ere long be driven to having a double supply of water in our larger towns, one of water for drinking, and the other for purposes such as this of which we speak.

'The Park Monceau is on the whole the most beautiful garden in Paris, and well shows the characteristics of the system of horticultural decoration so energetically adopted in that city. It is not large, but exceedingly well stored, and usually displays a vast wealth of handsome exotic plants in summer. In spring, it is radiant with the sweet bloom of early flowering shrubs and trees, every bed and bank being covered with pansies, alyssum, Aubrietia, and all the best known of the spring flowers; while thrushes and blackbirds are whistling in the adjacent bushes, as if they were miles in the country instead of only a few minutes' walk from the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. This park was laid out so long ago as 1778, for Philip Egalité, as an "English garden," and passed through various changes, till at last it fell into the hands of the municipality of Paris, a very astute corporation, who have converted it into a charming garden, and are not likely to part with it in a hurry.' (P. 48.)

The Parc des Buttes Chaumont is an entire contrast to this. In the north-east of Paris, in a populous though not a very respectable quarter, lay a large uncultivated space, the site of the workings of the gypsum quarries, which presented on the surface a series of steep mounds, either natural or caused by the fallings in of the underground workings. The associations connected with this place were not alluring. Here in former times stood the gibbets of Montfaucon. Here were the horse slaughter-houses, and here lived the rats that fed on the offal, in numbers so formidable that the inhabitants reclaimed against the removal or suppression of the nuisance for fear that the rats, deprived of their accustomed food, should turn upon themselves and devour them. In later times it was still a neglected and deserted spot, inaccessible to every kind of industry, unfitted for building, and serving as a receptacle for the scum of the people of Paris. Under Baron Hausmann's

inspiration the City of Paris conceived the idea of turning this place into a park which by its beauty and amenity might attract a new and more respectable class into the quarter. The natural inequalities and other capabilities of the ground furnished an opportunity of making a park specially distinguished by natural features. There were natural grottoes, sixty feet in height, fringed with stalactites, and traversed by waters which fell in cascades over lofty precipices into a lake. Large blocks of stone and natural rocks project from it, one rising 164 feet above its surface, and terminating in a truncated peak. Nothing could be more picturesque; but the difficulty of leaving well alone, a difficulty which we all experience, has proved too strong for the designers here, and a duplicate of the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli has been perched on the summit of this romantic peak in defiance of harmony and congruity. Putting this aside, however, the natural features have been ably utilised. Mr. Robinson points out some mistakes, such as planting one of the hillocks with deodars, which cannot be expected to thrive, if to live, all experience showing that conifers will not grow except in pure air free from smoke, and leaving the walks too exposed and unprotected, from the bald unnatural character of the artificial rock-work. But as the trees grow the walks will be better screened, and as the plants overflow the little spots into which they are dibbled, they will mask the baldness of the rockeries.

The success which has attended the formation of new squares in Paris furnishes Mr. Robinson with an example which he omits no opportunity to press us to follow. Throw open to the public the squares which we already possess, and make a multitude of new squares in the worst and most crowded parts of London, is his oft-repeated injunction. We doubt if he has sufficiently considered the justice of the one or the practicability of the other proposition. Quoting from 'Guesses 'at Truth,' he says:—

'The same reason which calls for the restoration of our village greens, calls no less imperatively, in London, for the throwing open of the gardens in all the squares. What bright refreshing spots would these be in the midst of our huge brick and stone labyrinths, if we saw them crowded on summer evenings with the tradespeople and mechanics from the neighbouring streets; and if the poor children, who now grow up amid the filth and impurities of the alleys and courts, were allowed to run about these play-grounds, so much healthier both for the body and the mind! We have them all ready—a word may open them. At present the gardens in our squares are painful mementoes of aristocratic exclusiveness. They who need them the least monopolise them. All the fences and walls

by which this exclusiveness bars itself out from the sympathies of common humanity must be cast down.' (P. 83.)

It is not as a matter of right or on any abstract principles of human sympathies that we can ever enforce the opening of these squares. It is by concession alone that it can be done. Some squares ought to be opened, others ought not. But we do not imagine that in any case the public call for their opening is a matter of such imperious necessity as to justify an encroachment on private property; and we have not the least doubt that in a great number which have ceased to possess attractions from their neglected condition, arrangements might be made with their owners by which they might be thrown open, on condition of their being kept in good order by the public authorities; and if, in some cases, a payment for the surrender of these exclusive privileges were necessary, it would be money well spent.

The opening of new squares in the crowded parts of London would however involve a very large expense. Mr. Robinson dwells much on the great advantage which these would confer on the neighbourhoods and on the general health of the city itself. No one will dispute it—but how to get it done is another question. He cites the size and expense of making most of the different squares he describes:—The Square des Batignolles seems to be 20,000 square yards in extent, and cost 60,000*l.*; the Square du Temple, 8,000 square yards, and cost 6,000*l.*; the Square des Arts et Metiers, 5,000 square yards, and cost 12,800*l.*; the Square des Innocents, 6,800 square yards, and cost 8,000*l.*; the Square de la Chapelle Expiatoire de Louis XVI., 7,500 square yards, and cost 7,500*l.*; the Square de Belleville, 6,000 square yards, and cost 8,000*l.*; the Square Montholon, 5,000 square yards, and cost 7,500*l.*; the Square Vintimille, 650 square yards, and cost 600*l.* But these all represent not the acquisition of ground on which to make the square, but merely the altering, laying out, and decorating of a vacant piece of ground already in hand. Anyone who knows the cost of ground per square inch in the heart of London, must be aware that the idea of systematically acquiring any considerable space for the formation of such squares is utopian and impracticable. The only way in which it appears to us possible is for the Government or the Corporation—any body having a persistent and self-renewing life—to work as opportunity presents itself, towards the acquisition of ground on easy terms for such purposes; then in course of time something might be gradually accomplished.

A necessary accompaniment of public parks and squares is an apparatus of nurseries and propagating houses in which to rear the plants required to supply them. In Paris there is a great central establishment at Passy where all the tender plants are grown and increased, and there are nurseries specially devoted to the production of city trees and shrubs in which the most suitable kinds are grown. There is also a depôt for all the tender plants used in the decoration of the parks, gardens, and squares of the city, in the Avenue d'Eylau leading to the principal promenade of the Bois de Boulogne, and this is named the 'Jardin fleuriste.' The houses are built in a double row, each opening into a central passage, the whole under one cover, and as much as possible, special houses are devoted to special subjects. Every precaution too is taken by having the houses close together to avoid loss of heat or unnecessary exposure of the workmen to change of temperature. Of course, in the main, the treatment and modes of cultivation are the same as with us; but occasionally even here a new hint or good suggestion may be picked up:—

'The propagating which seemed most successful,' says Mr. Robinson, 'is carried out on a different plan to ours. No pans are used in this house, but very small pots, a shade larger than a thimble. In each a cutting is placed; the little pots are placed in the tan, and covered with large circular bell-glasses. The greater part of the house is occupied with these, all being of the same size. But there are some special arrangements for propagating the more difficult subjects; and among them may be noticed what appeared to be an improvement—the bell-glasses, which are somewhat of the ordinary shape, being provided with an aperture at the top of about two inches in diameter, into which a piece of sponge is squeezed to absorb the moisture from the inside.' (P. 146.)

Besides these and other houses immense ranges of bedding-plant houses and parallel lines of rough and rather shallow wooden frames covering a great space of ground sufficiently speak to the enormous amount of bedding-plants supplied from this manufactory. Of pelargoniums alone 400,000 plants are sent out annually.

The mode of storing the plants during the winter is peculiar. The old gypsum workings under and around Paris which supplied Cuvier with his Eocene fossils, have given the Parisians an inexhaustible store of dry cellarage which they have turned to all sorts of account. Wine cellars, catacombs, mushroom beds, are some of them. Besides these the excavations under the Jardin fleuriste are appropriated to the

conservation of tender plants during the cold season, for which their dry and equable temperature is admirably calculated. Vaults in this country are so often damp and mouldy that they can rarely be thus used. When we can get an excavation in the chalk, then we have something like the Parisian caves, but it is only exceptionally that this is to be had, and certainly it is not to be had in London:—

'Students of all nations are admitted to this establishment. They must be eighteen years of age, and must have spent some time in practical horticulture. Their pay is 60 francs per month during the first three months, 70 during the second, and after that 80 or 85 francs per month; after which they are paid according to capacity and intelligence. They are changed from section to section of the establishment, so as to study with profit each kind of culture.'

An extensive botanical library is annexed.

The public nursery for trees is situated at Petit Bry near Nogent-sur-Marne; the nursery for shrubs near the racecourse of Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne, that for herbaceous plants in the Bois de Vincennes, and that for pines and rhododendrons in the Bois de Boulogne near Auteuil—all on a great scale. In England each of our parks has a separate manufactory of everything for itself, and it stands to reason that these can neither produce everything so well nor at so small a cost, as if the whole were made at one factory on the principle of division of labour. Mr. Robinson is perfectly right in recommending our adoption of the Parisian system on this point; and we should quote his arguments and endeavour to enforce them to the best of our ability, were it not that the proposition seems so self-evident that it would be waste of time to dwell upon it.

The peculiar position of the tree-nursery at Nogent-sur-Marne, where it is exposed to be flooded, has led to the adoption of a style of culture there, which seems to have special advantages for trees that are to be transplanted when of some size. The young trees were injured by the floods of the Marne, not exactly from their roots being under water, but from the water being frozen above the base of the stems. To remedy this, the trees have been planted on the apex of a kind of lazy bed or ridge of nearly six feet in width. The consequence of this has been that the trees growing on ridges with the collar of each a foot above the level, make their roots much nearer home and are thus rendered more easy to transplant. When the time comes for removing them the workmen begin at one end and turn them out quite rapidly all with close bundles of roots. The whole surface of the nursery is thus treated, the

trees are a little more than a yard apart in the lines, and about six feet apart between the lines.

The kinds of trees chiefly cultivated there for town use are the Western plane, the horse-chestnut, the large-leaved elm, the *Ailantus glandulosa,* Planeras and Lombardy poplars (the last, however, not used for street or avenue planting). Mr. Robinson's own estimate of the best kinds for town-planting nearly corresponds with this, except that he gives a high place (the third after the plane and horse-chestnut) to the *Robinia* or locust tree; and would add a number of others which scarcely ever reach the dimensions of forest trees, as the *Paulownia imperialis,* the double-cherry and almond trees, &c., also weeping willows and the weeping variety of the *Sophora Japonica.* Many (we have no doubt the majority) will go along with him in exalting the merits of the Western plane; but we know that there is a minority by no means to be despised either for numbers or judgment who pronounce it only tolerable as a large tree, and condemn it in its young state as raw, open, sparse, jagged, irregular, and in London often disfigured by unsightly withered leaves and twigs produced by our occasional night frosts. It is not our part to moderate between these opposing parties. It cannot be matter for argument; it is a question of taste and matter for observation. Experiment is, we think, the best guide. We hold that no tree—no created thing, in fact—is ever wholly or entirely ugly. Some are only more to our taste than others, and the right way of settling which we prefer is to see fair representative specimens side by side. If a formidable minority will dissent from Mr. Robinson's exaltation of the plane into the first rank, we are sure an overwhelming majority will protest against his out-and-out condemnation of the lime. Here too, however, it is matter of taste; and although it would be easy to show that the instances he gives of its failure or misuse are exceptional, and do not apply to the normal or proper application of the tree, we prefer to ask those who feel shaken by Mr. Robinson's pleading to examine the young limes growing in our parks, and to remember the beauty and fragrance which when in flower they diffuse all around them.

In his admiration for the horse-chestnut all will join; but we should wish to see the Spanish chestnut coupled with its stately brother. It seems to grow admirably in our London parks, and we are surprised to find it wholly passed over without comment by Mr. Robinson. We are surprised, too, to see that the *Robinia* or locust tree, which he so justly commends as one of the finest possible town trees, does not hold

a place among those cultivated in the tree nurseries of Paris. We presume it is because it is too common. It grows like broom or gorse on the railway cuttings and embankments in France, but here, where it is not so lavish in its spread, we wisely prize it. To our taste there is not a more beautiful or refreshing tree to be met with in our urban gardens, although it does not reach sufficient height to compete with the elm, the chestnut, or the lime. We are glad to see that he reports the elm as succeeding in the new Boulevard St. Michael in Paris. That is a tree which we can ill spare, but whose much longer continuance in the London parks we have had occasion to distrust. They are not doing well in St. James's Park. They are rapidly dropping off in Kensington Gardens. At Brussels, notwithstanding every precaution and every contrivance, the young elms on the Boulevards have again and again been destroyed by the *Scolytus destructor*. It has often been said, and is still maintained by many, that insects never attack healthy trees, and that when we see them destroying a tree they are only anticipating or accelerating a sentence of death already pronounced. This scarcely seems to be the case with the Scolytus. The elms destroyed by them at Brussels were fine fresh young trees, and there is every reason to suppose that had the Scolytus not attacked them they would have thriven; but finding it hopeless to get the elm to repel this enemy, the authorities at Brussels have given up planting elms, and have substituted the plane and other trees for them.

The shrubs, and more especially the fine-foliaged plants used for the decoration of the Paris parks, gardens, and houses, supply materials for more than one interesting chapter in Mr. Robinson's work. The professional gardener or scientific man may indeed not find much that is new to them—most of the plants so employed being already in use for the same purposes on this side the Channel, and many of them having been first introduced or so used by ourselves. But for the general public, and especially the country public, the country gentlemen who do not often leave home, and their families and gardeners, this part of the work must be a great acquisition. It tells them the kinds of plants that are chiefly used for summer decoration in the great centres of luxury and civilisation, gives lists of the different species, and supplies admirable woodcuts of the most important of them. The impunity with which many subtropical and even tropical plants can be turned out into the open air in summer, and the admirable effect which they produce upon a lawn, have led many who would never

otherwise have thought of it to cultivate some of these plants for that very purpose, and to them the information here given by Mr. Robinson will be most valuable. We can only glance at one or two of the more striking examples.

Everyone who has been in a tropical country speaks with enthusiasm of the banana. The delicate green of its young leaves is described as the most beautiful vegetation in existence. It has long been one of the most striking objects in our palm-houses, and its fruit is regarded as a tropical luxury. Of late years great progress has been made in its cultivation for fruit; and now it is planted and made to fruit freely all in a few months' time. It does not, however, accommodate itself well to exposure to the open air, even in the hottest summer and most sheltered spots. The leaves become ragged and torn, and it ceases to be ornamental. But there is another species with stronger and more leathery leaves (the Abyssinian species), which is finer than the *Musa sapientium*, and is hardier and better suited for a decorative plant. Its fruit is inedible, but the base of its leafstalks and the young stem are good to eat. Bruce says of them:—

'When you make use of this Ensete for eating, you cut it immediately above the small detached roots, and perhaps a foot or two higher. As the plant is of age, you strip the green from the upper part until it becomes white. When soft, like a turnip well boiled, it has the taste of the best new wheat bread not perfectly baked, and is the best of all food—wholesome, nourishing, and easily digested. It is cultivated round Gondar.'

The root of the Ensete is also said to be eaten as a vegetable by the natives, and to taste somewhat like a potato; although we suspect that it is only to be regarded as edible in the sense that everything may be considered edible which a man can eat under any circumstances. The natives of Africa are not fastidious, and we do not doubt that in case of necessity they would eat any root however fibrous. The leaves also are said to furnish good fodder for cattle; that, however, can only be when they are young and succulent; when older they become leathery. The Ensete differs from other species of Musa in having a shorter stem and larger leaves, besides other more strictly botanical distinctions. It is not confined to Abyssinia. The celebrated African traveller, Dr. Welwitsch, records it as a native of the Presidium of Pungo Andongo in the heart of Angola. 'The prettiest ferns,' says he, 'some with gold-'coloured fronds, grow abundantly over the crevices, whilst 'the gorgeous *Musa ensete*, and the lovely tree-fern *Cyathia*

'*Angolensis* embellish the margins of the beautiful streamlets.' * It is therefore almost certain that it must be scattered across the continent of Africa obliquely, from Abyssinia to Angola.

Of this plant in Europe Mr. Robinson says:—

'The noblest of all the plants yet used in the flower garden is the *Musa Ensete*—the great Abyssinia Banana discovered by Bruce.† The fruit of this kind is not edible like that of the Banana and plantain (*Musa paradisiaca* and *sapientium*),‡ but the leaves are magnificent; and, strange to say, they stand the rain and storms of the neighbourhood of Paris without laceration, while all the other kinds of *Musa* are torn into shreds. It is an interesting and hitherto unknown fact, that the finest § of all the Banana or Musa tribe is also the hardiest and most easily preserved. When grown for the open air, it will of course require to be kept in a house during winter, and planted out the first week in June. In any place where there is a large conservatory or winter garden, it will be found most valuable either for planting therein or for keeping over the winter, as, if merely housed in such a structure during the cold months, it will prove a great ornament among the other plants, while it may be put out in summer, when the attraction is all out of doors. Other kinds of Musa have been tried in the open air in England, but have barely existed, making it clear that they should not be so cultivated in this country. The Ensete is the only species really worth growing in this way. Where the climate is too cold to put it out of doors in summer, it should be grown in all conservatories in which it is desired to establish the noblest type of vegetation. It has hitherto been generally grown in stoves. It also stands the draught and heat of a living room remarkably well; and though when well developed it is much too big for any but Brobdignagian halls, the fact may nevertheless be taken advantage of by those interested in room decoration on a large scale. The plant is difficult to obtain as yet, but will, I trust, be sought out and made abundant by our nurserymen.' (P. 198.)

Modern skill may, and no doubt will, do so, but it must be

---

* Welwitsch on the Pedras Negras of Pungo Andongo in Angola, in 'Journal of Travel,' vol. i. p. 29. (1868.)

† Bruce, however, would not believe that it was a *Musa*.

‡ The Banana and plantain are mere varieties of the same thing, and *Musa paradisiaca* and *M. sapientium* are synonymes. There may be room for difference of opinion, and there has been plenty of discussion, as to how it comes to be found both in India and South America, but there can be none as to the plant being the same in both countries.

§ Comparisons are unsafe, even when there is no chance of their being odious. If the *Urania speciosa* of Madagascar (the traveller's tree, also a Banana) were pitted against the Ensete, it would be difficult to assign the pre-eminence to the latter.

borne in mind that it has been long in cultivation in our hothouses, and has even borne fruit in England, without as yet having become other than rare.

The order of *Solanaceæ*, which is so bountiful to our other wants, is not less so to our decorative requirements. From it we derive the nightshades, belladonnas, henbanes, thorn-apples, mandrakes, and other medicinal principles for our chemists, the Petunias for our flower-gardens, the tobacco for our luxury, and the tomatoes, capsicums (Cayenne pepper), Aubergines, and, though last not least, the potato for our kitchens; and now we have a host of large-leaved plants for our lawns and parks. Professor Koch of Berlin was, if we are not mistaken, the first to utilise the large-leaved species in this way, and his example has now spread wherever this style of decoration is practised. The magnificent broad, often spiny, deep-cut leaves, and the large size to which the individual plants grow, render them peculiarly effective. The finest are the *Solanum robustum, Warzewiczii, macrophyllum, macranthum* and *marginatum* (used in Abyssinia for tanning leather), the common tobacco and the *Nicotiana Wigandioides.* There are some thirty or forty others, but it is well to bear in mind that there cannot be two *bests*; and when we have once got the best it is not wise to have much to do with the second best, still less with those further down the list. The call for variety necessitates some dealings with them, but they should be limited. Most of these plants are raised from seed, but they also grow freely from cuttings. In winter they must be placed in heat, and when planted out in summer they require very considerable care and shelter. We have seen a single sharp night turn a whole acre of them black and flaccid, as if boiled and reduced to the consistence of soap.

The castor-oil plant (*Ricinus communis*), also called the *Palma Christi*, from its broad palmate leaves and spiny capsules, is even more effective, and in the same style as these solanums, but growing twice or thrice their height. It is an annual in Europe, and a tree in Africa, but of course it is only in the former phase that it is used by horticulturists.

The Chinese rice-paper plant (*Aralia papyrifera*) is largely used in summer in the public gardens of Paris. Its large, deeply palmate, puckered leaves, and its habit of growth, are very handsome. Various other aralias may be noticed along with it, such as the angelica tree of North America (*Aralia spinosa*), &c. The India-rubber plant (*Ficus elastica*) is too well known, both as an out-of-door summer plant and an indoor favourite, to require more than mention. The *Monstera*

deliciosa is remarkable for two things — its fruit and its leaves. Of the former we can hardly say that it is delicious, but it is fragrant and agreeable. In shape it is somewhat like a very long enlarged green fir-cone, or rather that of a Cycas or Encephalartos, nearly a foot in length, and each of the scales of this cone have to be picked off separately and sucked or nibbled at like the leaf of an artichoke. The leaves are large, broad, pinnatifid at the margin, and with large perforated holes between the nervures. It is easily grown and propagated, but requires a stove for all but the hottest months. Mr. Robinson says that it has been found to bear being placed in the open air with impunity in shady and sheltered spots.

Wigandia macrophylla (*caracasana*) and *W. Vigieri* are two plants which are now much used and universally admired. Of the former Mr. Robinson says:—

'This noble plant, a native of the mountainous regions of New Granada, is unquestionably, from the nobility of its port and the magnificence of its leaves, entitled to hold a place among the finest plants of our gardens. Under the climate of London, it has made leaves which have surprised all beholders, as well by their size as by their strong and remarkable veining and texture. It will be found to succeed very well in the midland and southern counties of England, though too much care cannot be taken to secure for it a warm sheltered position, free good soil, and perfect drainage. It may be used with superb effect either in a mass or as a single plant. It is frequently propagated by cuttings of the roots, and grown in a moist and genial temperature throughout the spring months, keeping it near the light so as to preserve it in a dwarf and well-clothed condition; and, like all the other plants in this class, it should be very carefully hardened off. It is, however, much better raised from cuttings of the shoots, if these are to be had. *W. macrophylla* has the stems covered with short stinging hairs and bearing brownish viscid drops, which, like oil, adhere to the hand when the stem is touched. *Wigandia Vigieri* is a plant of a quick and vigorous growth and remarkable habit. In the beginning of September 1867, I measured a specimen with leaves three feet nine inches long, counting the leaf-stalk, and twenty-two inches across—the stem, nearly seven feet high and two inches in diameter, bearing a column of such leaves. It is known at a glance from the popular and older *W. macrophylla* by the leaves and stems being covered in a greater degree with glossy, slender stinging bodies. These are so thickly produced as to give the stems a glistening appearance. *W. urens* is another species often planted, but decidedly inferior to either of the foregoing, except in power of stinging, in which way it is not likely to be surpassed. Seeds of the three species have been offered, and all may be raised in that way—*W. Vigieri* with unusual facility.' (P. 207.)

Polymnia grandis and *Uhdea bipinnatifida* are two other fine plants, with large and conspicuous leaves. The Caladiums and Arums furnish others—*Caladium esculentum* being the hardiest of the Caladiums. Nor must we forget the Dracænas, the relics of a family, formerly numerous, now reduced to a mere remnant, nor the Cannas, which combine brilliancy of flower with what may be called flowing foliage, and although we mention them late, are perhaps more important, and could be less dispensed with, than any other that we have spoken of. Neither must we overlook one curiosity, which of late years has been found able to stand unfavourable seasons, and which during the past summer, perhaps from the unusual size of the specimens, has proved very attractive at Battersea Park, viz. the *Echeveria metallica*—a bronze-coloured Mesembryanthenium, its bronze frosted with a mealy or silvery bloom. It allows no one to pass it without extorting the tribute of a pause and an expression of wonder and admiration.

The foregoing are truly tropical or subtropical plants, trusted during summer with rash confidence to the instability of our climate, often betrayed, sometimes destroyed, and always a source of anxiety and care. Mr. Robinson, however, comes forward with a band of substitutes, which, although in very few cases fairly worthy of competing with the best of the foregoing, are yet of much beauty and effect, and have the great advantage of being hardy, not all perhaps in our northern counties, but at any rate in our southern and midland districts. Alphabetical precedence combines with real merit to place at the head of these *Acanthus latifolius,* probably a variety of *A. spinosus* rather than *A. mollis,* as suggested by Mr. Robinson, with a leaf not greatly inferior in size to those of many of the tender plants of which we have been speaking, and as beautifully carved, and of a still finer, richer, darker, and glossier green. It well merits all the encomiums Mr. Robinson bestows upon it. But others have anticipated him in finding out and appreciating its beauties. He may say 'Pereant qui 'ante nos, nostra dixerunt.' The Greeks and Romans have been beforehand with him. This is the plant which suggested and served as the model of the leaves of the capital of the Corinthian column, which to this day retains its name.

In the ranks of this hardy cohort of course are to be found the Pampas grass, the New Zealand flax, the Ferulas, the reeds, the Chilian beet, the Himalayan rhubarb (*Rheum Emodi*), the Yuccas, and the tobacco plant. Some of the Bamboos, the *Chamærops humilis, Aralia Sieboldi,* and *Melianthus major,* we should rather place in the preceding group of tender

species. Of *Chamærops humilis*, which is a native of the South of Europe, and the most northern natural limit of which is near Nice in 43° and 44° N., he says:—

'It may not be generally known that this palm is perfectly hardy in this country. A plant of it in Her Majesty's gardens at Osborne has attained a considerable height. It is also out at Kew, though protected in winter. On the water side of the high mound in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, it is even in better health than at Kew, though it has not had any protection for years, and stood the fearfully hard frost of 1860.' (P. 219.)

And for the Bamboos he invites a favourable trial on the following grounds:—

'I wish to call the attention of all horticulturists who live in the southern and more favoured parts of these islands to the fact, that there are several bamboos and bamboo-like plants, from rather cool countries, which are well worth planting. Nothing can exceed the grace of a bamboo of any kind if freely grown; but if starved in a dirty hot-house, or grown in a cold dry place where the graceful shoots cannot arch forth in all their native beauty, nothing can be more miserable in aspect. On cold bad soils and exposed dry places in the British Isles, these bamboos have little chance; but, on the other hand, they will be found to make most graceful objects in many a sheltered nook in the south and south-western parts of England and Ireland. Now-a-days there is a growing taste for something else than mere colour in the flower-garden, and these will in many cases be found a graceful help. We have some knowledge of the capabilities of one kind in this country. In a well-sheltered moist spot at Bicton, many have seen *Bambusa falcata* send up young shoots long and graceful, like the slenderest of fishing-rods; while the older ones were branched into a beautiful mass of light foliage of a distinct type. The same plant has been grown in the county of Cork to a height of nearly twenty feet. This is the best known kind we have.' At Paris, I was fortunate enough to observe several other kinds doing very well indeed, although the climate is not so suitable as that of Cork or Devon. These are *Bambusa edulis*, *aurea*, *nigra*, *Simmonsii*, *mitis*, *metake*, and *viridi-glaucescens*—the first and last of this group being very free and good. All the others will prove hardy in the south of England and Ireland, though, as some of them have not yet been tried there, it requires the test of actual experiment. Those who wish to begin cautiously, had better take *B. Simmonsii*, *viridi-glaucescens*, *nigra*, and *edulis* to commence with, as they are the most certainly hardy, so far as I have observed. The best way to treat any of these plants, obtained in summer or autumn, would be to grow them in a cool frame or pit till the end of April, then harden them off for a fortnight or so, and plant out in a nice warm spot, sheltered, also with good free soil—taking care that the roots are carefully spread out, and giving a good free watering to settle the soil. There are no plants more

worthy of attention than these, where the climate is at all favourable; and there are numerous moist nooks around the British Isles where they will be found to grow most satisfactorily. The pretty little *Bambusa Fortunei* is also hardy.' (P. 217.)

Besides these, there is a bamboo not yet introduced which is still finer, and probably even more likely to stand in the open air than any of those mentioned by Mr. Robinson. It is the *Bambusa (Oxytenanthera) Abyssinica.* It is found, like the Musa Ensete, in Abyssinia, only growing at a still higher elevation, and wherever the Musa Ensete will grow this bamboo will probably do at least as well. Of it Colonel Munro says in his excellent monograph of the Bamboos ('Linnean 'Society's Transactions,' 1868, p. 128):—'This fine distinct-'looking bamboo seems to have a wide range in Africa, ex-'tending into both tropics. Barter says that it was the only 'arboreal grass he had seen (in Baikies's Niger Expedition), 'and that the stems were used to pole canoes, and the smaller 'ones as shafts for spears. This species has a very different 'appearance from the remainder of the genus.' It was also found by Welwitsch in company with Musa Ensete on the banks of little waterfalls, near the upper cataracts of the Coanza. It grows thirty or even forty feet high, and is described as a plant of great beauty.

The plant decoration of apartments and reform in the conservatory is a continuation of the same subject. Mr. Robinson touches a new note, and makes a good sound suggestion, when he begins by saying that if we select handsome-leaved plants of *a leathery texture,* accustomed to withstand the fierce heats of hot countries, we shall find that the dry and dusty air of a living room is not at all injurious to them, and that it is quite easy to keep them in health for months, and even for years, in the same apartments. Anyone who will try a plant of the *Ficus elastica* or *Dracæna terminalis,* or even of a palm, will acknowledge how true this remark is. We have seen palms treated so that we feel certain almost no other kind of plant could have stood; neglected for weeks, or months, and yet there they are going on as if perfectly indifferent how they were dealt with. The Parisians carry the culture of that class of plants in their apartments to an almost incredible extent. Mr. Robinson mentions one Versailles cultivator who alone annually raises and sells 5,000 or 6,000 plants of *Dracæna terminalis,* and by far the greater part for room decoration. It is now some years since Miss Maling, we think, announced that *Lycaste Skinneri* could be easily and successfully cultivated

in the drawing-room. Mr. Robinson extends the observation to other orchids:—

'Until recently,' says he, 'I had little belief in the utility of Orchids for this purpose; but experience has shown me that they may be introduced into a drawing-room with perfect success, the plants not having suffered in the least from the change of atmosphere. The most suitable orchids are the various species of *Cattleya*, *Vanda*, *Aërides*, and *Cypripedium*. Doubtless the time is not far distant when we may venture to try many more kinds than we can now afford to do; but even from what we have already done in that way, I entertain no doubt that the Orchid family will eventually furnish the most valuable of all plants for room decoration. True they may not live throughout the year in rooms as *Ficuses* and such plants do, but that is not desirable, their appearance, as a rule, not being prepossessing when out of flower. The quality that they do possess, and that which makes them so valuable, is the thick succulent texture of the flowers generally. This enables them to continue a long time in bloom in a room; and a like kind of texture enables the leaves to stand during the blooming time without injury.' (P. 278.)

In his remarks on the reform of the Conservatory we cannot so fully go along with Mr. Robinson as we have hitherto done. He says:—

'There are few things more worthy of the attention of the numbers interested in indoor gardening in this country, than the superior mode of embellishing conservatories and winter gardens which is the rule in France and on the Continent generally. Conservatories and similar structures are, it is true, scarcer abroad than at home; but whenever they are erected, they are gracefully verdant at all times, being filled with handsome exotic evergreens, planted and arranged so as to present the appearance of a mass of luxuriant vegetation, and not that of a glass shed filled with pots and prettiness with which we are all so familiar.'

Our experience has been all in the opposite direction; for every well-arranged and well-contrived conservatory that we have seen abroad, we can immediately call to mind two better done at home under the direction of a good gardener. Our greenhouses are, in the majority of instances, only an accessory or part of the drawing-room. They are under the direction and control of the ladies of the household; it is they who dispose the colour and select the plants. But in the internal decoration of halls and saloons with shrubs and flowers, the Parisians are far ahead of the drawing-rooms of London. Perhaps in our country-houses we may turn the tables on our neighbours.

It seems to us, however, that Mr. Robinson's reform would

deprive the greenhouse of more than half its charm. He would banish its present inmates to turn it into a palm-house. Here is his specific:—

'But the grand improvement to be effected is the contents of conservatories. They will never be truly enjoyable until we display in them beauty of form. Numerous reasons urge us to endeavour to make a change in this respect. The aspect of the greater number of conservatories throughout the country is paltry in the extreme, except, perhaps, when the flush of flower in early summer diverts our eyes from the faults of a structure so little conservative of the elegant forms and bewitching grace which make the vegetable world so attractive. Having these structures staring point blank at our drawing-rooms in numerous instances, it is clearly desirable to make them presentable. We build hothouses to enable us to enjoy the vegetation of warmer and more favoured countries. Let us enjoy it, then, and not delude ourselves by cramming our conservatories with all the popular small fry, from the Cineraria to the Azalea. Such things may please the enthusiastic amateur of these and like plants; but plants are capable of higher work than that, and nothing can be hoped for the conservatory until a nobler type of vegetation is not only represented but predominates. Flowers of a similar, if not a nearly identical type to the popular ones mentioned, abound in our gardens during summer, and there is consequently no necessity for letting them predominate indoors; while, on the other hand, those wonderful aspects of vegetation which we can never produce out of doors in this country may be obtained under glass without difficulty. The temperature of the conservatories generally is sufficient to develope as noble a type of vegetation as the hottest stove, so objectionable from its heat and moisture. The grandest of all the Banana tribe (*Musa Ensete*) thrives healthfully in a cool house, while the Palmetto palm of the Southern States of America, the Fan palm of Europe, Chamærops excelsa, and the graceful Seaforthia Elegans, and many other palms, do the same.' (p. 284.)

And so on through Dracænas, Dicksonias, Woodwardias, Cycads, &c. Again:—

'In conversing one day with M. Barillet, the superintendent of the parks and gardens of Paris, he informed me that he was more surprised at the marked absence of palms in English gardens than by any other want; and he thought this the more remarkable from the fact that the superb collections of exotics grown in many parts of this country are quite unrivalled. That the plants which combine the qualities of dignity and grace as no others do, should be so neglected in a country where vast sums are spent upon orchids and almost every other tribe of exotics, and where these are cultivated better than anywhere else, is indeed somewhat singular.'

A large portion of the latter part of the work is occupied with suggestions for improvements in fruit-growing; and the

more important of these relate to the much agitated question of low cordon apple trees for the production of superb dessert apples, and the growth of peaches on walls under certain precautions. A multitude of other minor subjects are touched, especially the French modes of pruning, which are very clearly explained by Mr. Robinson's figures, but would be difficult for us to explain without them. The cordon system of growing apples is that of his recommendations which gave rise to most discussion and difference of opinion in this country, and on which Mr. Robinson has dwelt at greatest length. The horticultural public has exhausted the question, and we are afraid that the general public will not take much interest in it. In the cordon system, the tree is trained like what we may call a single-storied espalier. The stem is cut or led off at about a foot from the ground, and it or a single branch on one or both sides trained off horizontally, without branches, like a string (whence the name). Branches are forbid to grow from these strings. Everything is pinched off but flower-buds and the surrounding leaves, and a very successful cordon-tree loaded with apples at a foot from the ground has some resemblance to a rope of onions; and if we conceive them to be glowing yellow with rich red cheeks and delicious to eat, it is not difficult to conceive how they must have attracted a horticultural enthusiast like Mr. Robinson, nor how he has done his best to extend the benefit to his native country. And the whole question resolves itself into whether it will answer in this country or not. If it would answer here there would not be a dissentient voice as to its being an unalloyed boon, and Mr. Robinson would be hailed as a national benefactor. But the experts regard it with doubt and suspicion. 'I have tried it,' says one, 'and the shoots 'grew as big as broom-handles' (which they should not, the proper cordon branch keeping always slender and not much thicker than a rope), 'and the slugs ate the fruit.' 'Ah!' says Mr. Robinson, 'but you tried it on the wrong stock; you 'should have tried it on the Paradise stock.' 'So I did,' says the other. 'Then it was the wrong Paradise stock,' replies Mr. Robinson; and we believe until Mr. Robinson drew attention to it few or none in this country rightly knew what the characters of the French Paradise stock really were; and nurserymen could scarcely be blamed for selling the wrong thing when they did not themselves know the right. The Doucin is the stock which has been confounded with the Paradise, and both have been sold indiscriminately under the same name. It (the Doucin) is a fast growing-stock making

much wood and long shoots. The true French Paradise is a small low-growing variety, and upon this alone can the horizontal cordon system be successfully worked. On this it is certainly grown in great beauty in France, and the practice is rapidly spreading in Belgium and Switzerland. Mr. Robinson asks why should it not be equally well grown in England:—

'Is there magic in the air, that there should be so much difference in the behaviour of trees separated by a few miles of sea? In many continental districts, where frosts are quite as severe as here, the Cordons escape yearly without injury; and, besides, no form of trees is so easily protected in spring, it being so very low' (p. 349);

and his rationale of the superiority of the system shows that he attributes all to mode of growth and nothing to climate:—

'If anybody will reflect that, as a rule, the full vigour of the ordinary Espalier tree flows to its upper line of branches, he will have no difficulty in seeing at a glance the advantages of the horizontal cordon, particularly if he bears in mind that the system, as generally applied to the apple, is simply a bringing of one good branch near the earth, where it receives more heat, where it causes no injurious shade, and where it may be protected with the greatest efficiency and the least amount of trouble.' (P. 339.)

We are afraid that there *is* magic in the air; and that Mr. Robinson does not sufficiently appreciate the subtle influence which it has on all the phenomena of life. How many other things are there that will not grow here so well as on the Continent. We cannot grow eating apples. Some one will remind us of the Ribston pippin and the Blenheim orange; but how rarely do we meet with them bearing well. If we could grow apples, these kinds should be as common as blackberries, in every garden. But they are not. We beat the Continent at growing apples for cooking, because our climate carries them better that length, but we get no further; our apples will not ripen. We want the sun and heat, and have to go to America, or France, or Belgium for them, where sun and heat are to be had in greater force. We do not despair of our growing cordon apple trees, and apples upon them; but we doubt the quality of the apples grown. If we cannot, as a rule, grow good apples in this country either on wall or standard—and we scarcely think anyone who has tasted good apples elsewhere will say that we can—then we do not see how growing them on a horizontal cordon a foot from the ground is to make them better. Those grown on the low cordon in France are not better than those grown in any other fashion, and if it ensures no superiority in France there is no reason to expect that it will in Britain.

Mr. Robinson, however, maintains that climate has nothing to do with it. Neither has it anything to do with the production of better peaches, or better pears, or better lettuces, or better anything:—

'There can be no doubt whatever about the fact that, if we pay as much attention to the peach as the cultivators at Montreuil (the peach-gardens of Paris) do, we can attain quite as good a result. (P. 325.) 'To the visitor who takes a general look at the plantations of peaches at Montreuil, it is quite apparent that it is not to the climate that the best growers owe their success.' (P. 440.)

Again of the salad:—

'It is simply nonsense to say that it is the effect of climate. The winters in Northern France are severer than our own; and I know many spots in England and Ireland which are preferable to the neighbourhood of Paris for their culture.' (P. 489.)

Is this so? Is our care in getting our flower and vegetable seeds from the Continent all unnecessary? Is cold in winter the only regulator of vegetation? Must we upset the long-received and well-established principles of horticultural teaching, that heat in summer is the great co-efficient with general temperature in regulating the growth of plants; and that cold in winter is comparatively indifferent? Have we not abundant evidence of this before our eyes this very summer—crowds of plants which have rarely (many of them never) flowered before, bursting into flower, or can we dispute the explanation that it is due to last year's great summer heat? We cannot do so; and therefore wherever in his recommendations Mr. Robinson proceeds on the assumption that the difference between the climate of England and France is not to be taken into account, we must pass on.

But although we do not anticipate the success in this country from the mode of treatment followed at Montreuil which Mr. Robinson does, we should ill express our opinion if we lead anyone to suppose that his recommendations are to be thrown aside as vain and useless. We are aiming at success, and although we may be of opinion that we shall never attain the highest success, that is no reason why we should not attain a higher degree of excellence than we have at present; and if our cultivators will carefully peruse and diligently follow the course pointed out by him, we may predict with certainty a much greater amount of excellence than has yet been attained. Our space will not allow us to go into the technical details; but they chiefly consist in care and protection from frost, for which various useful suggestions and contrivances are given, and in the mode of training and pruning.

A very interesting part of the book is that devoted to the market gardens of Paris. The account of the mushroom-culture is especially interesting. This is conducted in the caves of Montrouge—old deep quarry mines such as those of which we have already spoken, sixty or seventy feet underground, just outside the fortifications on the south side of Paris. It is long since the growing of mushrooms in cellars has been practised in our own country. We remember how successful the good old Lord Murray was in his experiments in this way in one of his own coal cellars in Edinburgh—a very convenient thing for one who understood the art of giving dinners so well and practised it so freely. But the caverns of Montrouge are rather large cellars. There six or seven miles' run of mushroom beds occupy one part of the mines, in other parts of which the quarrymen are still at work. The soil is merely little heaps of the siftings of the stone (gypsum) mixed with stable manure. The place is warm and dry, and secure from all invasion of cold or variation of temperature; which is no doubt one of the chief causes of its success. These caves not only supply the wants of the city above them, but those of England and other countries also; large quantities of preserved mushrooms being exported, one house alone sending to our own country no less than 14,000 boxes annually. The following is an extract from Mr. Robinson's account of his visit to the caves.

'The passages are narrow, and occasionally we have to stoop. On each hand there are little narrow beds of half-decomposed stable manure, running all along the wall. These have been made quite recently, and have not yet been spawned. Presently we arrive at others in which the spawn has been placed and is "taking" freely. The spawn in these caves is introduced to the little beds by means of flakes taken from an old bed, or still better, from a heap of stable manure in which it occurs naturally. Such spawn is preferred, and considered much more valuable than that taken from old beds. Of spawn in the form of bricks, as in England, there is none. M. Champignonniste pointed with pride to the way in which the flakes of spawn had begun to spread through the little beds, and passed on, sometimes stooping very low to avoid the pointed stones in the roof, to where the beds were in a more advanced state. Here we saw little smooth putty-coloured ridges running along the sides of the passages; and wherever the rocky subway became as wide as a small bedroom, two or three little beds were placed parallel to each other. These beds were new, and dotted all over with mushrooms no bigger than sweet pea seeds, and affording an excellent prospect of a crop. Be it observed, that these beds contain a much smaller body of manure than is ever the case in our gardens. They are not more than twenty inches high, and about

the same width at the base; whilst those against the sides of the passages are not so large as those shaped like little potato pits, and placed in the open spaces. The soil, with which they are covered to the depth of about an inch, is nearly white, and is simply sifted from the rubbish of the stone-cutters above, giving the recently-made bed the appearance of being covered with putty. Although we are from seventy to eighty feet below the surface of the ground, everything looks very neat; in fact, very much more so than could have been expected, not a particle of litter being met with. A certain length of bed is made every day in the year, and as they naturally finish one gallery or series of galleries at a time, the beds in each have a similar character. . . . The beds remain in good bearing generally about two months, but sometimes last twice and three times as long. . . . Once more we plunge into a passage as dark as ink, and find ourselves between two lines of beds in full bearing, the beautiful white button-like mushroom appearing everywhere in profusion along the sides of the diminutive beds, something like the drills which farmers make for green crops. As the proprietor goes along, he removes sundry bunches that are in perfection, and leaves them on the spot, so that they may be collected with the rest for to-morrow's market. He gathers largely every day, occasionally sending more than 400 pounds' weight per day—the average being about 300 pounds. A moment more, and we are in an open space—a sort of chamber, say 20 feet by 12—and here the little beds are arranged in parallel lines, an alley of not more than four inches separating them, the sides of the beds being literally covered all over with mushrooms.' (P. 475.)

'We will next visit a mushroom cave of another type, at some little distance from the city. It is situated near Frépillon Méry-sur-Oise, a place which may be reached in an hour or so by the Chemin de fer du Nord, passing by Enghien, the Valley of Montmorency, and Pontoise, and alighting at Auvers. There are vast quarries in the neighbourhood, both for building stone and the plaster so largely used in Paris. The materials are not quarried in the ordinary way by opening up the ground, nor by the method employed at Montrouge and elsewhere in the suburbs of Paris, but so that the interior of the earth looks like a vast gloomy cathedral. In 1867, the culture was in full force at Méry, and as many as 3000 pounds a day were sometimes sent from thence to the Paris market; but the mushroom is a thing of peculiar taste, and these quarries are now empty—cleaned and left to rest. After a time, the great quarries seem to become tired of their occupants, or the mushrooms become tired of the air; the quarries are then well cleaned out, the very soil where the beds rested being scraped away, and the space left to recruit itself for a year or two. In 1867, M. Renaudot had the extraordinary length of over twenty-one miles of mushroom beds in one great cave at Méry; last year there were sixteen miles in one cave at Frépillon.' (P. 478.)]

Mr. Robinson, with his eye ever open to utilising the pro-

cesses he meets with, turns his thoughts here, too, to his own country. 'Is it possible that in a great mining and excavating 'country we cannot establish the same kind of industry?' The experiment could easily be tried, and no doubt will be tried, by some one of the numerous readers that will study Mr. Robinson's book. It appears, however, that one great field of possible operation has at once to be eliminated:—

'I was informed that coal mines are not adapted for growing mushrooms, and the smallest particle of iron in the beds of manure is avoided by the spawn, a circle round it remaining inert. It is said to be the same with coal. If an evil-disposed workman wishes to injure his employer, he has only to slip along by the beds with a pocketful of rusty old nails, and insert one here and there.' (P. 483.)

But we suspect there is another requisite which will also be difficult to attain in this country—dryness. Mushrooms require moisture, but not too much of it. The caves in which they grow at Paris are absolutely dry, and barrels of water have to be provided to give them the necessary waterings. Most of our mines are more or less wet under foot. Excavations in chalk would be almost the only ones that would be suitable in this respect.

Hastily and cursorily as we have run over the pages of this work, we find that there is still a large part behind which must remain untouched for want of space. The cultivation of market vegetables—asparagus, small carrots, cauliflower, lettuce, and all the array of kitchen accessories, we must leave to the readers' own perusal. They will be well repaid. So with horticultural implements, and an interesting horticultural tour with which the volume concludes.

Mr. Robinson is a gentleman gifted with uncommon talents of observation, which he has worthily and ably employed in a way that cannot fail to contribute to the public good, as well as to his own credit. If he is sometimes hasty in his generalisations, or impulsive in his conclusions, these blemishes are trifling compared with the standard excellence of his work: the good he has done will live after him, when any erroneous or doubtful conclusions are forgotten.

ART. VII.—*Tree and Serpent Worship; or Illustrations of Mythology and Art in India, in the First and Fourth Centuries after Christ. From the Sculptures of the Buddhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati.* Prepared under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. By JAMES FERGUSSON, Esq., F.R.S., M.R.A.S. 4to. London: 1868.

IT is due to the accomplished author of this remarkable work to follow him from the beginning, as the best way, not only of explaining the intention and scope of his investigations, but of conveying to the reader a just impression of the difficulties which have attended them. 'The story of the 'book,' writes Mr. Fergusson in the beginning of his preface, 'is simple; but it seems necessary it should be told, in order 'that much it contains may be appreciated at its true value, 'and not taken for what it does not pretend to be.' What use has been made of this singularly modest text will be seen in progress of this article, and without further comment we proceed to sketch Mr. Fergusson's story.

When arrangements for the Paris Exhibition of 1867 were being made in connexion with the department of Fine Arts at Kensington, it was suggested that it would be a good opportunity for a dissemination of a knowledge of Indian art and architecture. In connexion with these subjects, Indian art, in all its branches, ornamental and textile, could be amply illustrated from the collection in the Indian Museum as arranged by Dr. Forbes Watson; but in regard to examples of architecture, the Museum was believed to be defective. Mr. Fergusson, however, possessed a large collection of Indian photographs, and had access to others; for the illustration of Indian monuments had formed a prominent feature in the last edition of his 'History of Architecture.' He was, therefore, requested to lend his assistance in furthering the objects of the Exhibition, and at once entered upon the necessary arrangements with his well-known zeal and ability. Photographs, however good they might be, would fail, he considered, to give a true estimate of the beauty of Hindu decorative art; and he proposed that casts of fragments of sculpture should accompany the photographs, which would lead to a correct estimation of their actual dimensions and execution. On examination of the various subjects available in the Museum, none were so well fitted for the purpose, or so beautiful in detail, as four marbles from the Boodhist Tope of Amravati, which had been sent to England nearly fifty

years ago by Colonel Mackenzie, then Surveyor-General of India, and though they formed one of the chief ornaments of the old Museum in Leadenhall Street, they had remained unexplained to this day. Further inquiry brought to light a great number of other sculptured marbles from the same locality, which had been collected by Sir Walter Elliot when Commissioner of Guntoor in 1845. These had been subjected to some rough usage in India, having been left to lie in the sun and wind for twelve years on the beach at Madras, and, on their final arrival, they had been consigned to the coach-houses of the India House, for want of other room. These discoveries changed the plan of the proposed Exhibition altogether. They afforded a new set of photographs of great value and beauty, which, with some drawings from the original marbles, and some of the marbles themselves, were exhibited in Paris in connexion with Mr. Fergusson's and other architectural illustrations of Indian art, and they formed a collection worthy of its object. The interest excited by these remarkable objects and photographs will be remembered by many of our readers.

Had the exertions of Mr. Fergusson stopped here, it might be considered that he had done all he could in furtherance of the national object; but it proved to be only the beginning of them. In arranging the collection of pictures, and examining and selecting the marbles, many new features of Indian art and mythology had revealed themselves; and in June 1867, these were explained in a paper read before the Royal Asiatic Society, and published in vol. iii. of the new series of their journal. This, however, was very insufficient for the full elucidation of the matter which Mr. Fergusson found accumulating under his studies; and he proposed to Sir Stafford Northcote, then Secretary of State for India, a publication which should include the photographs taken of the Amravati marbles, with a descriptive essay upon them. His request was at once acceded to. A liberal provision for the expenses was made by the Council of India, and to that liberality the public is indebted for the truly magnificent volume which forms the subject of the present article. Had the project of Mr. Fergusson rested here, illustrations of only one Boodhist Tope would have been furnished; and it might have been supposed that the peculiar indications of tree and serpent worship were a special and isolated deviation from Indian Boodhism, and therefore of comparatively little value. In the library of the India House, however, a set of very beautiful and perfect drawings by Colonel Maisey, of the Bengal army, were discovered, illustrating the sculpture of the Tope at Sanchi,

in Central India, and some fine photographs of the same locality, were contributed by Lieutenant Waterhouse, R.A. It was impossible to reject these new materials. Sanchi was an older Tope than Amravati; its place was first in order, and a new grant from the Council of India enabled the whole to be included in the present volume.

The text of the work, however, became a matter of very serious consideration; and it is to this point that we wish, most particularly, to direct the attention of our readers. Mr. Fergusson candidly states that he had no previous acquaintance with tree and serpent worship, other than Indian, where neither can escape the notice of an ordinarily discriminative student or observer; but to confine the explanations to India alone would be to recognise it as a mere local superstition, very unlikely to interest the public at large. On the other hand, to connect with its Indian form, tree and serpent worship, as it had prevailed in ancient classic times and in the world at large, required an amount of study and preparation which Mr. Fergusson declares simply he did not possess. While even in its Indian aspect, he had no knowledge of Sanscrit and Pali, to enable him to decipher and translate inscriptions in those languages, and he was therefore obliged to depend upon the translation of others. In regard to the Western aspect of the subject, he writes, with great sobriety:—

'A more cautious and prudent man, aware of the numerous pitfalls which such a course must lead him across, would have declined the undertaking altogether; and all I can plead in excuse for my temerity is, that the work is more open to criticism for what it omits, than for what it contains; and I in consequence lay myself open to the reproach of seeming ignorance of what it may be assumed ought to be known to every one treating of such a subject. It would have been far easier to write an introduction twice or three times as long, and to have left it to the reader to discriminate between the wheat and the chaff; but I have thought it better to put forward only what I felt I could substantiate, and to leave the further development of the subject to more competent scholars.' (P. vi.)

Again, unless the work were undertaken on the above terms, the subject might be indefinitely deferred. The Mackenzie collection had remained unnoticed and unexplained for half a century; thousands upon thousands of persons had passed the Amravati marbles in the Indian Museum and admired their beauty, without thinking for a moment of the strange tale which they convey; and the precious contributions of Sir Walter Elliot had been hidden in a coach-house. Mr. Fer-

gusson might have waited till he had studied the subject more deeply himself or till he had applied for co-operation from India; but he knew from experience how few persons there are in India whose absorbing public avocations leave them time for entering upon abstruse antiquarian investigations; and, after all, as he observes truly, 'the real way to interest 'strangers is to show them what has been done, and to let 'them see what remains undone. When this is once brought 'home to them, I feel convinced that there are hundreds 'of intelligent officers and others in India who both can and 'will at once supply the information.' (P. vii.) Mr. Fergusson trusts that another edition of this work in a more popular form may be published hereafter—a hope that we very sincerely repeat. In its present form, its size and costliness put it entirely beyond the reach of ordinary readers—its photographs may be perishable—and it is only by reducing these to moderate dimensions in woodcuts that the work could become as generally known, and as fully appreciated, as Layard's Assyria. With such an ultimate view, therefore, Mr. Fergusson earnestly invites co-operation, and, whether through the press or by private communication, he is assured much may be done:—

'I urge this the more earnestly,' he writes, 'because it seems to be only by such co-operation, either in such a book as this, or under some more competent leadership, that we shall be able to follow the worship of the tree or the serpent, through all their ramifications, or to trace them back to their sources. My conviction too, is, that the subject will well repay any trouble that may be bestowed upon it; for if I mistake not, it is the oldest—it was at one time the most prevalent—and it is now the most curious of all those forms of worship, through which man ever attempted to approach, or propitiate the Divinity.' (P. vii.)

We trust, in this review of Mr. Fergusson's preface, that we have not overrated its importance in regard to the matter of the book itself, to which, in fact, it forms the key. So far from claiming any completeness, he admits shortcomings in the illustration of its subjects. He pleads not only the entire novelty of the field of investigation, but the necessity of bringing forward what had been collected, in order that deficiencies may be supplied hereafter from other sources; and this, too, not to disarm criticism, but to secure it by the advancement of knowledge on the points which he discusses. Our readers will be able, in some measure, to judge from the details of this article what patient labour Mr. Fergusson has applied to his task; how wide and diversified have been his fields of

investigation; how ample are his quotations of classic and other authorities; and how varied yet harmonious are the facts and illustrations he has obtained. Tree or serpent worship must have been noticed occasionally in the course of their readings by many studious men; but there are few, if any, we think, who have ever ventured to sound the depths of the subject, or to follow its manifestations, in such singular accordance one with another in all parts of the world, from the earliest ages to the present. We shall, therefore, proceed to trace Mr. Fergusson's narrative in the order he has adopted.

In the first efforts of untutored intellect to adore a Supreme and beneficent Being, the works of creation necessarily find the first place. The sun, as the source of light and warmth, the changes of the seasons, the growth of herbage, flowers and trees, great rivers and oceans, mountains and deep glens—in short, whatever of the works of nature is most beautiful or awful, and acts upon the intellectual or sensual perceptions, naturally becomes the object of adoration. Among these objects trees took an early place. Their beauty when single, their grandeur as forests, their grateful shade in hot climates, their mysterious forms of life, suggested them as the abodes of departed spirits, or of existing agencies of the Creator. If the solemn gloom of deep forests and groves were consecrated to the most awful of holy and unholy mysteries, the more open woodland glades became, in imagination, peopled with nymphs, dryads, and fauns, and contributed to the most joyous portions of adorative devotion. Thus the abstract sacred character of trees is not difficult to conceive; and as the intellect progressed among the early races of the world, we can follow among the Greeks and the Aryans, as well as the Hebrews, its naturally poetic and sacred development. But it is by no means so easy to account for the adoration of serpents, which has had a wider range and more distinctive cast of worship than its companion. Nor can the connexion of the two be accounted for in any rational manner. It may be easily conceived that, while the natural love of beneficence might expand to the one, it would shrink with awe from the other as from some exquisitely beautiful, but terrible thing which could not be approached without peril of life, and was therefore to be avoided or slain—as a thing which could not be tamed or propitiated or brought into accordance with Divine love, and was therefore to be held accursed. It can be understood that the difference between good and evil was an early instinct of the untutored human mind, and that with the one, as with the other, certain appropriate emblems of nature might be asso-

ciated. And thus from of old the ancient Serpent, 'more 'cunning than all the beasts of the field,' twined itself round the Tree of Knowledge. While trees were among the emblems of good, serpents might well be regarded as powers of terror or evil. The worship of serpents has thus been attributed to a desire of deprecating or propitiating the evil principle; but according to Mr. Fergusson's conclusions, such is not the case. Wherever the serpent was worshipped, it was as an emblem of power and wisdom. 'Either in the Wilderness of Sinai, 'the groves of Epidaurus, or in the Sarmatian huts, the 'serpent is always the Agatho-Dæmon, the bringer of health 'and good fortune. He is the teacher of wisdom and the 'oracle of future events.' (P. 2.) Mr. Fergusson believes the worship to be of Turanian origin, and that it spread from the lower Euphrates; but here we encounter one of the unresolved problems of antiquity—the origin of the Turanians —what are they? but we must pass it by, quoting only Mr. Fergusson's own words in regard to the Turanian origin of serpent-worship:—

'Apparently no Semitic or no people of Aryan race ever adopted it as a form of faith. It is true we find it in Judæa, but almost certainly it was there as an outcrop from the underlying strata of the population. We find it also in Greece and in Scandinavia among people whom we know principally as Aryan; but there too it is like the tares of a previous crop, springing up among the stems of a badly cultivated field of wheat. The essence of serpent-worship is as diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Veda or of the Bible, as it is possible for two faiths to be; and with varying degrees of dilution, the spirit of these two works pervades, in a greater or less extent, all the forms of the religions of the Aryan or Semitic races. On the other hand, any form of animal worship is perfectly consistent with the lower intellectual status of the Turanian races, and all history tells us that it is among them, and essentially among them only, that serpent-worship is really found to prevail.'

Whether serpent-worship and human sacrifice were associated as part of the same faith, Mr. Fergusson considers doubtful. That they were co-existent, there is no question, in the Pelasgic times of Greece, in Rome, in Carthage, &c.; but the recognition in all localities of the serpent as the Agatho-Dæmon, the bringer or provider of health and fortune, would seem to point to the sacrifice of human life as the most precious of propitiatory offerings, and the most likely to be resorted to on any special occasion of doubt and entreaty. It is less astonishing, when the serpent had became a deity for worship, that human sacrifice should have become connected with it; the wonder is that the serpent ever became the bountiful

and beneficent Agatho-Dæmon at all. Once recognised as such, the rest, we think, becomes intelligible, and in accordance with the superstition of the period. Among the literal pantheistic worship of Egypt, it is not wonderful that adoration of serpents should have found a place with beetles, lizards, and crocodiles; but there is no trace of its having been a separate faith, or having held any peculiar favour or pre-eminence. Tree-worship was in the same category, though Mr. Fergusson thinks it may be inferred from the prominence given to the Tamarisk, Ἐρίκη, and to the Μηθίδη 'in Plutarch's legend of Isis and Osiris, quoted in Wilkinson's 'Ancient Egyptians,' * that trees were not considered to deserve universal divine honours, yet that they might be sacred to minor deities, as Netpé and Athor; and though traces of both tree and serpent worship appear in the sculptures upon the walls of temples and palaces, they are comparatively rare and unimportant.

In Judæa, we turn naturally to the Bible history, both of the tree and the serpent. We are all familiar with the trees of good and evil planted in the Garden of Eden, which were guarded by the serpent. This is no place to discuss the question of reality or allegory, the knowledge of good and evil, the temptation and the fall, which, in the sequel, forms one of the doctrines of our own faith; and Mr. Fergusson may or may not be right in assuming that serpent-worship had existed previously to the record of Genesis in some dreadful form which was to be held accursed by the Jews, and was thus prominently denounced. Nevertheless, the indications of tree and serpent worship continue. The planting of a grove at Beersheba by Abraham, however, can hardly be considered in the light of tree-worship. Such acts, in early ages and in hot countries, were always esteemed pious and meritorious, and in this case the grove was to commemorate a solemn covenant; while any subsequent worship of the trees themselves may have grown out of superstitious backslidings. It is more curious that the tree of Horeb should have been considered sacred before the delivery of the Lord's message to Moses, and that the conversion of the rod of Aaron into a serpent should again bring the two subjects into connexion. After these follow the effigy of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, as a refuge from the plague of serpents; an apparent paradox, difficult to reconcile. For six hundred years afterwards that effigy was preserved in the Temple, and worshipped with incense until the time of King Hezekiah, who caused the

* Vol. v. p. 261.

ceremonies to be discontinued, and 'broke up the brazen serpent 'which Moses had made.' As to tree-worship, the denunciations of it are very frequent and minute, not only in connexion with the worship of Baal, but as mentioned in 2 Kings ix., 'And they (the Children of Israel) set themselves up 'images and groves in every high hill, and under every green 'tree.' These acts may be attributable more to heretical idolatrous practices into which the Jews had temporarily fallen in imitation of the heathen around them, than to any permanent adoption of them as a national faith; but at the same time they furnish ample proof of the existence of tree and grove worship by the heathen nations of Syria as one of their most solemn rites. On the grand occasion of the prophet Elijah's sacrifice, related in 1 Kings xviii., four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal, and four hundred prophets (priests?) of the groves, appeared to maintain the power of the gods they worshipped; and here the separation between the prophets of Baal and of the groves is evident. From the period of King Hezekiah, however, down to the Christian era, Mr. Fergusson finds no traces of tree or serpent worship in Judæa, until the latter broke out strangely in the sects of the Nicolaitans, the Gnostics, and the Ophites. The latter preferred the serpent to Christ because it brought into the world the knowledge of good and evil; and, according to Epiphanius, quoted by Mr. Fergusson, they employed a serpent in the eucharist: 'if issuing from its chest it sat upon the bread, the 'sacrifice was accepted.'

In Phœnicia, the Tyrian coins, some of them having 'a tree 'with a serpent coiled round its trunk,' or an altar with two serpents rising from the angles of its base, prove that the tree and serpent were honoured if not worshipped. In Mesopotamia, the traces of either adoration are not very clear in Babylon; but Sir H. Rawlinson connects Hea or Hoa, the third person in the Babylonian Trinity, with the serpent of Scripture; while in Assyria the worship of the tree was a common form of idolatrous veneration, as proved by Lord Aberdeen's black stone, and many of the plates in the works of Layard and Botta.

Passing to Greece, Mr. Fergusson attributes the serpent and tree worship to an ancient Turanian people who formed the under-stratum of the subsequent Aryan race; not, however, with any absolute certainty, but as an hypothesis for accounting for the singular intrusion of Turanian rites among a people essentially Aryan in their language and philosophy. 'All the earlier myths,' he observes (p. 12), 'refer to the

'destruction of serpents or serpent races; this continues 'down to the return of the Heraclidæ. After that time, when 'Hellenic supremacy was assured, we meet with a kindlier 'feeling. The serpent then became the oracle, the guardian 'of the city, or the healing god, the Agatho-Dæmon, in short.' Actual worship of serpents was practised at Delphi, and in the caves of Trophonius; but more especially at Epidaurus, where serpents were kept and fed 'down to the time of 'Pausanias.' The embassy sent by Quinctus Ogulinus from Rome in A.U.C. 462, brought back a serpent to which divine honours were paid—a fact supported by Livy and other historians—and after that event, the serpent became an object of worship in Rome. Where the serpent plays so prominent a part in heroic times, and in connexion with mythology as in Greece, it is difficult to pass over all the actions attributed to it; but the story of Alexander's birth is perhaps as curious as any, and made more generally familiar by Plutarch's life of him. Hercules is the father of Scythic snake-worshippers, through the serpent Echidna; and, again, he becomes the destroyer of serpents: an apparent contradiction, which Mr. Fergusson ingeniously applies to the destruction of the Turanian races, as well as to their perpetuation in another form.

Equally undoubted is the evidence of tree-worship in Greece. Particular trees were sacred to many of the gods, and were worshipped with their images. The oak grove at Dodona is sufficiently familiar to all classic readers to need no detailed mention of its oracles, or its highly sacred character. The sacrifice of Agamemnon in Aulis, as told in the opening of the Iliad, connects the tree and serpent worship together, and the wood of the sacred plane tree under which the sacrifice was made, was preserved in the temple of Diana as a holy relic so late, according to Pausanias, as the second century of the Christian era.

In Italy the traces of both kinds of worship, if not so distinct and prominent as in Greece, are nevertheless existent. Romulus is described as hanging the arms and weapons of Acron, King of Cænina, upon an oak tree held sacred by the people, which became the site of the famous temple of Jupiter. In later times, serpents were painted on the walls of houses and temples at Pompeii in connexion with altars; while Scipio Africanus, the Emperors Augustus and Nero, and other great characters, looked with pride and reverence to the protection they were supposed to have received in childhood from serpents and serpent influences; Hadrian placed a serpent

he had procured from India in the temple of Jupiter Olympius when he had rebuilt it. If these statements may be considered more in the light of tradition than fact, the testimony of coins with serpent emblems on them cannot be rejected, and of these Mr. Fergusson gives several examples. They occur principally in the coinage of Asia Minor, where serpent-worship may have been more predominant than in Rome itself; but they were nevertheless essentially portions of the coinage of the Empire, and it is a remarkable fact that the seven cities most affected by serpent-worship, in which these coins were struck, were those in which Christianity made its earliest and most decisive progress.

Mr. Fergusson does not trace his Turanians into Germany, for there are no evidences of snake-worship among the early Teutons; but of tree-adoration he describes many indications from Tacitus and Cæsar in heathen times; and their continuance in the Christian period, as proved by Grimm, whose opinion is that the 'the festal universal religion of the people had its abode 'in woods,' while the 'Christmas tree,' of present German celebration in all families, is 'almost undoubtedly a remnant of the 'tree-worship of their ancestors.' Sarmatia affords many evidences both of tree and serpent worship, and was the route by which they were introduced into Northern Europe. Procopius, De Bello Gotico, ii. 471, mentions that in his day the barbarians worshipped forests and groves, and placed trees among their gods. The Samogitæ worshipped serpents as gods, and in Lithuania 'the people believed serpents to be gods, and 'worshipped them with great veneration;' and that these practices were continued in Esthonia until a comparatively late period, 1854, is attested by the evidence of a Lutheran minister.

Mr. Fergusson follows his curious though somewhat fanciful investigations into Scandinavia, and especially Lapland, where trees and serpents are worshipped to the present day; and into France and Great Britain, especially Scotland, where on the east coast north of the Forth many Megalithic monuments exist bearing sculptured serpent emblems, which are admitted to be monuments of the Woden faith which spread from Scandinavia in the fifth and sixth centuries. These do not extend to England or Ireland; but the Druidical worship of trees and groves is a familiar tradition. In Africa the present worship of serpents, with its hideous accompaniment of human sacrifice, is illustrated by the descriptions of Captain Burton and other authorities, who were witnesses of these horrid rites. Mahomedanism has extinguished them in Northern Africa;

but in Dahomey 'the oldest of human faiths is now practised 'with more completeness than anywhere else at the present 'day' (p. 36). From Africa Mr. Fergusson passes to America, where in Mexico the sun serpent was adored as the male, the feathered serpent as the female emblem, with the accompaniment of human sacrifice. Bernal Diaz describes not only snakes kept and fed at the Pagan temples, but effigies of serpents which the natives worshipped as gods. Tree-worship, however, does not seem to have been associated with them, though it can be traced in other localities of the New World, according to Müller, and other writers. Leaving the western world, Mr. Fergusson follows the serpent faith into Persia; but the Aryan descent of the people shows no common acceptance of a practice of it; and this he considers strengthens his hypothesis that the existence of what is to be traced may be attributable to a more ancient and underlying Turanian race. Ancient legends of the serpent Dahaka, and of the Conqueror Zohák, who is described as having two snakes growing out of his shoulders; but we are more inclined to believe that the descriptions of these monsters were given poetically or metaphorically to increase detestation of them, rather than that they are indications of actual worship. The sacred character of the Hóma or Gokard tree is common both to the Zendavesta and the Vedas, and as such is Aryan; but there is no indication that the actual worship of trees, as in other places, was a popular rite in Persia at any time.

Cashmere is on the borders of India, yet from very early ages it has preserved an entire isolation and independence. The Rajáh Tarangini, or genealogical tables of its dynasties, as compiled by Prinsep, begin with B.C. 3714, and the Kaurává dynasty, which was succeeded by the first Gonerdya, B.C. 2498. The latter were Nágás, or snake-worshippers; a faith which, in after-times, was followed by Boodhism, whence an amalgamation of snake-worship with Boodhism is clearly traceable up to the disappearance of both under Hinduism. Hiouen Thsang, the Chinese traveller in A.D. 632, relates legends of serpent-worship as prevalent between Cabool and Cashmere. At the great Boodhist convocation, held in 253 A.D., a miracle occasioned the conversion of a Nágá king to Boodhism; and thus, from many concurrent sources, it is clear that North-western India, that is the Punjab and Cashmere, were the strongholds of serpent-worship and Boodhism combined, and thence, perhaps were spread through India. More curious, however, are the remains of serpent-worship in Cambodia, where the great Temple of Nakhón Vât was entirely dedicated

to the seven-headed snake. This temple has a base of 600 feet square, and rises to a height of 180 feet, one of the most magnificent edifices of the world, though discovered only a few years ago. It is not ruined, but deserted; and even the legends of the country furnish no clue to its constructors. That they came from India is proved by the bas-reliefs on the subjects of the Mahabharat and Ramayana. According to Mr. Fergusson, it is of the same age as York Minster, and the sculptors and architects were evidently Hindus. It is certain that Hindu colonies were founded in Java, and these must have been extended to Cambodia. He considers that the serpent-worship of Cambodia reached its height in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and that the original eastern colonies were established in the fourth century after Christ. Seven hundred years of occupation would therefore have served to create a great and wealthy kingdom, which was conquered by Siam in 1351–1374. It is much to be desired that a thorough exploration and investigation of this once powerful seat of serpent-worship should be undertaken by competent persons, deputed by the Indian Government.

We pass China, which seems singularly free from original serpent-worship. Such legends and effigies as exist there are manifestly Boodhist, and as such are connected with India or Tibet, and hold only a very minor position in religious faith. In Oceania traces of serpent-worship are found in the various groups of islands, especially connected with human sacrifice and cannibalism; and possibly Mr. Fergusson's work, when it becomes more extensively known, may lead to local investigations with good result. It can hardly be imagined that Hindu, or rather Indian, serpent-worship should have been transmitted to America through these islands; yet the fact is not physically impossible. Ceylon may be considered part of India. It was undoubtedly in possession of Indian kings at various periods. Mihirakala, of the second Gonerdya dynasty, a Nágá or snake king, conquered Ceylon in the seventh century before Christ, and Méghaváhána, a Boodhist, in A. D. 383. The Boodhist legends in Ceylon ascribe the conversion of the people to Boodhism in the sixth century; but that event probably occurred partially, or wholly, in the invasion of Méghaváhána. There can be no doubt, from the sculptured emblems so common in the country, that serpent-worship existed previously, while the worship of trees, in connexion with Boodhism, is equally well substantiated. The Boodhist king Asóka sent a branch of the sacred Bo or Peepul tree of Gaya to the king of Ceylon in B. C. 250, which was planted in his

capital Anarádhpoora; and its descendant still remains, worshipped and adored by thousands of pilgrims at every yearly festival.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Fergusson himself for accounts of snake and tree worship in India, because his facts, compressed as they necessarily are, would require an article expressly devoted to the subject to accomplish any perfect explanation of the various ethnological and archæological portions into which it is divided. Here Mr. Fergusson, from long familiarity with ancient Indian subjects, is at home; and we consider his arguments and illustrations to be particularly sound and free from objection. It is indisputable, from many sources of evidence, that the ethnology of India leads into three distinct branches. First, the so-called Aborigines, or people found by the Aryans, with whom his work has little concern; secondly, the Aryans, who were invaders; and thirdly, the Turanians, whom he calls Dravidians. Whether the Aryans or the Turanians invaded India first is a vexed question. We incline to the belief that it was the latter; for when Rama, as the leader of the Aryans, invaded the South of India, he found it a civilised country, whereas the forests of Central India were occupied only by wild men, that is aborigines, who were savages. These separate invasions have left indelible marks in language. The Dravidian or Turanian groups reach northwards as far as the Krishna river; and partially, here and there, penetrate into the Deccan proper. A line drawn between Goa and Nagpore or Orissa may be a truer indication. The Aryan language spread over Hindustan proper, that is, the valley of the Ganges and Rajpootana, the Punjab, and Cashmere; and subsequently, as the Aryans attained political and religious supremacy, was brought into the south, and by it, that is by Sanscrit, the Dravidian languages were modified, not in their inflections, but by the addition of Sanscrit terms. The Aryans professed the Brahminical doctrines as propounded in the Vedas, in the code of Menu, and in the subsequent metaphysical and philosophical sects; but it is not at all clear what the Dravidians believed in before their conversion to Hinduism. If they had any peculiar religious faith or literature, it has not survived in any form.

A portion of the Aryan people partially adopted the Boodhist faith as preached by Sakya Muni, an Aryan of princely descent, and in the reign of Asóka B.C. 250 it was the state religion of at least Northern India; but Mr. Fergusson's opinion (p. 57) 'that no Aryan race while existing 'in anything like purity was ever converted to Boodhism

'or could permanently adopt its doctrines,' is, nevertheless, we consider, entirely correct and supported by facts. It might have appeared probable that in the third century before Christ, Boodhism had been accepted as the national faith of India; but Hinduism was still in active existence, and about the Christian era blazed forth with an intensity and vital power it had perhaps never attained before, and Boodhism gradually declined under its virulent persecution. While, then, there is no evidence that either tree or serpent worship formed part of the original Aryan religious observances, it is equally certain that they were not adopted by the Boodhists in their original creed. In both cases, therefore, they became interpolations at different periods, and from evidently foreign or extraneous sources. In the ancient history of India, as represented by the Mahabharat, a tribe of Nágás, or snake-worshippers, is mentioned, between whom and the Aryans wars occurred. These Nágás were not Brahminical Hindus; they were, it is believed, or may be conjectured, a Scythian, and therefore Turanian, race which had evidently preceded the Aryans, since the latter found them in possession. They subsequently possessed Maghada and Munnipoor in Bengal, where their present representative claims descent from the serpent race. Did, then, the introduction of snake-worship, and its admixture, as well with ancient Boodhism as modern Hinduism in India, date from the Nágás, undoubtedly a Scythian race, or from subsequent Scythian invasions? Most probably we think the latter; and the power of the kings of Cashmere at a period when their nation were snake-worshippers, may have led to a promulgation of this faith not only to Aryan, but to Dravidian people. Or, on the other hand, the Turanians, who invaded India before the Aryans, may have brought with them the snake-worship of their race, and spread it gradually, not only over all Southern India, but to much of the North.

If snake-worship be no part of the Aryan or Brahminical faith —and it is not, any more than it is Boodhist—then we can only look to its Turanian origin, for it was not certainly aboriginal. Wherever it originated, it has been perpetuated up to the present period. In almost every Hindu temple of Middle and Southern India, a five or seven-headed snake is to be found, not as a principal image of adoration, but generally placed on one side in the court-yard, or under adjacent trees, which, at certain seasons, receives offerings and oblations. Seven and five-headed snakes of brass are sold commonly with images of Vishnu, Siva, or Ganesha, and form one of the lares and penates of every householder, Brahmin or otherwise. It hardly signifies

what a person's tutelary gods may be, a serpent image is sure to have a place in his collection; and at the Nág-Punchmee, one of the established Hindu festivals, snakes—cobras—are worshipped by all classes of people, including Brahmins. In the great temples at Seringham and Madura, golden seven-headed snakes are now publicly worshipped; but it is in connexion with the temples, whether Jain or Hindu, built from the ninth to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that the seven-headed snake images are most frequently found south of the Vindya; and there is little doubt, we think, they exist in as great degree to the north of that range. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that the subject may be taken up afresh in India; and that the condition of serpent-worship among all classes of the people may be fully investigated. It may even transpire that some literature exists on the subject, for the most obscene and secret rites for which a sacred origin is claimed, are not without books of guidance* in ritualistic observance. Books specially devoted to serpent-worship would be especially curious and interesting.

As to tree-worship in India, we conclude it has always belonged to Aryan Hinduism. Every Hindu believes that a tree has a spirit; and as food is cooked in his house, an oblation is made to trees, with an appropriate invocation, before the food can be eaten. The marriage of the Peepul (*Ficus religiosa*) and Neem (*Melia azadirachta*), is a meritorious act, often celebrated with great pomp. The Toolsee-plant (Basil) is sacred to all gods, and no oblation is complete without its leaves. The Béla is sacred to Siva; and in proportion to the number of its leaves that can be collected and offered up, so is the merit of the sacrifice. Many more might be enumerated; but these examples will suffice to prove that as tree-worship did not belong to the aboriginal races of India, and was not adopted from them, it must have formed part of the pantheistic worship of the Vedic system, which endowed all created things with spirit and life—a doctrine which modern Hinduism, that is, Hinduism after Boodhism, largely extended. The connexion of Boodhism with tree-worship, therefore, we consider belongs to its original Aryanism, which was not in this case abandoned; and that the Bo-tree, sacred to Boodhism in the palmiest years of its Indian existence, had been equally sacred to Vedic Aryans from the earliest ages. It would be well if serpent-worship could be as easily accounted for, but as our readers will have perceived, that is not the case; and we can only

* Kôk Shastra, &c.

accept as a fact, illustrated by some of the most varied, and in many respects most beautiful sculpture of India, that both are united in the first and fourth centuries of the Christian era, in the Boodhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati, the subjects of which form the illustrations to Mr. Fergusson's superb work.

'It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, or too often re-'peated,' writes Mr. Fergusson (p. 79), 'that stone architec-'ture in India commences with the reign of Asóka' (B.C. 250). Even then it is doubtful whether there were any erections. The earliest efforts of Indian architects was directed to the excavation of cave temples and monasteries—which are imitations of wood-work—in the natural rocks of the locality. Thus, for instance, the great cave temple at Karli between the Bhore Ghat and Poona, was the work of the Emperor Déva-bhuti, B.C. 70, and was executed by Xenocrates, a Greek, according to the inscription deciphered by Dr. Stevenson. In this temple wooden beams or ribs were used to support the roof, some of which still remain perfect. Other vast excavations followed in the western province of India, the chief of which are at Ajunta and Ellora, which are of various periods, from the first century before Christ to the fourth after him, and even much later dates. All these were at first, exclusively, Boodhist. It is true that the Hindus followed their example in adding to the excavations at Ellora and elsewhere, and in changing the character of many of the Boodhist excavations by adding Hindu emblems and idols; but such works, though executed on the same principles, are more florid in detail, and of much later date. The topes at Sanchi and Amravati, therefore, being among the very earliest of Indian erected buildings, have a peculiar archæological and ethnographic interest.

In introducing the subject to his readers, Mr. Fergusson repeats the opinion given in his 'History of Architecture,' that the Aryans of India were not constructors of buildings in the first instance; and he draws a reason for this from their religious opinions. 'They had,' he states (p. 78), 'too firm a 'conviction of the immortality of the soul, and consequently 'of the existence of a future state, ever to care much for a 'brick or stone immortality.' Here we do not quite follow Mr. Fergusson. It is more probable that the Vedic worship of the elements and of natural objects—Pantheism, in short—suggested no 'temples made with hands,' and the liturgies and other ceremonials required none. The offerings of flowers, milk, butter, and the like, could be better managed in the open air;

and previous to the introduction of Boodhism, there were no recognised symbols or idols which required shelter. Aryan Hinduism, therefore, erected, as it required, no religious edifices, and they sprang from other sources, the Boodhists, and subsequent idolatry. Is Mr. Fergusson right when he ascribes Boodhism to Turanian origin? 'If there is one fact with 'reference to Boodhism more clear than another,' he observes (p. 78), 'it is that it is the religion of a Turanian race.' Now Sakya Muni, or Gautama, the originator and founder of this religion, was an Aryan of the Kshuttree or warrior caste. He was descended from the Royal Aryan race of Sakyas, who reigned at Kupilavasta in Oude, one of the principal localities of Aryan possession; and where, to this day, the people show purer Aryan blood than elsewhere, perhaps, in all India. Sakya Muni was educated as a prince in all the Vedic literature of the period; but he was not satisfied with its religious teaching, and he betook himself to a company, perhaps a monastery, of Brahmin ascetics, who had established themselves near Gya, and abode there, till again disappointed, he wandered forth to preach the doctrines he had matured. Such at least is the story of his early life which, so far as we can perceive, had no Turanian element in it whatever. Nor were his first converts Turanian. The Rajahs of Kosálá, Srávásti, and Ayodia, with their people, were among them, and the doctrines progressed, though very gradually, for nearly three hundred years, till they culminated in the reign of King Asóka, who, an Aryan Hindu, embraced Boodhism in 261 B.C., and spread it, as a state religion, to all parts of his extensive dominions, and by missionaries, to foreign countries. That Turanians of the northern tribes, Cashmerians, and others, as well as the descendants of the Nágás or serpent races of the North-west, may have embraced Boodhism more freely than Vedic Aryans, is, however, quite possible; and we have proof, in the excavations of Karli, Keneri, Nassuk, and other localities, that they were the work of Dévabhuti of the Sunga-Maghada Boodhist dynasty, to whom, though a Boodhist convert, no suspicion of Turanian origin can be attached. Again, the great stronghold of Turanians in India was the South, the Tamul-speaking Dravidian people, among whom Boodhism made no progress whatever, though they were converted to modern Hinduism by the great Aryan, or Brahmin missionary, Shunkur Acharya, long after Boodhism had ceased to exist prominently in India. These Southern Turanians had no early literature; but their architecture grew to be the grandest and most scientific in India; and Western and Southern India are studded with their noble

erections; while in the North, the best are but a weak and impure imitation. None of these facts, however, confirm Mr. Fergusson's theory of the 'Turanian, religion, known as 'Boodhism.' Some Turanian people may have embraced and did embrace Boodhism; but that it was the special faith of the Indo-Turanians, or tribes originated by them, we must continue to doubt—though we willingly concede to Mr. Fergusson the erection of the topes as specimens of the architecture of the Northern Turanian Boodhists.

Topes or Stupas were monuments for the reception of relics. They were circular solid hemispheres, and contained relics of a deceased person, or of Boodhist saints. At and near Sanchi there were great numbers of them, of various ages, which for the most part have been destroyed for their materials. The Tope at Sanchi was 39 feet high, standing on a basement 121 feet in diameter. The summit formed a terrace or platform 34 feet in diameter, which was reached by steps outside. Between the base of the hemisphere and the rail, was a path 4 feet 6 inches wide, the basement being 14 feet above the ground. Round the whole was a carved rail, 11 feet high, consisting of 100 pillars, distant 9½ feet from the basement. We agree with Mr. Fergusson in considering the tope as a lineal descendant of other funereal tumuli. But while he enumerates those of Northern Asia, Asia Minor, Greece, the European continent, and Great Britain, Mr. Fergusson doubts (p. 80) whether there are any circular sepulchral tumuli in India. This, however, is apparently an oversight, corrected at page 152. The fact is, however, that they exist in thousands southwards from a line drawn from Nagpore to Belgaum. Near Nagpore itself—in the Nizam's dominions—in the collectorates of Dharwar and Belgaum—in parts of Mysore and the Neelgherries—near Cuddappa and Arcot, they are met with in large numbers and in groups, occasionally accompanied by cromlechs or dolmen, and kistvaens. There is no recognisable difference between these ancient monuments and those of England or Europe generally; and they contain the same class of relics—coarse pottery, arms, arrow-heads, &c., buried, sometimes with bodies, and sometimes with urns containing human ashes. Mr. Fergusson gives a plan of one near Amravati, and tells us there are some hundreds of them near the Tope; and if its original discoverer, Colonel Mackenzie, had examined the plain north of the Tope on the left bank of the Krishna and Moosy rivers, he would have found them literally by thousands, extending for many miles in all directions. Was this a great Turanian colony? and are we to accept the fact of these prehistoric

monuments, so strangely agreeing with those of Europe, as an additional proof of the colonisation of Southern India by a Scythian-Turanian race or succession of races, even before the Aryan invasion of Northern India, and in successive waves subsequently? But however tempting a field this may be for discussion, we must leave it for the beautiful realities which Mr. Fergusson discloses to us in the Sanchi Tope.

It is from the outer rail that the whole may be best estimated. There were one hundred pillars, each the gift of an individual, the space between each being filled up by sculptures. These are of various periods; but the gateways, executed about the Christian era, are perfect, and one of them forms the frontispiece to this volume. Its height is 33 feet 6 inches, its width between the two pillars 7 feet, and the total width 20 feet. The whole has an appearance of richly carved woodwork, and the detail of the execution is most minute and elaborate. It is impossible to enter upon the question of the exact date of this tope. Mr. Fergusson refers it to the reign of Asóka, as one of the 84,000 he is recorded to have erected. General Cunningham claims for it 500 before Christ. In regard to the rail they agree; and it is probable that additions continued to be made by pious individuals as long as any vitality in Boodhism remained in the country; and the same facts apply to the other two topes on the same site, which are explained, though not illustrated, in Mr. Fergusson's text. Two of these contained caskets, inclosing relics, but the great tope was found empty. On one of the stone beams are inscribed slabs stating that it was the gift of Ananda, the son of Vashishta, in the reign of 'Satakarni'; but there were three kings of the Maghada dynasty who bear this name, and it may belong, as Mr. Fergusson considers, to the period of the second of the name, who reigned from A.D. 64 to 120, while the tope itself, as also the other topes, may have stood for two or three hundred years, or more, without losing their interest and sanctity.

It would assist the actual designation of the races of India at this period, those at least professing Boodhism, if any clue existed to the various costumes, and the differences noticeable among the figure sculptures on these remains. In some, the present Hindu dress is distinctly recognisable in the dhotis or waist cloths of the men, and the saris—though they are scanty enough—of the women; the men also wear turbans. But the women are not all equally clothed; on the contrary by far the most numerous wear strings of beads or other ornaments—possibly gold or brass—about the waist, descending in fringes in

front; and they are naked upwards, the hair being dressed in high tiaras or chignons, ornamented with strings of beads. The arms and wrists are covered with bangles. This costume so exactly corresponds with that of the sculptures on the cave-temples of Western India, that it may be supposed the women of that era were, for the most part, literally and habitually naked. We cannot enter into Mr. Fergusson's, General Cunningham's, or Colonel Maisey's opinions in regard to these races, and they must be taken, in absence of all evidence, *quantum valeant.* It is clear, however, that two races are distinguishable; one worshipping Boodhist emblems, the other worshipping only the snake. The latter Mr. Fergusson considers to be the Takshak or serpent-worshipping races, who were the architects of India; but we confess that the subject is by no means clear, even assisted by such eminent antiquarians as Colonel Tod and General Cunningham; nor does even Mr. Fergusson seem satisfied that they are right. As to the sculptures themselves, the subjects are very diversified. There are religious acts in the worship of the sacred tree, the five and seven-headed serpent, and the wheel; domestic scenes in the life of Sakya Muni, entertainments, love scenes, and historical events to which it is deeply to be regretted there is no key. We know most of Asóka, the Boodhist emperor, from his edicts, and some of the scenes may belong to his history; but there were other Boodhist kings after him, and it is probable that every successive contributor to the rail sculptures at Sanchi chose his own subject, and left it to the execution of the local artists. There is no exaggeration in the work or design of these sculptures; they are for the most part free and flowing, and the attitudes of worshippers and other actors are natural and often graceful. We see no many-armed heroes, like those of the Hindu period, to express power; nor is there any trace of that indecency into which the Hindus followed their later prurient scriptures. The whole has a certain style of classic art, more akin to the Greek than any other contemporary school of execution; yet, withal, it is thoroughly independent. Who then were these sculptors? Who chose the fairest marble and carved it with a degree of minuteness and delicacy that could not be exceeded in the precious metals? We think, with our author, there can be little doubt they were Bactrian workmen, who, instructed by Greeks, had modified Grecian design after a fashion of their own. Collections of sculptures, as Mr. Fergusson informs us, have been found in the Punjab, more Grecian in style, but showing a transition from one class of art to another.

Xenocrates, a Greek, was employed, as we have stated, by the Emperor Dévabhuti, at Karli; and why not others, as directors and overseers, perhaps designers and sculptors themselves, in Sanchi and Amravati and other parts of India? These Bactrian Greeks were the Yavanas of ancient record and tradition, who engraved the dies of Indian coins, and who, in the fourth century, expelled the local dynasty of Orissa, and reigned there for 146 years. In regard to them, Mr. Fergusson observes:—

'We are now also able to trace the Yavanas step by step, as they penetrated over the upper Indus, and spread their influence and their arts across the continent of India to the very shores of the Bay of Bengal at Cuttack and Amravati. With almost equal certainty we can follow them as they crossed the bay, and settled themselves in Cambodia and Java. But the people who did all this were not Greeks themselves, and did not carry with them the Pantheon of Greece or Rome, or the tenets of Christianity. They were a people of Turanian race, and the worship they took with them, and introduced everywhere, was that of trees and serpents, fading afterwards into a modified form of Buddhism.' (P. 98.)

It is almost impossible to give any clear description of the plates which illustrate the Tope of Sanchi. They must be examined carefully in order to be understood. The photographs of the northern gateway, however, are very remarkable. We can trace how the whole fabric has been joined together by mortices, like an edifice of wood. The upper portion, consisting of three sets of horizontal beams, rests upon bold capitals of sculptured elephants, while the beams themselves are covered with groups of figures in high relief and ornament, which are singularly beautiful in design. The photograph of the front of the gateway is too dark to display much of the detail; but that of its back is clear and bright, and the various designs can be distinctly made out with a lens in all their details. In the middle compartments a number of persons are engaged in the worship of a tree; indeed there are no less than seven placed upon altars, with chattas or sacred umbrellas above them. The eastern gateway is also an admirable photograph. Mr. Fergusson thinks it may be of a somewhat later date; but the style of execution, and the groups of figures, as also their costumes, are of the same character. The lower beam or architrave is filled with a grand ceremony of tree-worship. The sacred emblem occupies the centre, and processions of musicians, flower and standard bearers, chariots with horses, and armed men, are full of life and grace. The other two architraves have the same groups engaged in the same worship. The most

curious, however, of all the sculpture is on the back of the gateway, where all beasts are assembled doing homage to the tree—lions, deer, sheep, buffaloes, oxen, camels, ravens, and even large eagles, and with these is the seven-headed serpent—also, in this instance, a worshipper.

The right-hand pillar of the eastern gate (Plates XII. and XIII.), with its perpendicular divisions filled with figures in relief, is almost Gothic in style; and the left-hand, with its two central compartments of tree-worship, as well as the sides covered with sculptured floral emblems, is peculiarly rich and beautiful. The southern gateway has fallen, and its ruins lie on the ground. It is considered the oldest, though the question of difference of age may be confined to a hundred years. On these sculptured pillars and architraves are the most numerous instances of serpent-worship; indeed the gateway seems to have been devoted to it, as much as the others to that of trees. The western gateway has also been thrown down, except two pillars, one of which retains its capital; but the gateway to one of the smaller topes is perfect, and very elegant, and is covered, side-pillars as well as architraves, with sculpture. Plate XXII., a photograph of part of a chaityá hall, is interesting on account of the style of architecture, the earliest in India, and the one still invariably followed in all wooden erections. First pillars were erected, monoliths of stone, each crossed at the top with a T capital, fastened by mortice and tenon. On this were placed beams or architraves, the ends of which met in the centre of each upright shaft, while the projections of the capitals tended to support their weight. The same principle of construction obtains at Stonehenge, and in the great Egyptian temples. In this case at Sanchi, wooden beams probably connected one row of uprights and architraves wtth another, and the ceiling and roof might be of clay, trodden or beaten down; but the system was extended afterwards to four-armed capitals, which supported four beams longitudinally and transversely, on which the ceiling was laid. Exactly such a roof is now constructed by every Hindu carpenter in India for private houses and simple village halls; and, where beams of stone can be procured, for temples, and even large bridges, as in Mysore. Hindu architects never adopted the arch, except in modern debased architecture, subsequent to the Mahomedan conquest. 'An 'arch,' they say, 'never sleeps;' so that they doubtless understood the action of its forces, and have preferred their own system, unchanged from the period in which we see it here practically illustrated.

We pass from photographs to lithographs from Colonel Maisey's drawings of the sculptured groups of the gateways of the Sanchi Tope;* and in these the groups are thoroughly comprehensible. In Fig. 1 we see the worship of a five-headed serpent; the sacred fire burns before it, and issues from the roof of the temple. We now come to practical observation of the races of worshippers before alluded to, and the devotees wear conical caps, with kilts, and cloths across their shoulders. Are these Bactrians—the Dasyás or architects of the period? Certainly they are entirely different in form and feature to the group below, who are, for the most part, Hindu women, wearing no clothing whatever, but their arms and legs are covered with bangles after the fashion of the Brinjari women of the present day. This is the conjoined worship of the tree and serpent. Two women, one from each side, ride upon griffins or eagles, of, as Mr. Fergusson observes, 'a strictly Assyrian aspect,' towards the tree. One musician blows a flute, another beats a small tambourine. Below the tree-altar is a principal figure seated under the canopy of the five-headed snake. On his right is a very curious group of female musicians. One blows a pipe exactly similar to that used by present Indian snake-charmers; another plays a kind of harp; a seated figure a small hand-drum with the fingers, as used now in India, while the long tenor and bass drum stands upright, and a woman, kneeling down, is tuning it by its side cords. Among these women, one-headed snakes are reared up behind each head, apparently charmed by the pipe. On the left hand of the male figure are three women naked, sitting on stools, with snakes appearing above their heads, and a woman standing waves a choury. There is no connexion as to character or costume between the upper or lower groups; the costume of the upper, the nudity of the latter, with their marvellous head-dresses, snakes, and bangles, separate them entirely. But even Mr. Fergusson hesitates in assigning designations to them.

When the late Colonel Colin Mackenzie was engaged in the trigonometrical survey of India in 1797, he discovered the ruins of the Tope of Amravati. It is situated on a bend of the Krishna river about sixty miles from its mouth, nearly opposite to the junction of the Moosy river with the Krishna. Before his visit, a new town had been erected out of its materials by the Rajáh of Chantapillee its possessor, and many of the blocks of sculptured marbles had been built into walls, or otherwise distributed about the neighbourhood. Enough, however, remained to excite great interest, and he published an

account of the ruin in the Calcutta Journal in 1822; transmitting also sets of careful drawings to England, Calcutta, and Madras, as well as specimens of the sculptures. Nothing further, however, was done until 1840, when Sir Walter Elliot, then Commissioner of the Guntoor Sircar, made an attempt to excavate the mound, and rescued a large collection of marbles, which lay at Madras in the sun and wind for fourteen years. They were sent home in 1856, and, as we have already described, fell under Mr. Fergusson's notice. Of the original Tope only a mound remains; but the general plan now published shows the intention of the work as well as the inner and outer rails. In these respects it probably resembled Sanchi and other great Topes of Central India, but was larger than any. When the Chinese traveller, Kiouen Tsang, visited Amravati in A.D. 640 (for we can clearly follow Mr. Fergusson's description of the route, p. 154), he found it complete. 'Un ancien roi de ce royaume l'avait 'construit en l'honneur du Bouddha, et y avait déployé toute 'la magnificence des palais Ta-hia (de la Bactriane). Les bois 'touffus dont il était entouré, et une multitude de fontaines 'jaillissantes, en faisaient un séjour enchanteur.' From a variety of evidence which is given very clearly by Mr. Fergusson, he considers the fourth century of the Christian era as the period in which the principal sculptures were executed; and as we follow his argument, there can be little question that they are of Bactrian origin. The number of Bactrian coins found in the vicinity, and the successive waves of invasion by the Yavanas, or Bactrian Greeks, their conquest of Cuttack and reign there from A.D. 327 to 473, marks the period of their greatest power.

Mr. Fergusson details the legend of Boodha's tooth, and the contention for it which convulsed all Boodhist India, and which ended by its possession by a Nágá or serpent-worshipping Rajáh, who built a temple for it on the 'Diamond Sands;' and the Diamond Mines of the province of Golconda lie opposite to the Tope of Amravati, not far from the left bank of the Krishna. So far, both as to date and to situation, Amravati can be recognised with every probability; and it is not a little extraordinary that several points in the Great Boodhist legend — the welcoming of a ship by the Nágá Rajáh, with relics on board, conferences between the Nágá Rajáh and a prince and princess not Nágás, &c.—should exist in the sculptured marbles, as will be seen by the plates. Here, too, we venture to ask again, under the accumulated evidence of the existence of a Græco-Bactrian or Nágá colony at Amravati, may

not the cairns, the barrows, and tumuli, which are so thickly cast about the environs of the great monument and on the north bank of the Krishna, and which continue past the old Diamond Mines along the Hyderabad road, be the sepulchres of the Bactrian Greeks or Scythians who were the subjects of the Nágá Rajáhs? These events are of great archæological interest, and Mr. Fergusson may perhaps possess sufficient influence with the Council of India to induce it to direct a new and searching local investigation and survey to be made by competent persons. In regard to the more exact age of the building and its outer and inner rails, Mr. Fergusson's 'Summary,' p. 162, places the outer rail between A.D. 322 and 380, the central Tope being 100 years earlier; and that the works, in all respects, occupied from A.D. 200 to 500.

'There were,' he says, 'apparently twenty-four pillars in each quadrant, and eight at least in each gateway, say 112 to 120 in all. This involves 230 to 240 central discs, all of which are sculptured, and as each of these contains from twenty to thirty figures at least, there must have been in them alone from 6,000 to 7,000 figures. If we add to these the continuous frieze above, and the sculpture above and below the discs on the pillars, there probably were not less than 120 to 140 figures for each intercolumniation—say 12,000 to 14,000 in all. The inner rail contains, probably, even a greater number of figures than this; but they are so small as more to resemble ivory carving; but except perhaps the great frieze at Nakon Vât, there is not perhaps even in India, and certainly not in any other part of the world, a storied page of sculpture equal in extent to what this must have been when complete. If not quite, it must have been nearly perfect, in all probability, less than a century ago.' (P. 161.)

In all these extraordinary works, which denote a high degree of art and skill, the curves are true and flowing, and the execution more like that of ivory than marble, as it is throughout these Amravati marbles. In the originals of the India Museum, wherever we can find a portion not corroded or affected by weather, we cannot fail to admire its exquisite finish. What were the tools these sculptors used, and where did they obtain their pure marble? There are no marble quarries in India except those of Rajpootana, and it adds to our respect for these early sculptors and architects that they should have brought their material from a distance of six hundred miles or more, if from Rajpootana, to the place where it was used. Throughout, the Greek element in ornamentation is evident; and though purer here than in later periods of Jain or Hindu architecture, yet it can be traced in the discs, the courses, and architraves of the marble temples of Guzerat,

and the coarser materials of sandstone and steatite in Western India and Mysore.

We must now take our leave of this remarkable volume, and we do so with very sincere admiration of Mr. Fergusson's skill and patience in his elimination of its varied details. If all his opinions are not to be accepted as authentic facts, it is no more than he has himself stated in his introduction—that they are to be considered as materials for further consideration and discussion. We think ourselves that there is some truth in one of his remarks, that when a man has taken to study serpent-worship, he is apt to see serpents everywhere, even where they have no real existence; and some of his illustrations and analogies are of too fanciful a character. But we are unquestionably indebted to him for bringing to light some of the most curious remains of architecture and sculpture which exist in the world, and these monuments are themselves records probably older than any of the sacred books or written histories of the Boodhists which are yet known to the learned world.

ART. VIII.—*Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson*, F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law. Selected and Edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph.D. In three volumes. London: 1869.

IN some of the press notices of the usual laudatory order with which this collection of remains has been ushered into the world, we have seen Mr. Crabb Robinson introduced to the reading public as a second Pepys, and also as a second Boswell. Such recommendations must be taken simply for what they are worth: neither a Pepys nor a Boswell (unfortunately for the amusement of nations) is produced every day. But the comparison is not without its foundation of truth. Mr. Robinson had a good deal of the singular *naïveté* of self-anatomy and self-disclosure which constitutes the attraction of Pepys: his propensity for adhering to distinguished individuals, and retailing his experiences of them in unpremeditated talk, was almost on a level with that of Boswell. But, unhappily, he was entirely destitute (so far as these volumes exhibit him) of the great faculty which was common to both—the dramatic faculty. They had the power of bringing before us, unconsciously as it were, the personages among whom they lived, and the social scenes which they witnessed,

with all the reality of life. Crabb Robinson's anecdotic gossip is altogether destitute of this kind of interest. It will amuse those who have been more or less familiar with the personages mentioned in it; and it will not be without importance for those who may study more seriously the literary biography of the last half century. But of descriptive power, or true appreciation of genius, we must own that we do not perceive any indication. Thus much we are anxious to say at once, in order, as it were, to disburden our minds of the critical judgment which we are bound to form and express. For there was something so 'sympathetic' in the character of Crabb Robinson—he retained so much of charm, even to the last years of a wonderfully protracted life, not only for the circle which loved him for his personal kindness, but for those who only knew him as the veteran frequenter of the Athenæum Club, about whom so many recollections clustered—that it seems harsh to speak of him in the cold language of ordinary criticism.

His was, indeed, a strangely prolonged existence, measured not merely by his ninety-one years of life, but by the extraordinary durability of his faculties; their early development as well as their long preservation. If we may believe him, he had a 'dim recollection' of sights which he saw at the age of three. At upwards of ninety, he sets down in his diary some thoughts on the subject of literary criticism, ending abruptly with, 'But I feel incapable to go on.' And within a week of this entry he died. During the whole interval, his intellectual activity had been absolutely uninterrupted—his bodily health, to judge from the very little he says about it, almost entirely unimpaired. The only sign of the ordinary frailties of humanity which he exhibits consisted in nervous fancies that his intellect is decaying, and his memory leaving him—a weakness which ought to afford much consolation to us less vigorous beings, when assailed by similar visitations. There is something almost awful in the contemplation of a life so exceptional: the life of a patriarch who remembered the camp on Farnham Heath at the outbreak of the American war, and survived to speculate on the probable results of the battle of Sadowa: one who had listened to John Wesley, and was an attendant at the chapel of Mr. Stopford Brooke: and who had witnessed all this, not with the dull speculation of some stolid peasant or some venerable home-keeping lady, whose existence is preserved by sheer absence of wear and tear, but with the keen eyes of a thinking and active-minded man. The next predecessor of Crabb Robinson—equally long-lived, and

equally observant—would have remembered the cheering on the acquittal of the Seven Bishops. The next before him might have seen James I. enter London, and Shakspeare act his own characters.

As for the materials with which we have to deal, we must confess ourselves a little perplexed, notwithstanding the conscientious care with which the editor has evidently performed his duty. Mr. Robinson—having little else to do, except for a few years of professional life—seems to have been a most sedulous self-chronicler. The materials used by the editor were:—'1. Brief journals, reaching as far as 1810 inclusive. '2. A regular and full home diary, begun in 1811, and con- 'tinued within five days of Mr. Robinson's death, forming 'thirty-five closely written volumes. 3. About thirty volumes 'of journals of Tours. 4. Reminiscences, reaching down to 'the year 1843 inclusive: (these, it appears, were not written 'until he was seventy.) 5. Miscellaneous papers. 6. A 'large number of letters.' The Diary begins in 1811 (vol. i. p. 318), and the editor subjoins in a note, 'Henceforward 'selections will be given from the Diary, with additions from 'the "Reminiscences." These additions will be marked '"Rem.:" and the year in which they were written will be 'stated at the foot of the page.' But the 'Diary' to which we are thus introduced as authentic, abounds with apparent slips of memory which make it difficult to believe that its entries are really contemporaneous with the events recorded. In a note to one of the Irish conversations (vol. ii. p. 341) the editor himself corrects some of the extraordinary inaccuracies into which the diarist has fallen in a story about Grattan and the Irish volunteers. And this opportunity must be taken of dwelling for a moment on the great abundance of similar imperfections. The matter would not be of the smallest consequence, were it not that it occasionally raises a doubt, as we have said, whether the anecdotes were always booked by him when recent, or dotted down at various times and at second-hand. For instance, take the following story about Chief Justice Lord Ellenborough:—

'*November* 24, 1823.—I walked out early. Went to the King's Bench, where one of Carlile's men was brought up for judgment for publishing blasphemy. A half-crazy Catholic, French, spoke in mitigation. "My lords," he said, "your lordships cannot punish this man, now that blasphemy is justified by Act of Parliament." This roused Lord Ellenborough. "That cannot be, Mr. French." "Why, my lord, the late Bill repealing the penalties on denying the Trinity justifies blasphemy." This was a very sore subject to Lord

Ellenborough, on account of the imputed heterodoxy of the Bishop of Carlisle, his father. . . . The defendant said, "I should like to know, my lord, if I may not say Christ was not God without being punished for it?" This brought up Best, and he said, "In answer to the question so indecently put, I have no hesitation in saying that, notwithstanding the Act referred to, it is a crime punishable by law to say of the Saviour of the world that he was"—and then there was a pause—"other than he declared himself to be." He was about to utter an absurdity, and luckily bethought himself.'

Now this story is a 'hash' which it is impossible to put together in any reasonable shape. Lord Ellenborough died in 1818, five years earlier than the assigned date. The trial in question appears to be that of Hone, in Michaelmas Term, 1817: compare the version of the allusion to Lord Ellenborough's father given by Lord Campbell in his 'Lives of the 'Chief Justices' (iii. 225). But unluckily this correction will by no means rectify the anecdote. Best was not then a judge; he did not become one until after Lord Ellenborough's retirement (November, 1818). They never were on the Bench together; and no such scene could possibly have occurred in their joint presence. 'And yet Mr. Robinson was at this time a practising lawyer, and perfectly familiar with all matters of importance which passed in the Common Law Courts!

Similar instances have occurred to us in turning over these pages, and will occur to every tolerably informed reader, not indeed of any consequence in themselves, but fatal to the accuracy of Mr. Robinson as a recorder of contemporary events. In 1821 he makes acquaintance with the eccentric Lord Buchan—brother to the Chancellor Lord Erskine—having hunted him out, according to his fashion, as an oddity worth knowing. 'Mrs. Masquerier (one of his 'particular friends) had given me an introduction to the 'well-known Earl of Buchan; a character. He married her 'aunt, who was a Forbes.' Nothing can be more circumstantial: and it is true that Mrs. Masquerier was a Forbes: but, if our peerages be correct, his Lordship married not a Miss Forbes, but a Miss Fraser. He hears Lord Ebrington (afterwards Lord Fortescue) return thanks at an Irish dinner in 1826: 'a fine spirited young man.' His lordship was then above forty, and well known for years before in political life. It should be added, however, that Mr. Robinson seems to have entertained very liberal notions as to the limits of youth, as for instance in the following rather amusing reminiscence:—

'*January* 31, 1843.—I dined this day with Rogers, the Dean of the Poets. We had an interesting party of eight; Moxon the pub-

lisher, Kenny the dramatic poet (who married Mrs. Holcroft, now become an old woman), himself decrepit without being very old; Spedding, Lushington, and Alfred Tennyson, three young men of eminent talent belonging to literary Young England; the latter, Tennyson, being by far the most eminent of the young poets. His poems are full of genius, but he is full of the enigmatical, and many of his most celebrated pieces are really poetic riddles. . . . We waited for the eighth—a lady, who, Rogers said, was coming on purpose to see Tennyson, whose works she admired. He made a mystery of this fair devotee, and would give no name. It was not till dinner was half over that he was called out of the room, and returned with a lady under his arm. A lady, neither splendidly dressed nor strikingly beautiful. as it seemed to me, was placed at the table. A whisper ran along the company which I could not make out. She instantly joined our conversation with an ease and spirit that showed her quite used to society. She stepped a little too near my prejudices by a harsh sentence about Goethe, which I resented. And we had exchanged a few sentences when she named herself, and I then recognised the much eulogised and calumniated Honourable Mrs. Norton. When I knew who she was I felt that I ought to have distinguished her beauty and grace by my own discernment, and not waited for a formal announcement.'

No doubt the party was a charming one; but we fear that the two survivors of the male trio—the Laureate, and the Editor of Bacon—must smile sadly when they read themselves designated as 'young men of eminent talent' in 1843.

To return, however, from this digression to the general subject of inaccuracy: this may no doubt be partly attributable to a peculiarity often remarked with amusement by our reminiscent's many associates. With a good memory in most respects, he was always complaining that he could not remember small particulars, especially of date or name. He seems to have been constantly afraid, for his own part, of falling into that awful malady which a vivacious French physician has lately designated and described as 'Aphasia'—powerlessness of speech—more properly, powerlessness to speak aright; 'and, 'if his name be John, I'll call him Peter,' as Falconbridge says. It may be some comfort to the many victims of this complaint, distressing to the patient though amusing to the hearer, that the sufferer in this instance lived to ninety, and kept his faculties to the end in good serviceable order.

Henry Crabb Robinson was of a steady, well-to-do family in Suffolk; Dissenters of the old pattern, who worked their way in two or three generations out of Calvinism into more or less approximation to Unitarianism. This double line of spiritual pedigree is worth remembering, because it explains to a considerable extent the diverging tendencies of his mind

on religious subjects, of which we shall have more to say presently. His grandfather (he says) was 'reputed wealthy.' Of his father he tells us little. His mother 'was to me in my 'childhood everything, and I have no hesitation in ascribing 'to her every good moral or religious feeling I had in my 'childhood or youth.' His brothers lived to a very advanced age. These volumes show abundantly the affectionate terms on which he lived with them, although they had no connexion with his 'set,' or with his ordinary habits in more advanced life. He derived a moderate share of fortune from his family, and was never a poor man in relation to his very limited wants, although it was only late in life that he could be termed a rich one. After a desultory boyhood, he went into an attorney's office in London at sixteen, 'not on account 'of my having less dislike to the law as a profession, but 'because friends urged me, and because I was unwilling to 'remain idle any longer.' For some ten years he led an almost equally idle town life, always reading much in an irregular way, 'books becoming a kind of jumble in his brain,' finding his chief associates in a dissenting, revolutionary clique, talking much mild treason at 'Forums,' but addicted from the very beginning to the leading passion of his life—making acquaintances, as fast as he could find or make an opportunity, with everybody who was eccentric, or entertaining, or much talked about, or likely to be talked about. But in 1800 occurred 'an incident, which had a great influence on my tastes 'and feelings, and therefore, I have no doubt, on my character,' which, in fact, laid the foundation of the notoriety, such as it was, which he afterwards acquired in the literary world. He went to Germany, and studied there for five years, principally at Jena. A course of study at a German university was at that time (or had been, at all events, before the revolutionary war interposed difficulties) a not uncommon training for young Englishmen of the higher and middle class and still more for Scotchmen; but we can recall very few of them who turned their knowledge of German to so good an account as Robinson. He employed his five years with all the advantage of eyes and ears continually open to novelties, a hearty appreciation of greatness in others, and much readiness in picking up the outward husk and nomenclature of learning, although nature had not qualified him to penetrate below the surface. He made himself excessively popular among the good-humoured Germans, chiefly, no doubt, through his total freedom from personal or national affectation. He made acquaintance with Schlegel, Wieland, Tieck, and almost every other man of

note who was in any degree accessible: he contracted a close intimacy with the Brentanos (Bettina was then a child, but he knew her well afterwards). He also met occasionally with Schiller; but he laments, characteristically enough, on the occasion of that poet's death in 1805, that he had omitted to improve his opportunities of cultivating so great a lion when alive, though he was certainly the only Englishman who followed him to the grave. 'Schiller's death and character 'were' at Weimar 'the only subjects of conversation. At a 'party at Fraülein Geckhausen's I was involved in a foolish 'squabble. I said, unguardedly, "the glory of Weimar is '"rapidly passing away." One of the Kammerherrn (gentle- 'men of the duke's household) was offended. "All the poets '"might die," he said, angrily, "but the Court of Weimar '"would still remain!"'

But Goethe was the chief attraction of this his early pilgrimage, and his personal acquaintance with the poet—the greatest man, as he always esteemed him, of modern times—was its grand result.

'In Goethe,' he says, 'I beheld an elderly man (fifty-three at the date of their first meeting), of terrific dignity; a penetrating and insupportable eye—the eye, like Jove, to threaten and command—a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which, when closed, seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air.'

The subjugation of the young English enthusiast was complete. And from that time Robinson remained to his death an idolater of the poet. He repeatedly visited him in Germany. He seems to have considered himself invested with the special duty of making him understood and worshipped in England. To his last days he was always ready to lecture on and expound Goethe to anyone who would listen in never-ending talk, until it must be confessed that Goethe had become a name of terror to Mr. Robinson's acquaintance. His few quarrels were with people who, in his opinion, vilipended either Goethe or Wordsworth. And yet—to speak the plain truth—there is nothing in these volumes to show that he understood Goethe at all. He gives us no serious criticism on any of his productions: he gives us no traits of action or conversation which add to our acquaintance with his character. Robinson had not, as we have said before, the real critical or observant faculties. And in so saying we are borne out by one who knew him and loved him well—Mr. Bagehot, in his

recent paper on these volumes in the 'Fortnightly Review.' The few criticisms by Goethe which his Diary repeats, on English literature—on Byron, Milton, and Otway—are really too trivial to dwell on. One can only hope they are carelessly recorded.

As our object is mainly to illustrate this gentleman's career in his own country, we shall pass over with these few observations his German experiences, although they are the portions of these volumes which may be thought best to redeem them from the charge of prolixity and dulness. One of the singular friendships which he formed abroad was with Madame de Staël, of whom he gives a more lifelike portrait than is usual with him (vol. i. p. 174). This great lady, exiled from France, was studying German literature with all her might, but with indifferent success. The 'ruisseau de la rue du 'Bac' was in truth far sweeter to her than the Teutonic Hippocrene. She introduced Robinson to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, saying, 'J'ai voulu connaître la philosophie alle'mande: j'ai frappé à la porte de tout le monde; Robinson 'seul l'a ouverte.' 'She was,' he says, 'precisely what Charles 'Lamb supposes all the Scotch to be; incapable of *feeling* a 'joke.'

In the later part of his life, when independent and at his ease, our diarist was extremely fond of revisiting the foreign scenes which he had so much enjoyed in youth. He repeatedly renewed his acquaintance with such as remained of his old set in Germany; spent much time in France, and two or three winters in Italy; on one occasion he pushed as far as Sicily. The journals of his tours, as we have seen, fill thirty manuscript volumes. But for all this, the real spirit of travelling never seems to have inspired his soul. His journeys were of the most cockney description; never diverging from the beaten track, or quitting hold of pleasant company, or describing any but the most commonplace objects of interest in the most commonplace phraseology. His knowledge of the ordinary foreign languages was, however, considerable, and so was his acquaintance with their literature; although his remarks on it are in general superficial enough: we select one which to us at least is novel, on a peculiarity of the Italian drama.

'During the latter part of my residence in Italy (in 1831) I was more frequent than ever in my attendance at the theatres, and one remark on the Italian drama I must not omit; indeed I ought to have made it before, as it was forced on me at Naples. There, every modern play, almost without exception, was founded on incidents

connected with judicial proceedings—a singular circumstance, easy to explain. In Naples especially, but in all Italy, justice is administered secretly, and the injustice perpetrated under its abused name constitutes one of the greatest evils of social life. Even when this is not to be attributed to the government or the magistrate in the particular case, the bad state of the law permits it to be done, and secrecy aggravates the evil, and perhaps even causes unjust reproach to fall on the magistrate. Now it is because men's deep interest in these matters finds no gratification in the publicity of judicial proceedings, that the theatre supplies the place of the court of justice, and for a time, all the plots of plays, domestic tragedies, turned on the sufferings of the innocent falsely accused—such as the Pie Voleuse—on assuming the name and character of persons long absent, like the Faux Martin Guerre—the forging of wills, conflicting testimony, kidnapping heirs, the return of persons supposed to be dead, &c. &c., incidents which universally excite sympathy. Our reports of proceedings in courts of justice, while they keep alive this taste, go far towards satisfying it.' (Vol. ii. p. 506.)

He returned to England from his first German visit in 1806, to become a writer for the periodical press: an occupation which sufficed to eke out his moderate income for some years. Mr. Walter, of 'The Times,' was his chief patron. 'The 'Times' sent him to Altona in 1807 as 'a correspondent,' a post for which his busy inquisitive habits, together with his facility of composition, must have specially qualified him. 'My 'acquaintance,' he says, 'with Walter ripened into friendship, 'and lasted as long as he lived.' After some singular adventures in Denmark and Sweden, he was sent in the same capacity to Spain, where he witnessed the battle of Corunna; but, like most civilians in a battle, and many military men also, he seems to have had only the most indistinct idea that anything serious was going on. Returning to England again, he became Foreign Editor of 'The Times' for a season. He soon, however, closed his connexion with that journal, and apparently against his will; but no man was less addicted than Crabb Robinson to complain, or make grievances. He always bears testimony to the honourable character of the relations between himself and his employers. One instance of Walter's considerateness he mentions. 'He informed me,' in 1819, 'of what I never knew before, that "The Times" was prosecuted once for a libel of my writing; but the prosecution 'was dropped. He did not inform me of the circumstance at 'the time, thinking, probably, the circumstance would pain 'me.' Walter and he were very nearly contemporaries; and he survived to visit Walter on his death-bed.

Not long after the severance of his connexion with 'The

Times,' he betook himself to studying the law in earnest. His career at the Bar, and indeed his whole connexion with the legal profession, were as eccentric as the general course of his life was the reverse. He read for the Bar on a 'sudden 'thought'—was called to it, he hardly knew why, at the ripe age of eight-and-thirty—was fairly successful, and with the prospect of better success—and then abandoned the profession with as little reason as he had embraced it. It was a kind of episode in his life, as it is in that of a good many men; but the singularity is that with such men in general it furnishes mere 'dilettante' occupation, to him it afforded hard work and fair pay. 'I have frequently asserted,' he says, 'since my retirement, that the two wisest acts of my 'life were my going to the Bar when, according to the usual 'age at which men begin practice, I was already an old man, 'viz. thirty-eight, and my retiring from the Bar when, according to the ordinary usage, I was still a young man, viz. fifty-'three.' The immediate occasion of his first resolution in earnest was the following. In 1811, he had been desired to go down to York for 'The Times,' to report the proceedings at some trials. He declined 'on account of the objection taken 'to reporters being called to the Bar.' 'Speaking of this to 'my sister, she said, "For a man who has the repute of having '"sense, you act very like a fool. You decline reporting '"because that might be an obstacle to your being called to '"the Bar, and yet you take no steps towards being called to '"the Bar. Now, do one or the other. Either take to news-'"paper employment, or study the law at once and lose no '"more time." There was no reply to such a remonstrance.' Accordingly, after due preparation, he was called, and went the Norfolk circuit; where he seems to have had a steady local Dissenting interest at his back from the beginning. He seldom fails, at the end of a year in his Diary, to chronicle the amount of his fees, and generally with a kind of semi-pious ejaculation, à la Pepys, concerning his own worthlessness and the futility of professional success. His fees rose from 219*l.* in his second year to 321*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* in his third (1815); whereon he observes that 'his wants do not, perhaps, increase in pro-'portion to his means,' and 'hopes that he shall not contract 'habits of parsimony.' Ten years later his professional income had attained its maximum of 700*l.*, which he appears to have regarded as a sum 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' as Dr. Johnson would have said. He last appears on the spring circuit, 1826, and then, like one passing over Addison's 'Bridge 'of Mirza,' he suddenly drops through; we find him occupying

the time of summer circuit in an Irish tour, and his Diary ceases to give any note of his connexion with the profession. He did not, however, finally leave it until the end of the summer circuit of 1828.

'My object in being called to the Bar was to acquire a gentlemanly independence, such at least as would enable a bachelor, of no luxurious or expensive habits, to enjoy good society with leisure. And having about 200*l.* per annum, with the prospect of something more, I was not afraid to make it known to my friends that while I deemed it becoming in me to continue in the profession till I was fifty years of age, and until I had a net income of 500*l.* per annum, I had made up my mind not to continue longer, unless there were other inducements than those of mere money-making.'

His editor says that Mr. Robinson's own belief was that it was his 'power of expression' that enabled him to make his way as a barrister notwithstanding deficiencies in legal attainments. 'He not only had a copious vocabulary, but could 'also convey much meaning by his manner, and by a skilful 'exaggeration in his words.' His brother Thomas, however, once said to him, 'Henry, you are always as unsuccessful in 'Court when you are jocular as Storks is when he is serious.'

In the matter of pecuniary self-indulgence, the hardy old bachelor's prescriptions to himself were certainly severe enough. On attaining his seventieth year, he writes, 'From this I con-'sider old age is commencing; and I hope I shall be able to 'keep the resolution I have formed, from henceforth to be more 'liberal in expense to myself, and not fear indulgences which 'I may practise without harm to myself or others. As far as 'others are concerned, I less need this admonition.' In these last graceful words of self-approval, he did himself much less than justice. To mention, once for all, one great and leading trait of his character through life, he was a man of singular and lavish generosity, which might have been termed of the highest order of self-denial, were it not that giving was to him a far greater pleasure than spending. But what he gave he always gave with an intention—that of doing some specific good, relieving some known and real distress, conveying in the most delicate way some most acceptable assistance. Public giving, with its accompanying ostentation, does not seem to have been his forte; indiscriminate charity he deemed mischievous.

Of Bar anecdotes he contributes but few to our stock of knowledge; and some of these are not particularly new. It is evident that the subject was one in which he felt little interest. But as public attention has been lately recalled to the early

career of Lord Lyndhurst, we extract a passage containing the judgment which Crabb Robinson formed of his performance on the first occasion which brought him into general notice.

'*June* 14, 1816.—To-day I spent almost entirely in court. It was the most interesting day of Watson's trial. I heard Copley's and Gifford's speeches. Copley spoke with great effect, but with very little eloquence. He spoke for about two and a half hours, and sat down with universal approbation. He said nothing that was not to the purpose. There were no idle or superfluous passages in his speech. He dwelt little on the law, and that was not very good; but his analysis of the evidence of Castle against Watson was quite masterly.' (Vol. ii. p. 55.)

Lord Chancellor Thurlow has furnished to posterity abundance of good stories; but the following is new, so far as we are aware.

'*April* 13, 1823.—Dover lately lent me a very curious letter, written in 1757 by Thurlow to a Mr. Caldwell, who appears to have wanted his general advice how to annoy the parson of his parish. The letter fills several sheets, and is a laborious enumeration of statutes and canons, imposing an infinite variety of vexatious and burdensome duties on clergymen. Thurlow begins by saying, "I "have confined myself to consider how a parson lies obnoxious to "the criminal laws of the land, both ecclesiastical and secular, upon "account of his character and office, omitting those instances in which "all men are equally liable." And he terminates his review by a triumphant declaration, "I hope my Lord Leicester will think, even "by this short sketch, that I did not talk idly to him, when I said "that parsons were so hemmed in by canons and statutes, that they "can hardly breathe, according to law, if they are strictly watched."'

One advantage, of the class which he most prized, Mr. Robinson at all events derived from his position as a barrister; it brought within his very prehensile grasp a special class of lions. Good fortune of this kind always falls in the way of those who appreciate it. Mr. Robinson had no sooner landed in Ireland for the first time in his life (August 1826) than he improvised a close friendship with O'Connell. On the day after his landing at Cork,

'Seeing in the coffee-room two gentlemen who appeared to be barristers, I presented my card to them, told them I was an English barrister, and requested them to take me into court. The assizes were going on. The prominent man at the Bar was a thick-set, broad-faced, good-humoured, middle-aged person, who spoke with the air of one conscious of superiority. It was Daniel O'Connell. He began to talk over with Mr. Thwaites (the gentleman to whom our diarist had applied), the point under discussion. I could not help putting in a word. "You seem, Sir, to be of our profession; I am an English barrister." He asked my name, and from that moment

commenced a series of civilities which seem likely to be continued, and may greatly modify this journey.'

We wonder how many of our readers would rise superior to English mauvaise honte and spirit of insulation, so as to form and improve an unpremeditated acquaintance of this sort on such slender opportunity. Two days after he finds himself by the side of O'Connell on the top of the Killarney mail; and had 'as interesting a ride as can be imagined; for the '"glorious counsellor," as he was hailed by the natives on the 'road, is a capital companion, with high animal spirits, infinite 'good temper, great earnestness in discussion, and replete with 'intelligence on all the subjects we talked upon.'

Within a week he is established at Derrynane on a special visit to the glorious counsellor.

'*August* 16.—A memorable day. I never before was of a party which travelled in a way resembling a royal progress. A chariot for the ladies. A car for the luggage. Some half-dozen horsemen, of whom I was one. I was mounted on a safe old horse, and soon forgot that I had not been on horseback three times within the last thirty years. The natural scenery little attractive. Bog and ocean, mountain and rock, had ceased to be novelties. We passed a few mud huts, with ragged women and naked urchins; but all was redolent of life and interest. At the door of every hut were the inhabitants, eager to greet their landlord, for we were now in O'Connell's territory. And their tones and gesticulations manifested unaffected attachment. The women have a graceful mode of salutation. They do not courtesy, but bend their bodies forward. They join their hands, and then, turning the palms outward, spread them, making a sort of figure of a bell in the air. And at the same time they utter unintelligible Irish sounds. At several places parties of men were standing in lanes. Some of these parties joined us, and accompanied us several miles. I was surprised by remarking that some of the men ran by the side of O'Connell's horse, and were vehement in their gesticulations and loud in their talk. First one spoke, then another. O'Connell seemed desirous of shortening their clamour by whispering to me to trot a little faster. Asking afterwards what all this meant, I learnt from him that all these men were his tenants, and that one of the conditions of their holding under him was that they should never go to law, but submit all their disputes to him. In fact, he was trying causes all the morning. . . . As the road (after some time) did not suit my horsemanship, I preferred walking. From the highest point was a scene, not Alpine, but as wild as any I ever saw in Scotland. A grand view of the ocean, with rocky islands, bays, and promontories. The mouth of the Kenmare River on one side, and Valentia Bay and Island on the other, forming the abuttals of O'Connell's country, Derrynane. . . . I was delighted by his demeanour towards those who welcomed him on his arrival. I remarked (myself unnoticed) the eagerness with

which he sprang from his horse and kissed a toothless old woman, a nurse. . . . We had an excellent dinner; the piper there of course, and the family chaplain. Tea at night. I slept in a very low old-fashioned room, which showed how little the former lords of this remote district regarded the comforts and decorations of domestic life. . . . *August* 18.—I took a walk with O'Connell. The family priest accompanied us, but left abruptly, and in reply to something I said O'Connell remarked, "There can be no doubt that there were great corruptions in our Church at the time what you call the Reformation took place, and a real reform did take place in our Church." On this the priest bolted: I pointed this out to O'Connell. "Oh," said he, "I forgot he was present, or I would not have given offence to the good man. He is an excellent parish priest. His whole life is devoted to acts of charity. He is always with the poor."'

Our friend had scarcely parted from O'Connell, when he contrived to fall in with the second Irish demagogue of the day —*Sheil.*

'*September* 14.—I determined to leave Dublin this day, and had taken my place on the Longford stage, when I saw Sheil get inside. I at once alighted, and paid 4*s.* 6*d.* additional for an inside seat to Mullingar, whither I learned he was going. It was a fortunate *speculation,* for he was both communicative and friendly. . . . Sheil did not appear to me a profound or original thinker, but he was lively and amusing.'

The reader, unacquainted with Mr. Robinson's habits, may perhaps think it singular that we have now conducted him past middle-life without a single allusion to any of those tender entanglements which diversify with sentimental interest the uneventful career of most determined bachelors of his sort. But, in point of fact, we have no materials whatever for doing so. Mrs. Norton, the heroine of the poetical dinner above recounted, might have been pleased with the very insignificant conquest which she made on that occasion, for it is rare indeed to find in his pages any acknowledgment of the impression made on him by the charms of a lady. It was said of the poems of his great friend and idol, Wordsworth, that in reading them 'one would think that there is no such thing as marrying 'or giving in marriage.' The same absence of the one universal subject of gossiping interest will be noticed throughout these diaries. Mr. Robinson, we have been informed, was never known to be in love in the course of his life, and these volumes certainly present no indication to the contrary. His only sentiment approaching to a soft reminiscence is devoted to Miss Catherine Bush, an early acquaintance, three years older than himself, who used to lecture him on his shortcomings as a boy:—

'I have very severe letters from her, reproaching me for slovenliness in dress, as well as rudeness of demeanour. But at the same time she lent me books, made me first acquainted with the new opinions that were then afloat, and was my oracle till her marriage with the then celebrated Thomas Clarkson, the founder of the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. . . . Catherine Bush was the most eloquent woman I have ever known, with the exception of Madame de Staël. She had a quick apprehension of beauty, and made her own whatever she learned. She introduced me to Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c.'

With this exception, if it be one, he seems to have regarded womankind merely as machines adapted for occasional talk, with brilliant intervals of listening.

But this fortunate introduction to the Lake poets, as they were then called, and their friends, became in later years the turning point of his life. He transferred to them the adoration which he had paid earlier to his great German acquaintances; became their worshipper, defender, expounder, at least in his own opinion, and their close personal associate; the very Sancho Panza, if we may use the phrase without depreciation, of three of the strangest Quixotes who ever ranged over the dominion of letters—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb.

'His interest in characters,' says his editor, 'seems to have 'given him an instinctive power of finding out noticeable men. 'Wherever he was—in London, Germany, or Rome—a secret 'affinity was almost sure to bring him into contact with those 'who were most worth knowing, and to lead to a lasting ac- 'quaintance with them.' There may have been some such natural faculty in the matter as his partial biographer supposes; but we think the passage which we have quoted (and many more such might be adduced) brings into evidence a much simpler cause. He was much in the society of remarkable men, because he made it his great object to be so, and because, to attain that object, he had no scruple in placing himself in their way whenever he could; which most of us are too shy or too proud to do, even if we really desire it. Nor were his acquaintances thus made by any means always 'lasting;' for instance, O'Connell, with whom he thus swore eternal friendship in Ireland, never seems to have crossed his path afterwards in England, and he only mentions Sheil once or twice as having met him at the Athenæum. This much is true, however, that his ever-ready conversation and 'buoyant' temperament (as his friend Wordsworth truly described it), gave him a much greater amount of natural, unsought popularity than falls to the lot of lion-hunters in general. But to suppose that 'characters' sought him out, instead of his looking for them, is

very much to mistake his disposition. In truth Mr. Robinson was not only very assiduous in getting 'introductions,' but most business-like and diplomatic in his dealing with them. We have seen how he made his way to Lord Buchan. In his turn 'Lord Buchan offered me a letter to Walter Scott, 'which I declined. I found that he had no liking for Sir Walter, 'and I was therefore sure that Sir Walter had no liking for 'him; and it is bad policy to deliver such letters.'

'Put not your trust,' says De Quincey, in an article on the subject of Wordsworth himself, 'in the intellectual princes of 'the age. Form no connexions too close with any who live 'only in the atmosphere of admiration and praise. The love 'or the friendship of such people rarely contracts itself into the 'narrow circle of individuals. You, if you are brilliant like 'themselves, or in any degree standing upon intellectual pre-'tensions, such men will hate: you, if you are dull, they will 'despise.' No doubt the apophthegm is generally true. But it is subject to happy exceptions, and the case of Crabb Robinson was one of these. Without the slightest pretension to genius, he was yet very far from dulness. All his life, from a boy, he had been notorious as a great talker, and he was on the whole a popular talker also, though subject in the judgment of critical people to the imputation of boredom. It was his fortune, or rather his achievement, to associate closely with men of genius; especially with Wordsworth himself, the most fastidious of all the men of genius of his day. And yet no one could hate him, and none who knew pretended to despise him. His company seems to have been as welcome to the objects of his worship as their countenance was to himself. His personal qualities, such as we have described them, were no doubt among the main causes of his success. But whether or not he possessed the kind of natural magic which his editor ascribes to him for making friends in the first instance, he certainly possessed for friends whom he had made that kind of magnetic affinity which we all of us understand, and none of us can very well explain. How singular, for instance, is the attraction which, in sickness, or weariness, or trouble, seems to draw us towards the company of some of our associates, to the exclusion of others equally dear and equally valued! These special favourites are not selected for merits such as strike ordinary observation, or such as are made the subject of ordinary panegyric. It is not often the very clever who thus fascinate us; attention to their discourse is a strain on a fatigued mind; nor the entertaining, for we are not in the mood to reciprocate jokes; nor always the kind, for these are apt to overdo their assiduity.

The step which we love to hear, the eyes which seem to speak to ours, in seasons such as these, are those of persons undistinguished, perhaps, save for that indefinable and priceless gift of sympathy, which is never found in people absolutely stupid, but which may exist along with very little of what the world calls ability and nothing of brilliancy. Something of this kind we may suppose to have been the charm which our hero undoubtedly possessed for such wayward spirits as those of Wordsworth and Coleridge, not to mention his eminent German literary acquaintances; some of whom seem to have valued and remembered him not only as the complimentary Englishman who knew their language, and whose flatteries they were bound to reciprocate, but as a personage for whom they really felt what they expressed.

'The elements of his power of conversation,' says Professor De Morgan in the appendix to these volumes, 'have been enumerated; but all put together will not explain the charm of his society. For this we must refer to other points of character which, unassisted, are compatible with dulness. A wide range of sympathies, and sympathies which were instantaneously awake when occasion arose, formed a great part of the whole.'

Something, also, of his success in this line may have been owing to the exceeding simplicity and honesty of his lion-worship. To him a lion was a lion; not to show him off, but to observe and admire him; and the more uncouth and eccentric the better. He cultivated assiduously the society of all people of intellectual note who fell in his way, or rather (as we have said) whom he could by possibility catch. As for rank, the common cynosure of the eyes of Englishmen who live much in the world, he seems (judging from these pages) to have ignored it altogether. No doubt it lay not much in his way; but there is not the slightest notification of his being flattered by the attention, or desirous of acquiring the intimacy, of anyone above himself in point of position because of that superiority. No man, neither proud nor retired, but passing his whole life in company, could possibly be more free from 'snobbishness.' Once only, as far as we have observed, he remarks, with his own Pepysian *naïveté*, the effect produced on him in this way by an introduction to the Crown Princess of Weimar, sister to the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas.

'She is young, and possesses a most cultivated mind and accomplished address. I stood by her some time, and smiled at myself at remarking the effect she had on me; since, excellent as I doubt not that she is, I am still sensible that the strange sensation I felt at hearing her say common things was principally exercised by the magic of title and name.' (Vol. i. p. 211.)

To return, however, to his connexion with Wordsworth; for very many years the leading interest, and in his own opinion the greatest honour, of his life. Wordsworth not only valued his admiration, but loved him most sincerely as a friend. Self-worshipper as he was, he found in Robinson one who comprehended—so at least he judged—his real greatness, and could minister to it. Robinson, in his intercourse with the poet, was full, not only of compliments, but of suggestions. He indicated the subjects of several of the smaller poems, and Wordsworth paid him the honours of dedication. 'You cer-'tainly,' writes Dorothy Wordsworth, 'have the gift of setting 'him on fire.' On the other hand, Robinson loved all who bore the name of Wordsworth; sister, wife, nephew, down to the third generation. And he deemed that his great function in life was to be the champion or the jackal of Wordsworth. He fancied, moreover, that he had a special gift for reading Wordsworth aloud. He used to spout the 'Ode on Intima-'tions of Immortality' to every one who would listen to him, until in his later years people dreaded the infliction. And yet, with all this, it is necessary to repeat what we have said already in the case of Goethe—there is no sign that he really comprehended Wordsworth at all. That name recurs at almost every page through great part of these volumes, and yet we have searched in vain for any criticism of Robinson's showing insight into the author, or any trait showing that he entered deeply into the character of the man.

'As to Wordsworth and his poetical comrades,' says De Morgan, 'it is certain that the soul of H. C. R. was not that of a Lake poet. Had he written verse, the writer feels sure, without pronouncing upon the exact place, that he would have come nearer to Hudibras than to the Excursion. He admired and appreciated, and saw all that was to be seen; whether, in the meaning of the enthusiasts, he felt all that was to be felt, may be hung up for further inquiry.' (Vol. iii. p. 543.)

He was really aware of this deficiency himself, too sensitively for his own comfort. There is something infinitely amusing in the simplicity—we are not always quite sure whether real or assumed—with which he avows and repents his own shortcomings in the way of understanding and appreciating the productions, or the talk, of the great people at whose feet he was wont to sit. Coleridge was a serious trial to him in this way.

'Drove to Highgate,' June 16, 1825, 'where we took tea at Mr. Gilman's. I think I never heard Coleridge so very eloquent as to-day, and yet it was painful to me to find myself unable to recall any

part of what had so delighted me: i.e. anything which seemed worthy to be noted down. So that I could not but suspect some illusion arising out of the mystical language of the orator. He talked on for several hours without intermission! . . . He very eloquently expatiated on history, and on the influence of Christianity on society. His doctrines assume an orthodox air, but to me they are unintelligible.'

'On December 26, 1820, I read some of Wordsworth's poems and Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes." I was however so drowsy that I read this poem without comprehending it. It quite affects me to mark the early decay of my faculties. I am so lethargic that I shall soon be unable to discharge the ordinary business of life; and as to all pretensions to literary taste, this I must lay aside altogether!'

This reminds us of the well-known story of Douglas Jerrold, who, in a fit of illness, happened to take up a volume of Mr. Browning's poems. Unable (like Mr. Robinson) to comprehend it, he was seized with a qualm of apprehension that his faculties were deserting him. His wife happening to come in, he thrust the volume into her hands, 'Read that passage, and 'tell me what it means!' 'I can't make out a word of it,' was the lady's reply. 'Thank God! then I have not lost my 'wits.'* The same odd simplicity comes to the surface in many of his literary judgments:—

'On January 22, 1822, he had an agreeable ride in the Bury coach, the day being mild. I finished Herodotus, a book which has greatly amused me. . . . (One is involuntarily reminded of the lady's maid's invitation to her friend in High Life Below Stairs, to "come "and read Shikspur through some evening.") This book inspires a salutary horror of political despotism, but at the same time a dangerous contempt of men at large, and an uncomfortable suspicion of the pretensions of philosophers and patriots.'

The only point on which his absolute submission to his mighty friend left room for occasional revolt related to the High Church opinions which Wordsworth adopted, in somewhat intolerant fashion, in his later years. These jarred at once on the feelings engendered by Robinson's early Dissenting education, and on his real liberality of sentiment. At vol. iii. p. 254 (in 1844) is a letter from him to Wordsworth, containing a good deal of sparring on the 'Dissenting Chapel

* It may be worth while to notice that Mr. Robinson dispels (if he is to be trusted) one or two popular notions about this poet. 'Severn (Rome, 1837) informs us that the foolish inscription on 'Keats's tomb is to be replaced by one more worthy of him. He 'denies that Keats's death was hastened by the article in the '"Quarterly." It appears that Keats was by no means poor, but 'considerably fleeced.'

'Bill,' for the promotion of which Robinson had used all such interest as he possessed. Elsewhere he defends him gently from current imputations :—

'The poet is a High Churchman (1843), but luckily does not go all lengths with the Oxford school. He praises the reformers (for they claim to be such), for inspiring the age with deeper reverence for antiquity, and a more cordial conformity with ritual observances, as well as a warmer piety; but he goes no further. Nevertheless he is claimed by them as *their* poet. This great question forms our Champ de Mars, which we of the liberal party occupy to a sad disadvantage.'

Sometimes (in earlier days, when matters had not got so serious) he ventures on a slight passing sarcasm :—

'Wordsworth (1812) defended earnestly the Church establishment. He even said he would shed his blood for it. Nor was he disconcerted by a laugh raised against him on account of his having beforehand confessed that he knew not when he had been in a church in his own country.' (Vol. i. p. 389.)

With Coleridge he was equally intimate, and passed a much larger part of his life in his society than in Wordsworth's, owing to their common residence in or near London. But Coleridge was not nearly so much after his heart. His dogmatical intolerance was more displeasing; and there were points in his character, although passed over here very gently, which were especially unsatisfactory to those who lived in close intercourse with him. The volumes, however, are full of Coleridgiana, which should be studied attentively by anyone who wishes to make himself master of the poet's outward life. In comprehension of the man himself Robinson seems to us to fail even more remarkably than in the cases of Wordsworth and Goethe. Few of Coleridge's writings obtained what is commonly called popularity; but when we come to 'take stock' of the intellectual activity of his age, we find no contemporary whose influence is so deeply and sharply traceable in our literature and philosophy. Instead of comprehending this, our diarist is chiefly struck by Coleridge's extravagances, and impressed with awe by his solemn dogmatic way of propounding trifles or paradoxes, and setting mankind in general to rights :—

'Coleridge ought not to have a wife or children,' said Lamb to Robinson, 'he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world: no parish duty.'

But much as he venerated Wordsworth, and felt stupefied before Coleridge, there was one whose personal qualities evidently spoke more nearly to his heart than the intellectual

supremacy of the other two—'dear Charles Lamb.' Thirty years after his death, that most charming of social and philosophic essayists is perhaps only beginning to assume his real place among our writers, and that, as yet, in the minds of comparatively few. The world has yet to discover and appreciate the mine of quiet wisdom which underlies his fun and his sentiment; the exquisite spirit of hidden poetry which animates his narratives and descriptions, dressed though they be, to the common eye, in Quaker drab or working-day grey. But though we have even now scarcely learnt to pay our full homage to the genius, many recent publications, by contemporaries capable of understanding him, have excited and deepened our affection for the man. Few pictures are more familiar or more vividly present to us, than that of the pair—brother and sister—going through life together under the solemn impression of interrupted intellect on the part of the one, and constant dread of the same calamity by the other; under the deeper cloud of a horrible deed committed in ignorance by the one, but which to the other constituted only an additional call to cherish and to support—that pair united by more than married love, which enabled them to endure so awful a lot together patiently even to the end. We do not know that Robinson, with all his attachment for Lamb—'of all the men of genius I ever knew, the one most intensely 'and universally to be loved'—really contributes much to our intimacy with him. They were kindred souls, however, in many respects; and possibly our worthy diarist was among those whom Lamb had in his mind when he makes his 'Elia' declare, 'I have never made an acquaintance that lasted, or 'a friendship that answered, with any that had not some 'tincture of the absurd in their character.' And the general impression which these anecdotes leave is to the full as delightful as that created by our previous knowledge. He rarely mentions him without an expression of pleasure in his society. 'All 'Lamb's enjoyments are so pure and so hearty, that it is an 'enjoyment to see him enjoy.' He chronicles even his incessant puns—those puns which made Moore detest him. Some of those so preserved are very old, others good, others of that amount of badness which renders a pun a remissible offence. The following is a quaint specimen of Lamb's careless playfulness, not without the spice of satire:—

'When Charles (Lamb) went back to England (1822) from a very short tour, he left a note for his sister's direction. After pointing out a few pictures in the Louvre, he proceeds, "Then you must "walk all along the Borough side of the Seine facing the Tuileries.

"There is a mile and a half of print-shops and book-stalls. If the "latter were but English! Then there is a place where the Paris "people put all their dead people, and bring them flowers, and dolls, "and ginger-bread nuts, and *sonnets, and such trifles*; and that is all, "I think, worth seeing as sights, except that the streets and shops of "Paris are themselves the best sights."'

How little either the dearest female friend, or the most exalted genius, can comprehend the perfect naturalness of a mind like that of Lamb, appears plainly in the following notes of a conversation between Robinson and the sister Mary after her brother's death:—

'No direct talk about her brother. Wordsworth's epitaph she disapproves. She does not like any allusion to his being a clerk, or to family misfortunes. This is very natural. Not even dear Mary can overcome the common feeling that would conceal lowness of station, or a reference to ignoble sufferings. On the other hand, Wordsworth says, "Lamb's submitting to that mechanical employ-"ment placed him in fine moral contrast with other men of genius—"his contemporaries, who, in sacrificing personal independence, have "made a wreck of morality and honour, to a degree which it is "painful to consider. To me, this was a noble feature in Lamb's "life, and furnishes an admirable lesson by which thousands might "profit."'

Mary Lamb's misconception of her brother was natural, and feminine: Wordsworth's tasteless. Lamb worked at the India House to keep himself and his loved sister from destitution: he left off his work, rejoicingly, as soon as he could afford it: and of all men in the world he was the last to trouble himself with the idea that in taking, or leaving, 'mechanical employ-'ment,' he was furnishing an 'admirable lesson' to anybody.

Perhaps the strongest instance of Robinson's success in his great pursuit of 'making acquaintances' is his intimacy with Walter Savage Landor, 'who was half an eagle and half a 'gander,' according to an epitaph chronicled in these volumes. Surly towards the majority of mankind, whom he disliked or detested, capricious towards the few whom he loved, Landor, in his retreat at Fiesole, was about the last person whom a wandering cockney, armed with no better introduction than as a 'friend of Southey and Wordsworth,' and possessed of nerves of ordinary sensitiveness, would have liked to encounter. But no such misgivings disturbed the practised lion-hunter. On a chance visit to Florence (1830) our hero marched straight up to the giant in his castle, assailed him, 'came, saw, and con-'quered.' And Landor was his devoted ally and servant—as far as compatible with his nature—ever after. 'I wish,' Landor wrote to the Hon. Miss Mackenzie, at Rome, 'some

'accident may have brought you acquainted with Mr. Robinson, 'a friend of Wordsworth. He *was* a barrister, and, notwith-'standing, both honest and modest—a character I never heard 'of before: indeed, I have never met with one who was either.' Some of his paradoxical apophthegms and criticisms are given: it is not easy, however, to decide when Landor was in earnest, especially in conversation with such easy recipients as our hero.

An odd instance of Landor's sweeping style of talk is given under the date

'*May* 20, 1838.—My breakfast party went off very well indeed, as far as talk was concerned. I had with me Landor, Milnes, and Serjeant Talfourd. A great deal of rattling on the part of Landor. He maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets (painters?); that Milnes is the greatest poet now living in England; and that Scott's Marmion is superior to all that Byron and Wordsworth have written, and the description of the battle better than anything in Homer!'

At first sight, no doubt, one would suppose that Landor's only purpose was to 'chaff' the young author of graceful and popular verses who was sitting beside him. But looking a little closer at the passage, a certain amount of meaning becomes more apparent. It so happened that the realm of poetry was just then under an interregnum. To quote from an impressive letter of Landor's own to Robinson, in 1834:—

'What a dismal gap has been made within a little time in the forest of intellect, among the plants of highest growth! Byron and Scott put the fashionable world into deep mourning. The crape, however, was soon thrown aside, and people took their coffee, and drew their card, and looked as anxiously as ever at what was turning up. These deaths were only the patterings of rain before the storm. Goethe, your mighty friend, dropped into the grave. Another, next to him in power, goes after him—the dear, good Coleridge. . . . Southey is suffering from a calamity worse than death, befallen one dearer than himself. How is Wordsworth? It appears as if the world were cracking about me, and leaving me no object on which to fix my eyes.' (Vol. iii. p. 43.)

Remembering these things: and, further, that just at this time Landor was under a strong fit of critical depreciation of Wordsworth, and had, no doubt, some mischievous pleasure in 'riling' his adorer Robinson; and that Tennysonianism was not yet in the ascendant; the general apophthegm as to poetry becomes less extravagant. And, with respect to what is said of Marmion, we will only venture on one remark. Let the reader take up the canto 'Flodden Field,' and let him resolutely skip all its 'circulating library' padding; omit the throes of Marmion, the consolations of Lady Clare, 'woman in the hour 'of ease,' and all the rest of it: let him confine his attention

exclusively to the narrative of the fight, and then let him try the sense of Landor's saying. Let him decide if he ever read a battle-piece—supposing he cares for battle-pieces—at all approaching it, since those of Homer: and whether Homer himself does not find there one almost fit to be measured with him.

As regards other leaders of the literary world of his day, not belonging to the Lake and Cockney sets, Robinson's acquaintance with them was slight enough. He breakfasted much with Rogers; he saw Lord Byron once at a lecture by Coleridge; he 'was wrapped up, but I recognised his club foot, and indeed 'his countenance and general appearance,' but he never seems to have made his acquaintance. With Lady Byron he became intimate in later days, and received from her some curious letters respecting the domestic relations between herself and her enigmatical spouse. We cannot now enter upon these without touching on a very odious subject which has been lately revived, not started, and concerning which it is wonderful to see how many titled and accomplished people are rushing into print with their vague speculations on a question to be decided, if it must be, on evidence alone. But these letters only add testimony to two features of the case which, in truth, were well known before,—poor Lady Byron's child-like incapacity to comprehend her husband; and her husband's impish delight in worrying and frightening her. She tells Mr. Robinson that the disturbing element in the poet's mind was his 'Calvinism'! Byron a Calvinist! No doubt he talked Calvinism to his wife when he wanted to teaze or startle: just as he talked Popery to other people, and intimated that whenever he made up his mind on religious matters, it would be in the bosom of the Church of Rome. But she took his mystifications in earnest; and on what other subjects may she not have done so? Whatever may be said or thought of Lord Byron, it seems to us impossible to convict, or even to suspect, a lady like Mrs. Leigh of a foul and unnatural offence, on such evidence as that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

It is rather more singular that Robinson should never have fallen in with one so very general in his social relations as Walter Scott, although, of course, the 'cliques' in which they intimately lived were altogether different. With Tom Moore his relations were antipathetic. On one remarkable occasion (April 4, 1823) they dined together at their common friend Mr. Monkhouse's. This is the symposium described by Lamb in a letter to Bernard Barton: 'I dined yesterday 'on Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom 'Moore: half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester

'Place! It was a delightful evening.' On the fashionable songster of the day the effect produced was very different. He describes it in his Diary 'as a singular party;' including 'a 'Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of the constellation of 'the Lakes,' and 'Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly, but 'full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of 'every minute.' One can easily conceive the contempt with which Moore, under the influence of his notions of society, regarded the bookish fellowship into which he was on this occasion introduced. At the same time, as Mr. Robinson assures us that 'Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still 'recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed 'Moore when he could not articulate distinctly,' we may perhaps also imagine, considering poor Lamb's well-known weakness, that he was not quite such perfect company for an outsider as partial friends might have considered him.

We conclude this part of our subject with a few of Mr. Robinson's judgments, or rather prognostications, respecting men of the younger race—now, alas, rapidly becoming the elder—with whom his appetite for society brought him acquainted in later days. Of Macaulay he writes:—

'*November* 29, 1826.—A dinner party (at James Stephen's). I had a most interesting companion in young Macaulay, one of the most promising of the rising generation I have seen for a long time. He is the author of several much admired articles in the "Edinburgh "Review." . . . He has a good face; not the delicate features of a man of genius and sensibility, but the strong lines and well-knit limbs of a man sturdy in body and mind. Very eloquent and cheerful. Overflowing in words, and not poor in thought. Liberal in opinion, but no radical. He seems a correct as well as a full man. He showed a minute knowledge of subjects *not introduced by himself.*'

The distinction suggested in the last paragraph between such a man as Macaulay and ordinary diners-out, marks the acuteness of the practised veteran of a hundred London dinners, to whom the menacing aspect of a wit 'intending to introduce a 'subject' was no doubt only too familiar.

By the way, while on the subject of Macaulay, we cannot refrain from citing one more proof of the adage, that there is nothing new under the sun. 'It was in the early part of this 'year,' says Robinson, under 1812, 'that dear Mrs. Barbauld 'incurred great reproach by writing a poem entitled "1811." 'It is in heroic rhyme, and prophesies that on some future day 'a traveller from the Antipodes will, from a broken arch of 'Blackfriars Bridge, contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's.'

This is one of Mr. Robinson's inaccuracies, but no doubt the following passage in Mrs. Barbauld's poem conveys the same sentiment as Lord Macaulay's well-known figure:—

'Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
Each splendid square, and still untrodden street;
Or of some crumbling turret mined by time.
The broken stairs with perilous step shall climb,
Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round
By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound,
And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey
Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way!'

Of Sir Henry Taylor (Van Artevelde):—

'*June* 10, 1824.—Dined at Lamb's. There we found a large party. Mr. and Mrs. Green, the Aderses, Irving, Collins, R. A., a Mr. Taylor, a young man of talents in the Colonial Office, Basil Montagu, and one or two others. It was a *rich* evening. . . . The subject dwelt on was the superiority of the internal evidence of Christianity. In a style not clear or intelligible to me, both Coleridge and Irving declaimed. The *advocatus diaboli* for the evening was Mr. Taylor, who, in a way very creditable to his manner as a gentleman, but with little more than verbal cleverness and ordinary logic, affirmed that those evidences which the Christian thinks he finds in his internal convictions the Mahometan also thinks he has: and he also asserted that Mahomet had improved the condition of mankind. Lamb asked him whether he came in a turban or a hat.'

Of Layard:—

'*February* 1852.—Had at breakfast Nineveh Layard. You perhaps (his brother Thomas) will recollect your son's having spoken of this high-spirited lad, whom he once dined with and used to meet in my chambers. His uncle accused me of misleading him. I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which will not now be matter of reproach, seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in his discovery of the Nineveh antiquities, which have given him a place in the future history of art. But, more than that, he has had the means of developing such personal qualities, that he has been put into a place which may lead to his one day occupying a prime position in our political institutions. He has been appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: he will now show what is in him.'

Politics occupied little place in Robinson's speculations. He was a man, at heart, of thoroughly liberal sentiments; but for him the world was altogether too agreeable a place, its life too easy, and its every day associations too attractive, to allow of his finding pleasure in the prospect of political change for so distant and problematical an object as the improvement of the community. In fact he was, for all the

better part of his life, that very ordinary character, a frightened radical; and was only preserved by his genial temperament and absence of presumption from indulging in all that intolerance which, in most of the class, is the accompaniment and product of their fears.

'I was always a moderate Reformer,' he says in the critical year 1831; 'and now that success seems at hand, I think more of the dangers than the promises. . . . My gorge rises at the cant of the day; and finding all the mob for Reform, I begin to suspect there must be some hitherto unperceived evil in the measure. . . . Now that the mob are become Reformers I am alarmed. Indeed I have for years perceived this truth that it seems to be the great problem of all institutions to put shackles as well on the people as on the Government. I am so far anti-democratic that I would allow the people to do very little; but I would allow them to hinder a great deal.' (Vol. ii. p. 504.)

With these easy-minded notions, he lived with little disturbance of mind through three French revolutions and a Reform Bill, always flattering himself with the reflexion that violent changes had done less harm than he feared, and satisfied with the general expansion of those liberal principles to which at bottom he adhered, and for which, as in the case of the Dissenters' Chapel Bill, he had, at times, fought as hard as it was in his nature to fight, in opposition to the transcendental Toryism of his Lake allies.

Many who knew Crabb Robinson in person, as well as others who were familiar with him only by report, will perhaps feel a little surprised at finding so many entries in the Diary and Reminiscences devoted to recording his very transitory religious impressions. There was not really substance enough in the worthy writer's intellect to affix any value to those records in themselves. But they are curious, if we may so express ourselves, even from their commonplace character. Mr. Robinson's mind was, in this matter, the type of that of thousands of Englishmen, constituted and educated like himself, but less in the habit of noting down their fleeting changes of sentiment, and with less *abandon* in their self-disclosures.

Early in life he got into a loose way of free-thinking, insomuch that no less a personage than Robert Hall took the trouble of addressing him a course of letters to point out the error of his ways. But this youthful tendency was soon worn out. He became, and remained through life, fond of religious talk and reading, full of lamentations over his own deficiencies, and interest in the more robust convictions of others. But he could fix his mind steadily on nothing, All his days he was

catching at one solution after another of the obvious difficulties which occurred to his mind, throwing it aside with dissatisfaction, and then regretting that he could not arrive at any *certainty* of faith. There was, no doubt, something in his religious education which contributed to this result. He was, as we have said, brought up a Dissenter, under strict forms of Puritanism; but it was that peculiar Puritanism of the last century which, under the training of Doddridge and his school, softened into a more expansive doctrine, which finally landed many in Unitarianism. The school thus created comprehended some names of which England boasts with justice—those of religious teachers with singular power over the hearts and consciences of men; those of philanthropists who have earned a title to general reverence. But to such as really feel the depth and intricacy of the leading religious problems of our life, there is something singularly superficial in the grasp which men thus educated usually attained of the main subject. Having thrown aside, to their own entire satisfaction, the mysteries propounded by the Church, they were apt to conclude that the essential obscurities of natural religion could be dealt with in as summary a fashion as those of revealed. The great insoluble questions which vex others, 'foreknowledge, will, and 'fate;' the duration of punishment, the origin and necessity of evil—these they were apt to dispose of in a self-satisfied way as difficulties of which mystics and zealots might exaggerate the importance, but easily superable by men of unprejudiced minds and devout aspirations, with the help of due attention to the letter of the Bible. Thus (to take one of many instances), Robinson receives a cheerful little letter from a Dr. King, one of his religious acquaintances, solving the whole origin-of-evil question with a facility quite enchanting. 'I have come,' says the Doctor, 'to a conclusion with respect 'to the existence of evil which is somewhat different, or ap-'pears to be so, from what I have anywhere seen, but which, 'perhaps, is only stating the same thing differently. It is 'this: that with such a being as man, he *can* only be convinced 'of sin or folly by suffering its consequences.' Why 'can only' if his Maker is omnipotent? A very simple question, which the Doctor, like all philosophers of his placid class, passes over, as Coleridge would have said, '*siccis pedibus*.'

With such light, fencing speculations as these Mr. Robinson diverted himself all his life, intending through the whole of it to make himself a master of religious controversy when he found leisure. On Dec. 23, 1815, æt. 40, he reports: 'I read 'several chapters of "Paley's Evidences of Christianity,"

'having resolved to read attentively and seriously that and 'other works on a subject transcendently important, and 'which I am ashamed thus long to have delayed studying.' The value of his sceptical opinions may be judged of from the fact that he had never taken the trouble to examine the most elementary of English writers on the other side.

'I have never attempted to conceal from you (he says to his friend Mr. Benecke, who became early in life a serious convert), that my mind is very unsettled on the great points of religion, and that I am still what the Quakers call a seeker. I was very ill educated, or rather I had no regular instruction, but heard what are called orthodox notions preached in my childhood, when I, like other children, believed all that I heard uncontradicted. But before I was twenty years old I met with anti-religious books, and had nothing to oppose to sceptical arguments. I sprang at once from one extreme to another, and from believing everything I believed nothing. My German studies afterwards made me sensible of the shallowness of the whole class of writers, whom I before respected; and one good effect they wrought on me; they made me conscious of my own ignorance, and inclined me to a favourable study of religious doctrines. . . . Whenever I take my residence for a time near you, I shall request your aid in not merely this matter (justification by faith), but generally in the study of the great Christian scheme in all its bearings, about which I have been talking—and talking very idly, and sometimes very lightly—all my life, without studying it as I ought. I am anxious, as I said before, to remove this reproach from me; for, whether true or false, it is sheer folly on my part to have given it so little attention, or rather to have attended to it in so desultory a way.' (Vol. iii. p. 39.)

'I suspect,' he says of Shelley, about the same time, 'that he has been guilty of the fault of which I have all my life been guilty, though not to the same extent as he, of inferring that there can be no truth behind the palpable falsehoods propounded to one.'

Meanwhile, in a social point of view, as his acquaintance with the world at large extended, he grew less and less satisfied with the narrow sectarianism of many of those early associates whom he had been at first tempted to admire. 'I prefer 'Dissent to the Church,' he says, in his later years; 'but I 'like Churchmen better than Dissenters.'

But with all this apparent levity of religious judgment, it is plain that he was seriously haunted, especially in advanced life, by real perplexities and doubts which he could neither solve nor dash aside. He started on his path of inquiry with a resolution not to believe anything he did not like—that is to say, in his own phraseology, what did not satisfy his own 'moral sense.' 'I cannot extend belief to 'pretended revelation which is repugnant to my moral sense.'

But then, lawyer and logician as he was, however superficial, there came home to him the crushing reply, 'Natural religion, 'if you receive it at all, forces you to admit doctrines contrary 'to your moral sense; and if natural religion, why not revela'tion?' It is the old perplexity, in which Butler plunges human reason on purpose; and from which neither Mill nor Maurice, neither modern latitudinarianism nor modern sentiment, have been able to rescue it. Given a God omniscient and all-benevolent, and the existence of evil is (in the ordinary sense) impossible. Yet it does exist. And the eternal perdition of a soul is, fundamentally, not a whit more irreconcilable with those attributes of the Deity than is the suffering of a moment's pain. It is curious to note how the sense of the magnitude of this difficulty grows on our honest if somewhat simple inquirer. He is contented at first with the merest platitudes of his Dissenting school. 'Antony,' his brother, 'remarked that the amount of pain here justifies the 'idea of pain hereafter. But I remarked that evil and pain 'here may be considered as means towards an end.' In later life, the giant, whom the first stone from the brook once seemed sufficient to overthrow, looks in on him with terribly menacing proportions.

'As to the want of a place for evil, (he says, speaking of some Dissenting writer,) that is not peculiar to his scheme. It is the puzzle of puzzles, from which no scheme of faith and no variety of denial of faith is exempt. Evil must be part of the divine economy, or God cannot be the perfect being we assume him to be. But if it be, then the good and the bad alike are fulfilling—But I am unworthy to complete the sentence.'

It would have tasked a far more powerful mind than his to complete it. Truly said De Quincey, that all which has been written to the purpose on this engrossing subject might be compressed into a single ordinary octavo page.

It was rather a singular accompaniment of this kind of well-meaning half-scepticism, that Robinson should have had all his life a great tendency to associate with people whom the world called fanatics, and to make what he could out of their oracular sayings. 'It is strange,' he says of himself, 'that I, who have 'no imagination nor any power beyond that of a logical under'standing, should yet have great respect for religious mystics.' Wonderfully diversified is the religious matter of this kind on which he seems to have fed. He chronicles, page after page, the crazy maunderings of poor Blake the artist, listens with equal interest and respect to the rather vapid outpourings of Flaxman the sculptor, the revelations of Williamson the

Swedenborgian, the rant of Edward Irving, half enthusiast and half impostor, the maudlin softnesses of Faber the popular convert to Romanism, and the Biblical paradoxes of the very emancipated Professor Donaldson. To him such people acted as magnets, and he could not refrain, as soon as he came home from talking with them, from noting down his recollections of their inspiration, although sometimes he complains of his inability to comprehend it, and at other times cannot resist the temptation to a little slyly sarcastic commentary.

For the rest, the 'life of the old man,' to use the Horatian expression, remains recorded in these volumes as in a 'votive 'tablet.' And no reader can rise from them without a kindly feeling for the genial, amiable, active-minded gossip whom they portray; a Londoner of the Londoners, very familiar with men and things, and yet with that kind of hearty freshness about him which one is inclined to attribute specially to men of unspoilt habits and few ideas. With a little more of mental power added to his really quick intelligence and facility of expression, he would have been a considerable man; but he could then scarcely have lived a life of so much genuine quiet enjoyment and of so little friction, retaining, in so remarkable a degree, the affection and esteem of his host of associates who clustered round him even down to the third generation from that in which he had passed his youth.

ART. IX.—1. *Von Savigny's Treatise on Possession or the Jus Possessionis of the Civil Law.* Sixth Edition. Translated from the German by Sir ERSKINE PERRY, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Bombay. London: 1848.

2. *System of the Modern Roman Law.* Translated from the German of FREDERIC CARL VON SAVIGNY by WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, one of the Puisne Justices of H.M.'s High Court at Madras. Madras: 1867.

3. *Selections from the Records of the Government of India, Home Department.* No. LXX. Calcutta: 1868.

It is not a little remarkable that, while in England, translations from German works on jurisprudence are extremely rare, two Judges of the High Courts in India should have devoted their scanty leisure to this laborious undertaking. Many years ago Sir Erskine Perry, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Bombay, translated Savigny's 'Treatise on

'Possession;' and lately, Mr. Holloway, one of the judges of the High Court at Madras, has published the first volume of a translation of the same author's work on 'Modern Roman Law.' Sir Erskine Perry urged strongly upon Indian lawyers the value of a study of the work he was about to render accessible to them. Mr. Holloway does not give us any preface; but we may feel certain that he has not devoted his time to the translation of this treatise without full consideration of its value in relation to the law which he administers.

But while these two eminent lawyers thus encourage the study of law in its most highly scientific form, the actual rulers of India still refuse to countenance learning of any sort, or to acknowledge that it forms a necessary part of the training of a judge. To administer the law by persons ignorant of it could hardly indeed have been originally laid down as a principle of government even by a Company of Traders; but it is, nevertheless, the actual and approved method of an Imperial Power. And we are bound to do Indian statesmen the justice of saying that they adhere to this method openly, avowedly, and affirming it to be the best policy. The volume of papers published by the Home Department at Calcutta, which is now before us, contains a history of the discussion on this question which has lasted over thirty years, and fills 250 closely-printed pages. Again and again the subject has been urged upon the Indian Government, always with the same unsuccessful result. There can be no doubt, therefore, that legal training for judges in India has been determined *not* to be necessary after full and mature consideration.

It is a strange conclusion, but not new; nor indeed peculiar to India, though it is in this case somewhat exaggerated. If anyone casts his eye over these papers, he will see that the conflict of opinions which they contain runs chiefly upon the old contest between *science* and what the opponents of science call *practice*. That battle has been fought everywhere; and everywhere but in England, and in countries governed by England, science has indisputably established her position. But it is hardly too much to say that in England even professional men, for the most part, still despise science. Whether they be soldiers or statesmen, manufacturers or agriculturists, lawyers or divines, they seem to consider that implicit obedience to dogma and tradition, or a resort to some kind of innate, occult intelligence which they call 'common sense,' is sufficient to meet all difficulties. Any scientific observation or examination of principles and inquiry as to the relation in which existing rules stand to them, is to many Englishmen not only

superfluous, but absurd. That there are signs of this hostility to science giving way in England cannot be doubted; but the domain of law will probably be one of its last strongholds, because here the opposition is more than in the other cases backed by selfish interests, and the professional lawyers who ought to lead the reform are still its most strenuous opponents.

That this depreciation of every attempt to apply learning to the purposes of the practical administration of justice is a grave misfortune for the country we have no doubt. But it is easy to perceive that the reason why so grave an error has been maintained so long in England is because the ideas upon which it depends contain an admixture of important truth. English lawyers fear that by the cultivation of Law as a science they may lose that power of transacting business in which they so greatly excel. The complete absence of pedantry, the faculty of what lawyers call 'seeing the point,' the candid concession of all untenable objections, and the cordial co-operation of judge, jury, and advocate, are characteristics of the administration of justice in England which no one can gainsay or venture to depreciate. All instructed foreigners, while they hold up their hands at the ignorance of English lawyers in matters of scientific jurisprudence, freely admit that in the English administration of justice they find everything to envy and admire. But though English lawyers may well be jealous of their reputation for practical ability, we think that their jealousy of science as a rival and an enemy to that qualification is altogether unfounded. Does experience teach us that scientific knowledge interferes with practical ability? Certainly not as applied to any other subject than law, and we are at a loss to conceive why law should be an exception. That the scientific study of law cannot be carried on simultaneously with the arduous labours of practice is of course true. But a thorough education in the principles of law before practice is begun either as a profession or as an exercise, would increase the dexterity of the practitioner by giving him a more complete insight into principles, and would relieve his labour by substituting rational deduction for mere empiricism and a gigantic effort of memory.

But we have not now to do with England but with India, and there the aspect of the controversy is completely changed. If in England it can still be questioned whether the evils of having the worst written Law in Europe are or are not fully balanced by having the best practical administration of justice; if it can in England still be asserted that it is impossible to remedy the defects in our knowledge of law without crippling

our skill in practice; in India there is no such conflict. That which we admire in Lincoln's Inn and Westminster Hall, in Guildhall and the Courts of Assize, is the exercise of consummate skill acquired by long practice and close imitation. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that this, though different from, and even in some sort opposed to, *learning*, is any other than a strictly professional acquirement. It is the result of years of practice and close study and imitation. It is as much an art as painting or music. Out of the High Courts at Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras it does not exist in India. Not one judge in fifty in India has ever seen or ever will see it practised even once; far less has he taken part in it, identified himself with it, and made it, as an art of this kind must be made, an unconscious exercise of power.

There is no question in India about losing an art which in that country has never existed. The judges there, except the very few who have been bred as barristers in Europe, are either natives who are perhaps by nature and education as thoroughly 'unbusinesslike' as intelligent men can well be; or they are officers in the army transferred from their regiments to the Judicial Bench; or (and these in by far the largest proportion) civilians about whose previous training we shall have to speak presently.

One might perhaps have thought that it did not require a very lengthy argument to prove that it is better for a judge in his days of preparation to learn his law than his drill; to study the principles of jurisprudence than the mode of collecting the revenue. But many men, and good men too, whose authority is not lightly to be set aside, have maintained the contrary; not in this crude and literal form, but practically by their opposition to any efficient system of professional training. It is worth while, therefore, to notice one or two of their main arguments.

It has been assumed in a sort of offhand way, and stated by persons whose statements carry weight, that the law to be applied in India is peculiarly 'simple and easy,' and that very little knowledge of law is required by persons whose duty it is to take part in the administration of it. It is true that the subjects of litigation in India are as yet comparatively few, but the statement that the questions of law presented are simple or easy of solution we most emphatically deny. On the contrary, we affirm—and an hour's inspection of any volume of Indian law reports will prove it—that the difficulties which beset an Indian tribunal in disposing of questions of law can hardly be paralleled in any country in the

world. In the first place, a difficulty more frequently presents itself there than anywhere else on what is known as *the conflict of laws*; one of those knotty questions on which the sharpest legal intellects have frequently blunted their edge. In the next place, whether the litigants be Hindoos or Mohammedans, we find them already in possession of a system of law in the highest degree abstruse, subtle, and minute, and these laws every judge has to apply. The Indian system of land tenure also is extraordinarily complicated. Even the commonest relation of social life, that of the Hindoo family, is so difficult to be conceived and understood that no European has ever ventured to write a treatise upon it; and the law of our own creation, vast in extent and seldom clear in expression, comprising the rules of limitation, minute distinctions between crimes, an elaborate civil and criminal procedure, and the law of mortgage, is certainly not less difficult, we should be inclined to say, is vastly more difficult, than the analogous law in Europe. Nor have we yet exhausted the list of an Indian judge's difficulties. Often his search for a guide in books, Regulations, and Acts is in vain; and cast back upon principles of universal jurisprudence, he is obliged to unravel his difficulties by that light, which, bright as it is for those who really know how to use it, burns but dimly for the untaught eye. It is nothing to the purpose that these difficulties are not even perceived by those who govern the country and have to administer the law. On this subject there is, in one of the works now before us, a very instructive passage admirably translated by Mr. Holloway. 'When a case,' says Savigny (p. 73), 'is submitted for the decision of one unskilled in law, he will 'generally decide it *according to a confused impression of the* '*whole*, and, nevertheless, if of sound sense and decided cha- 'racter, will believe himself *very sure of his point*. It will, 'however, be very much a matter of chance whether a second 'of like qualities will give the same or the opposite decision.'

We have no hesitation, therefore, in asserting that the difficulties are there notwithstanding that such men as Mr. Reeves, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Henry Harington, the Civil Service Commissioners,* and we may add ninety out of every hundred judges in India, do not perceive them. Were it not for the Courts of Appeal and Section 185 † of the Code of Civil

* See 'Selections,' pp. 102, 112, 154, and 223. See also the opinion of Mr. Maine to the contrary, p. 228. Upon such a point Mr. Maine is by far the most competent judge.

† This section requires judges to give in their judgments the *reasons* for their decision.

Procedure the judges would probably make short work of these difficulties, and take safe refuge in their 'common sense.' But this an Indian judge cannot do, or at least he must conceal it. We have very little doubt that this is what he really must do in a great many instances. Under 'a confused impression of 'the whole,' he decides the case first, and then looks out for reasons. Unfortunately 'common sense' does not supply reasons. That is the province of science; and that she does not always furnish those who despise her with such as will stand a very severe scrutiny is perhaps not surprising.

Another argument in favour of the present system is the value of the knowledge which the future judge in India acquires by his early training in the Revenue Department of the Indian system of land-tenure. It is in collecting and assessing revenue and settling trifling disputes between landlord and tenant that the greater part of a man's time is spent for many years after he enters the Civil Service. He thus, no doubt, acquires a knowledge of the names which mark the innumerable divisions and subdivisions to which the ownership of land in India is subject. He also perhaps acquires some knowledge of how that subdivision affects the interests of Government in respect of the revenue. But as to the legal relations of the respective owners, of their rights to each other, as to whether their interest is really that of superior and inferior owners or only one of contract, as to how such interests are acquired or lost, how they are protected or enjoyed, he learns no more as collector than he would as a clerk in Somerset House. And why should he? Every question of 'title,' that is, of the real and ultimate rights of the parties, has long been carefully removed from his jurisdiction. If he acts as a judge it is upon the simplest question of fact, and even within those limits his judicial functions will by a recent change in the law shortly come to an end, and he will be little more than what his name implies—a tax-collector.

The last argument is the superior knowledge of native habits and customs acquired by a man who constantly mixes with the people as compared to that of a man transferred straight from the lecture-room to courts of law from which he never emerges. We observe that the superiority in this respect of untrained over trained judges is not always admitted even by persons resident in India; many seeming to think that the experience gained within the walls of a Court of Justice is no bad training in the knowledge of men and manners.* But care, no doubt, is necessary, and always will

* See the opinion of Mr. H. V. Bayley, 'Selections,' p. 135.

be necessary, not to get for a judge a mere student who, however proficient in law, is ignorant of the habits, thoughts, feelings, and motives of the litigants before him.

It is a consideration of this last argument which leads us to the most important result of this controversy, and one which we hardly think has yet received the attention which it deserves. If the argument of the importance of a knowledge of the people be honestly applied, who possesses that knowledge in a degree comparable to that of the natives of India themselves? And if we give to that qualification its due weight in the scale, the result must be, as matters now stand, no less than the total exclusion from the judicial office, not only of officers in the army, but of the Indian Civil Service.

Fully to appreciate the position of this question, we must ask a little patience whilst we consider how the relative claims of Englishmen and of natives to fill judicial offices now stand before the Government.

In the most emphatic manner, both in Parliament and in India itself, we have taken every opportunity to give to natives repeated and solemn assurances that we will employ them, as far as it is possible to do so, in all ranks of the public service. The honour of England, the good faith on which we pride ourselves and which is the strength of our hold on India, demand that the promise shall be heartily and liberally performed. Between the native and English competitor the question is now only one of merit. Let us see what our own countrymen in India, who are hardly likely to be prejudiced against themselves, have to say on their respective claims.

But we will first briefly indicate, for it can scarcely be generally known in England—it is certainly not reflected on—what the constitution of the higher tribunals in India really is. We speak with sufficient accuracy when we say that all original jurisdiction in civil cases is already in the hands of natives; all criminal jurisdiction and nearly all civil appellate jurisdiction is still in the hands of Englishmen. The Zillah, or District Judge, is always an Englishman. He sits alone, and he presides in the Court of Sessions, which corresponds to our Assize Court; in a Court of Appeal for all cases heard and determined within his district under 1,000 rs. (100*l.*); and on the original hearing of the very few cases which he may think proper to try himself. All the Courts in the district, civil and criminal, are subordinate to him, and he exercises considerable control over them independently of his powers of Judge of the first Appellate Court.

Now setting aside, with all due respect, those who have

been bred as soldiers, let us see how the picked men, the Bengal civilians, are prepared for these important duties. The following extract from a minute of Mr. Loch, who was formerly himself a Zillah Judge, and is now one of the Judges of the High Court at Calcutta, will be accepted as authoritative, and will show us pretty clearly how the matter stands:—'An 'Assistant,' he says (that is a member of the Civil Service who has just come out from England), 'remains at the Sudder 'Station* of a district for a very short period. In the course 'of a year from his joining it he is liable to be sent to take 'charge of a subdivision. For the next fifteen years of his career 'he is employed in the duties of a magistrate and collector.' That is the first part of his career; and this is how Mr. Loch describes the last:—'Without any training in the particular 'duties of a civil judge, or *any knowledge of the law by which 'his proceedings are to be guided*, a man after fifteen or more 'years' service as magistrate or collector, or both, is transferred 'to the bench, and expected to control a number of subordinate 'courts, the judges of which may have commenced and con- 'tinued their judicial career before he entered the service.'† To give a complete idea of such a career to any of our readers who are not already acquainted with India, we must parallel it by some supposed case in England. If a man who had divided fifteen years of his life between the duties of chief constable of a county, a land-agent, a justice of the peace, and a clerk in Somerset House, were to be suddenly placed as a Judge in the Court of Queen's Bench, it would be something of the same kind, and not more absurd.

Perhaps, however, the most curious thing of all is that so far from being considered failures, these men, who frequently enter a civil court for the first time in their lives to preside over it, give the most perfect satisfaction to the Government. The law is so simple! the state of society is so inartificial! That is the answer to all doubts as to the qualifications of judges thus prepared. There is something almost ludicrous in the following story related by Mr. Maine in a minute which appears in the 'Selections' (p. 228):—'A civil servant to 'whose continuance in executive employment there were 'apparently some objections, was about six months since ap- 'pointed by the Bengal Government to a judgeship, in spite 'of his energetic protestations of his incompetency, and even

* This is the town where the Collector resides and the Zillah Court is held.

† Selections, p. 123.

'his avowal of his ignorance of the language in which justice 'was to be administered.' The law must indeed be simple, and the society inartificial, to make this a successful appointment.

We wish it most clearly to be understood that nothing is further from our intention than to cast any reproach on those Englishmen who hold judicial offices in India. A body of men more upright, more zealous, more desirous of performing their duty and of holding the balance of justice evenly between man and man, we fully believe never existed. Nor do we deny that there are among them men who have conceived a far higher notion of their duties than those in power would seem to wish to force upon them. We speak only of the mass; and all we say of them is that they are called upon to perform an impossible task; to make bricks without straw—to be the instruments of a sham and a deception. What wonder is it if (as is said to be the case) to the better men and finer intellects such an occupation seems dreary and repulsive?

The British Civil Servant, without radical changes, is cut off from all hope of ever bettering his condition in this respect; but how stands the native? He can study law for several years before entering upon the active duties of life; he can find a career in which throughout he may be kept in close contact with the actual administration of the law; he may thus enjoy the inestimable advantage of a constant reaction between his theoretical studies and his practical pursuits. The language in which men transact the daily affairs of life is his own. The law is based on ideas which he, to a great extent, inherits and shares. That with these advantages, and with the natural aptitude for law which natives display, the Civilian Judge will soon, if he does not already, stand conspicuous for his ignorance by the side of the Native Judge, is clear enough to those who choose to look. There is a remarkable passage on this subject in a letter addressed ten years ago by Mr. G. J. Howard, then Director of Public Instruction at Bombay, to the Government of that Presidency. He says:—

'The time is fast approaching when lawyers trained in this country will be procurable in such numbers, and possessed of such professional attainments and practical experience, as to constitute a formidable body of rivals to the untrained judges of the Civil Service. . . . I am well aware that many members of the Civil Service believe that a judge in this country need have no law; that "common sense" is enough for him, illuminated by practice and a knowledge of the people. To this it would certainly be replied, with unanswerable force, that the question is not between knowledge of the law on the one hand and practical experience on the other, but

between law and no law, practical knowledge being equal on both sides. . . . The question then will present itself before many years —can Government exclude from the highest judicial offices the only men who are specially educated and competent to fill them? and if the answer is in the negative, *the result will sooner or later be to give natives a monopoly of the judicial bench.*'*

We do not see that anyone in India has ventured to deny Mr. Howard's conclusions, although his minute may be said to have been the basis of the controversy during the past ten years, and from all we can learn matters are rapidly progressing towards a fulfilment of these predictions. We have heard more than one judge of the High Courts in India state his conviction of the superiority in legal acquirements of the younger native judges as compared with the European judges who sit in appeal over them. Mr. Loch, in the minute above quoted, alludes to it, as already noticed, so early as six years ago, in Bengal. That the result of this will be that which Mr. Howard infers cannot be doubted. After the solemn promises we have made to natives of India to employ them wherever they are fit; after the complete success which has attended the appointments of Baboo Shumboonath Pundit and Baboo Dwarkanath Mitter to judgeships in the Highest Court in India, we cannot long overlook the strong and constantly increasing claims of natives to a larger share in judicial offices, and it seems to us equally clear that under present circumstances the whole administration of justice in India must thus by degrees ultimately pass into the hand of natives. Nor should we regret this result (since it is for the benefit of the natives of India that Courts of Justice exist at all in that country) provided we were satisfied that the moral qualifications of native judges could be raised to the same high standard which we require and find in Englishmen, and that in addition to greater familiarity with native languages and native laws, they would bring to the duties of the judicial bench the same amount of purity, integrity, and honour.

It is not any part of our present object to consider what may be the political results of such a step, nor have we the information which is necessary to form an opinion. Nor need we now advert more particularly to the general moral qualifications of natives for such employment. We feel bound to assume that all this has already been decided in their favour; because it has been clearly so assumed in the liberal promises we have made to employ them, and we should have great difficulty, even now,

Selections, p. 82.

did we wish it, in retracting that assumption. No one with a spark of philanthropy who considers what India now is, no one with a spark of patriotism who considers the terrible verdict which posterity will pass upon us should we leave India as degraded as we found her, can ever cease to wish most heartily that the experiment may succeed. It is because we ourselves so earnestly desire this success that we wish to draw attention to it, and to point out the dangers of failure to which it is exposed. It seems from the papers before us that the general opinion in India in respect of a substitution of natives for the present English judges is, rather apathetically, in favour of the change. But we think more is required than merely to let Englishmen drift out and natives drift in in their place. We think it is a crisis which requires special attention, and that the change will produce results exactly in accordance with the wisdom and prudence with which it is modified and developed. With the hope of contributing something to the successful accomplishment of this object, we will try to estimate the natural aptitude of a native of India for a legal career, and the mode in which that aptitude may be most successfully trained for use in the public service.

Nothing is more marked in the present intellectual condition of India than the avidity with which natives take to the study of the law. There seems to be the same general dislike to the study of the physical sciences according to the method pursued by Europeans as there is said to have been in Europe in the age which immediately succeeded Bacon. But every native is eager to study law. This is intelligible enough. Besides that already it opens to them a career by far the most lucrative and honourable of any which they can select, it exercises largely that keenness of intellect which is the pride and ornament of the Hindoo mind. A Hindoo revels in a legal argument. He delights in fine distinctions, in minute verbal criticism, in picking his way through a long subtle argument. Nor let anyone doubt the value of this intellectual capacity. It is quite true that it is a capacity which may easily enough degenerate into a fault. It is quite true that Hindoos are prone to an excess of subtlety. But law, if rightly taught, is just the study which of all others restrains while it exercises this dangerous power. There are sciences more subtle than law; there are sciences of which the conclusions are more forcible and weighty. But there is perhaps none in the scientific conclusions in which there is such a union of force and subtlety.

The essential conditions of success in forming good native

lawyers are, first, that the law itself should be clear, consistent, and precise; secondly, that this law should be taught in the schools by men who thoroughly understand how law is developed from the principles which it contains, and who have the art of imparting that knowledge to their pupils. It is impossible otherwise to get that *pondus consequentiarum* which is to serve as ballast for the flighty intellect of the Hindoo. Give him a chance and he will be almost sure to fly to those '*chicanes*' of which lawyers in other countries were long ago said to be '*trop enclins à profiter*.' And it is for this reason that it is of such intense importance that the law of India should be formed on clear scientific principles; that legislation should not be piecemeal or patchwise; but compact, co-ordinate and complete. Not bits of English, Hindoo, and Mahommedan law, collected at random and strung together like beads; but a careful development of principles common to all those systems of law. If the creation of a universal law of India is attempted on any narrower conception of it than this, it must ultimately be a failure as regards its main objects, and law as a vehicle of education, instead of being the safest, will be one of the most dangerous of studies. Still, whatever may be the vagaries of legislation, there are great principles of jurisprudence which cannot be effaced, and by a clear exposure of these a solid foundation may always be laid by the teacher. But a far more vigorous effort towards the teaching of law is necessary than is now being made in India. From some indications we have seen of the policy of Indian statesmen in this respect we gather that the pecuniary rewards of education are considered sufficient to justify the expectation that all educational institutions should be self-supporting. This may be so; with regard to law we should say that undoubtedly it is so. But we never have found, and never expect to find, a good system of education evolved out of the pecuniary calculations of individuals. In England the system of education was constructed by liberal and learned men who founded schools and colleges to carry out their views, but none of these schools or colleges contribute anything of value to the scientific study of law. In India the Government must construct the system, and control it, and if they cannot get people to pay for the use of it voluntarily they will be justified in forcing them to do so. Moreover, nothing is more clearly in the interest of Government than to manufacture good public servants. At present the staff of law teachers in India is altogether insufficient. It consists of practising barristers, who, besides being overwhelmed with far more pressing avocations, are, generally speaking,

just as deficient as teachers as they are able as advocates. Neither their early education nor their daily pursuits will stand them in much stead when expounding to their pupils the first great principles of law in their order and relation.

That, if properly educated, natives of India might become in the highest degree eminent, not only as forensic disputants, but as sound lawyers, we have not the least doubt. Nor can it be well denied that could we bring this intellectual power into full play upon the administration of justice in that country, a great advance might be achieved. Could we once combine in the judge a masterly knowledge of law with a deep insight into the manners of the people, we should surely sweep away that mass of trickery and fraud which in India destroys titles to property, swamps innocent persons in liabilities which they never incurred, deprives men of their just dues, paralyses the strong and oppresses the weak. Why do the present judges of India stand so helpless in the face of all this? The answer is simple. They do not understand their business. They see the fraudulent result, and strive to prevent it. They may succeed for the moment; but by some clumsy device which does not go to the root of the evil, and which very often only suggests a contrivance for some new villany. Successfully to cope with the cunning devices of fraud requires indeed a judge of skill and experience. But even skill and experience are not alone sufficient. The judge must also have such a scientific knowledge of law as will enable him to comprehend the question he has to decide in all its parts and all its relations, to foresee new combinations, and to provide for new results. Like the surgeon, he must have knowledge to discover as well as skill to remove; and further knowledge to assure himself that the cure is complete. Let him fall short at any point, and he is but a bungler after all.

Not only in the administration of the law, however, but in legislation also, native jurists will run the English hard. They start here, as elsewhere, with great natural advantages. Hindoos and Mohammedans understand better, at any rate, than Europeans, the ground upon which they are to work. Law is never dead. The growth of it and the conditions favourable for its development are just beginning to be understood, owing in a vast degree to the genius and learning which Mr. Maine has applied to this subject. If the matter is left to English lawyers or English legislators, we can see what will happen—they will be ever trying to thrust upon this country their crude English notions, just as they are—antiquated, anomalous, and obscure. What have Hindoos or Mohammedans

to do with opposed systems of law and equity, with trusts, with interests vested and contingent, with freehold and leasehold, realty and personalty, reversions, remainders, estates for life, and estates of inheritance? These terms and distinctions are founded on notions almost exclusively English; they are bound up exclusively with the development of law in England; a development which stands alone and which is marked out as peculiar even in Europe. A pretty piece of patchwork we shall make by sticking these notions on to Hindoo law! No—the law of India, like every other law, must be grown from its own stem. Prune it, cultivate it, train it as you will; but it must remain the indigenous plant.

We are most desirous not to be misunderstood. We are not saying that the exclusion of European influence on Indian legislation is in itself advantageous. Far from it. Would Englishmen only learn *law* instead of learning *English law*; would they distinguish principles from accidental forms; would remember that the form of the law of England, and many, though not all, of its principles, are the growth of English habits, English morals, English prejudices, and even English climate; would see that these can no more be forced on natives of India without misery and oppression than a tight coat and trousers; if Englishmen would study deeply the laws and customs of natives, and also their character and habits; if they would seek carefully the natural development of law in India, and follow it,—then indeed they would doubtless, with their superior energy and intelligence, do the work of legislation far more quickly and effectually than in our most sanguine moments we can expect that it will be done by natives.

But though, under present conditions, the native lawyer may beat English soldiers and civilians in the competition for employment, a great question still remains whether, after having educated natives of India as carefully and thoroughly as you will, you can ever give him those habits of promptness, industry, and despatch, which will enable them satisfactorily to work alone so large a public department as the administration of justice. It is not, indeed, by what they are now that we must judge of them, but of what, under proper training, they may become. Still, they have special defects, and every effort ought to be made to remedy them. We think a school of scientific jurisprudence in England, with some development as regards the special law of India, would be highly useful. That natives should be encouraged, as far as possible, to visit England is, we think, most desirable for reasons altogether independent of the teaching of law. And it is in England

alone that they have a chance of seeing forensic practice in its perfection. A proper school of law in each of the great presidency towns is also, as we have said, essential. But by far the most effectual mode of ensuring ultimate success in the employment of natives is, concurrently with every effort towards raising their qualifications, to take such measures as will ensure an improvement in the English judges as would prevent their complete exclusion from the Judicial Bench of India, at least for a great many years to come. Nor will such an exclusion be in any way forced upon us except by our own apathy. It is only in the presence of men markedly inferior to themselves in legal acquirements that such an exclusion would be demanded by natives. What will not be patiently submitted to is, as Mr. Loch puts it, that a man without knowledge of the law should be put over the heads of judges who began their career before he entered the service. Natives do not seek, nor ought they to seek, what, if matters be left to themselves, Mr. Howard thinks they will get, 'a monopoly of the 'Judicial Bench.' To fill the Bench with a mixture of Europeans and Natives; to associate them together as far as possible in the performance of their duties, so that the special qualifications of the one may supply the special deficiencies of the other; to promote all fairly through every grade; and to treat all with the same marks of confidence and respect—will, as it seems to us, at the same time secure the interests of justice and honourably redeem our promise.

Above all, we earnestly deprecate any patching up of this question; and this treatment we have some fear it is likely to receive. The 'Selections,' which do not quite drop the question, terminate with a suggestion to 'make such an alteration 'in the system of promotion which now obtains among civilians 'as would obviate the common occurrence of a transfer to 'the Judicial Bench of men who have had no special training for the performance of its duties, and are too old to 'commence the necessary training' (p. 244); and this very feeble proposition (it is not quite apparent whence it emanated) appears to be that now under consideration. It probably means that after a few years' residence in India members of the Civil Service are to select their line—the service being divided into judicial or non-judicial. It is almost certain that all the good men will choose the non-judicial. The scope for ambition in this career is far greater than in the judicial; one terminates in the High Court with a judgeship, which is on an exact par with a secretaryship to the Government of India, or a commissionership in the Board of Revenue:

the other terminates nowhere short of the Governor-Generalship itself. Moreover, the less formal and less precise, the more independent and more active duties of the various departments of the non-judicial service, are far more congenial to the majority of men's tastes, and far more in accordance with their previous habits than the labours of the Judicial Bench. But apart from this, it is a terrible mistake to suppose that a mere separation of functions adequately meets the present crisis. With such an education in law as the average of young civilians bring out with them to India, small in amount, and of that peculiarly volatile kind which is always laid up in stock for competitive examinations, he will be still altogether unfit to cope with the native advocate, or to sit in appeal from the native judge. Before entering upon his judicial career into competition with native lawyers, the Englishman must have not the mere cramming of a tutor scarcely a week's reading ahead of his pupil, but a thorough grounding on a systematic plan carried out by men of wide scope and profound research. It is probably true that it is better to select youngsters for public offices by competitive examination than by private patronage. But competitive examinations are far less likely to foster than to impede that large and liberal education which alone stands by a man in after life. This is especially the case with law. The study of law in the proper sense of the term apart from its practice has not yet begun in England. It is not too much to say that there is not a satisfactory book in the English language with which a student could commence his study of law strictly so called, unless we include some of the Treatises of the American writers on law, who are far ahead of us. There are scarcely half a dozen professors who lecture upon law otherwise than exclusively as concerns its practical application to English law. Every student begins and ends his studies where and how he pleases, and always with but one object—success in the race for marks. But the amount of real knowledge is rarely in proportion to the result of this contest. The highest mark-getters generally turn out well, because they are always men of industry and energy. But the labour they have expended in accomplishing this feat counts for little more in their future intellectual life than the training for a boat-race does in the physical strength of a man. Indeed, the two are very analogous, and though both may be necessary, both are somewhat dangerous. A man so trained in law, who gets no experience in India except as a judge sitting alone, and who for the most part of his early career is confined to minor criminal cases, will

turn out but very moderately indeed when he comes to the higher departments of law.

If it is possible to rouse men to a great effort, surely this is a worthy occasion for it. This is not a paltry contest for power, but a great question of the performance of duty in which every motive of honour and interest is combined. It will be a greater step than we have ever made in our avowed policy of ruling India for the benefit of herself, to put into native hands a large and independent share in the administration of justice—that is say, provided we have first fitted them for the task. One object is to bring to bear upon this important discussion the wide experience and greater knowledge of English lawyers and statesmen. From a perusal of the papers on this subject we cannot help drawing the conclusion that it is one to which Indian statesmen, with all their talent and versatility, are scarcely equal.

But should every attempt fail to obtain for this question its due share of public attention, there are still never wanting here and there a few men striving, in obscurity and in spite of discouragement, after better things. Rare as they are, there are natives of India and natives of England who love learning for its own sake, and not only for its rewards in money and station. On such of them as make the law of India their study we would venture to impress the value of the assistance which they may derive from the works of Savigny under notice. They are examples of the two distinct modes under which law has to be viewed. In one, the Treatise on Possession, a conception is formed of that subject, and of its relations to other parts of law. In the 'System of Modern 'Roman Law,' which, alas! is but a fragment, the subject of law is (as the name imports) viewed as a whole, the object being to ascertain and to exhibit 'the innate connexion or re- 'lationship by which the single ideas and rules of law are 'attached to a great unity.' To learn to consider law under these two aspects should be one of the first objects of the student, and he will, in the works now under notice, find a rare example of the two methods. To these Treatises may now be added an excellent translation of the eighth volume of Savigny on 'Private International Law, or the Conflict of 'Laws,' for which we are indebted to Mr. William Guthrie, of the Scottish Bar. This is one of the most valuable portions of the work of the great German Jurist, and one of the most applicable to the business of the courts, whilst it is a model of scientific analysis.

ART. X.—*Le Victorial. Chronique de Don Pedro Niño, Comte de Buelna.* Par GUTIERRE DIAZ DE GAMEZ, son Alferez. (1379–1449.) Traduit de l'Espagnol d'après le manuscrit avec une introduction et des notes historiques par le COMTE ALBERT DE CIRCOURT et le COMTE DE PUYMAIGRE. Paris: 1867.

'A COLLECTION of legends, a treatise on chivalry, a document treating gravely of Spanish history and of French; 'the chronicle of a knight whose adventures led him to the coasts 'of Barbary and to the shores of England, from the Castilian 'Court to that of France: a picture of manners and of ideas 'traced by an observer who was at once learned, sensible, *naïf* 'and amusing—we have believed that on all these grounds '"the Victorial" would recommend itself to a considerable 'number of readers.' These are the terms in which Count Albert de Circourt and Count de Puymaigre introduce their translation of an old Spanish chronicle. The 'Victorial' means (being translated) the history of the adventures of Don Pedro Niño, by his squire Gutierre Diaz de Gamez. It is a curious book; men have resorted to it as a storehouse for various sorts of knowledge. It has been rifled for legends, consulted as a history, quoted by antiquarians in search of fifteenth century details, and also considered as a romance. Don Pascual Gayangos indeed thought that it ought to be placed along with the 'Amadis,' and we have even heard it suggested that a copy of the 'Victorial,' existing in Don Quixote's library, may have had its share in producing, or adding to, that knight's mental malady. But Southey did not disdain to make use of this chronicle as an historical record. In his 'Lives of the British Admirals' he incorporated the curious account of a descent on the Cornish coast by Don Pedro Niño, to which we shall presently have to refer; but it is to be regretted that he did not give us his opinion of the book which he quoted, which still remains a riddle to succeeding critics. For ourselves, in spite of the few undoubtedly historical facts which it contains, we cannot but regard the work of the good *alferez* as mainly a fanciful production, curious from its authenticity and valuable from the light which it throws on the manners of the age to which it belongs, but of more than doubtful authority on matters of fact.

We propose to make use of M. de Circourt's translation, and to give such an account of the contents of this book as may enable our readers to decide for themselves whether the

'Victorial' be more a history than a biography, or at best only a fifteenth century romance. The translation itself is careful and truthful, and the spirit of the old author is preserved; though, with great good taste, the translators have selected modern rather than mediæval French for their version. It is true that the idiom of four centuries ago would have had an air both of greater piquancy and of greater erudition, and outside of the Academy it might have found few critics; but no affected style can be a sustained one, and we have to thank the translators for putting the 'Victorial' into its present very agreeable shape. Their notes are ample, but do not overlay the text; for just as the *Alf rez* de Gamez made his master the principal figure in his chronicle, so MM. de Circourt and de Puymaigre have kept themselves out of sight, except when their help was positively required to elucidate the meaning of the text.

The first page of the 'Victorial' opens devoutly—with an invocation to the Triune God, as Creator, Author, and Governor; and 'for as much as without Him nothing endures,' Gamez prays that 'He may be the source and end of this work.' In this key the proem goes on to treat of chivalry. Mankind, it says, is by the Divine Will divided into three classes: men of prayer (*oradores*), men of arms, and labourers. With the first class Gamez does not meddle, and the last he dismisses without further notice, and he devotes himself to the consideration of the estate of knighthood, its pains, its profits, and its ends. He delineates with quaint prolixity the exploits and the shortcomings of the greatest soldiers of antiquity, but he gives the preference to the Christian knight; and of this typical personage he draws a sketch, ideal it is true, but not the less touching in its strength, simplicity, and grace. Some men, he thinks, have really come up to this standard, have been virtuous, wary and prudent, just in judgment, continent and moderate, enduring and courageous, having withal great faith in God, and being hopeful of immortal glory, and thus have they obtained the recompense of their deeds done in charity and in love to their neighbours. Lives of such men he has perused, but *one* such man he knew—his master—and 'that his noble actions 'should endure, I, Gutierre Diaz de Gamez, a servant of the 'house of Don Pedro Niño, Count of Buelna, have put the 'same in writing. I have seen the deeds of his chivalry. . . . 'I was one of those who marched regularly with him; I had 'my part in his labours, and to me was confided his standard. 'I sailed with him in the seas of the Levant and of the setting,

'(*Levante, Ponente**), and I saw all the things that are here 'written. He was ever victorious——' In this concluding phrase seems to lie the reason for the title of our chronicle, its proud name of the 'Victorial.'

The family of our hero was noble, and of French extraction, but for three generations before his birth it had been well placed at the Castilian Court. The first of the name was a Juan Niño, then came his son Pero Fernandez, and finally Juan Niño, the friend and courtier of Peter the Cruel, married to Inez Laso, and the father of Don Pero Niño, Count of Buelna. The life of this Juan Niño II. fell on troublous times. On the death of Alfonso XI., his six sons by Eleanor Guzman intrigued against his only legitimate heir, Pedro. Of these brothers, one, Don Enrique, soon came to the front, and to him the ex-minister Albuquerque lent a traitorous aid. The kingdom was in a flame, and in the war which ensued (in which Pedro's only allies were the English rulers of Gascony, Edward III. and his sons) the tide of victory set now for and now against the rightful king. 'The incidents of his reign were terrible; friends or foes, one after another, men fell victims to his caprice, his cruelty, or his revenge, and their figures start up before us with the rapidity of a horrible melodrama. Inez de Castro was abandoned on the day of her espousals to the fierce king; Doña Maria of Portugal, the queen-mother, died by poison; Samuel Levi, the grand treasurer, was tortured to death; Fadrique, Juan, and Pedro, three of the six sons of Eleanor Guzman, slain before their royal brother's eyes; Pedro Martinez roasted in a cauldron, and Pedro Sanchez de Banuelos baked before a slow fire, all by order of a monarch whom history has well surnamed the Cruel. Yet among his courtiers and followers, Juan Niño, soldier, demoiseau and skilled arquebusier, held and kept a favoured place; and it was into this agitated world of politics, where crowns and heads were both so insecure, that his son, the little Pero, was born. When Peter the Cruel died, and Toledo, which had long held out for him, surrendered, Enrique became king, and still the Niño

* The word *Ponente* has been literally translated here, but in spite of its literal meaning it was the term applied to the Channel and the Northern Seas. The 'Jugement d'Olèron,' a collection of ancient maritime laws, drawn up at Olèron by the orders of Eleanor the queen of Louis VII., was of authority in all '*les mers du Ponant*, '*c'est à dire du Nord.*' In the eighteenth century the term was still in use, for it occurs in the style and titles of Jean Corneil Bart, son of Jean Bart, who was '*Vice-Amiral de France, et des mers du* '*Ponant.*'

family kept their place at the new Court. Thus it was that the boy grew up beside the king, and beside the royal infant, to whom his mother Inez served as nurse. Young Pero was brought up in the palace, and as he grew up gave every promise of manly strength and beauty. When he was only fifteen, at the siege of Gijon, where he first asked for arms, the king gave him his own. His faithful biographer spares us no details of his early prowess; but tells us of his jousts and deeds of daring, how like the Adonis of Greek, the Thammuz of Eastern, and the Diarmid of Gaelic Mythology, he went out to slay a wild boar that was the terror of the province, and how, unlike Adonis and Diarmid, he slew and was not slain; of his gallantry also, and of the wounds received during a campaign in Portugal in 1396; how he killed a celebrated swordsman, and increased daily in strength and in royal favour. Then comes the account of his marriage to Donna Costanza di Guevara, and, à propos of their union, the *alferez* launches forth into a digression on love and marriage worthy of Don Quixote in his most inspired moments, which derives however a certain melancholy interest from the fact, that Donna Costanza only lived for three years. In this treatise Gamez not only eulogises the 'maiden passion for a 'maid,' but he avers *that* love to be of the highest order which devotes itself and asks for nothing in return. No doubt this was the theory of the old courts of love; but we certainly gather from the rest of this book, that it was not the practice of his master, who was 'in love very valiant, and of 'great repute,' but whose loves certainly led him into trouble both from the aggressive and the passive nature of the good knight's conduct in these very delicate affairs.

The first public employment of Pero Niño in this the second period of his life, was a naval one. He was sent in 1404, with a fleet of galleys to the Levant. There he had great success. He fought the Moors in Barbary, chased their corsairs, burned their galleys off the Tunis coast, and received several wounds, one of which gave him great pain, and disabled him, but after the application of the cautery (by his own hands, as the *alferez* tells us), he recovered, and, in 1405, he is to be found jousting at a great tournay at Tordesillas, which took place in honour of the birth of the Infant, Don Juan. This boy, the child of Enrique III. and of Constance of Lancaster, was afterwards king: and Pero Niño had his full share in the court broils and intrigues that surrounded and threatened the young Juan II.

But we ought now to follow Pero and his chronicler from the

waters of the Levant and the Gulf of Toulon, to the autumn-driven waves of the English Channel, and to their anchorage in the harbours of South Devon. Certainly never was history written with more delicious naïveté than by Gamez in his account of that descent upon the English coast, which was one of the most exciting adventures of Pero Niño. It fell on this wise. Henry IV. and the French King were at war, and so were Henry IV. and St. Pol, Count of Luxemburg, the pretext in the latter case being the forced abdication and murder of Richard II., a very near connexion of the Count de St. Pol; the *casus belli* as regarded the French King lay in those English rights over Guienne, which Henry was not prepared to resign, though his predecessor had been willing to waive them. The French King asked for help from Enrique III., and he received it in the shape of a fleet, or rather of two fleets, for one, equipped at Santona, was entrusted to Martin Ricz de Abentaño, the other, consisting of only three galleys, was prepared at Santander, and commanded by Pero Niño. His kinsman, Fernando Niño, and his faithful *alferez* were on board. Between the two commanders there existed, as may be supposed, no goodwill, and after some high words, and much possibly intentional bad management, Pero Niño found himself alone at Rochelle. There he was joined by two galleys, the property of the Sieur Charles de Savoisy, late chamberlain to the French King, with whom Pero felt that he could act in concert and amity. 'Now Messire Charles had already heard of Pero 'Niño, and he, for his part, had already heard of Messire 'Charles, as of a knight who, for one of those things that do 'sometimes befall a gentleman of great consideration, had been 'banished from the Court.' These kindred spirits hung about the coasts of Brittany for some days, and then made sail for Cornwall. They had a horrible passage. Each galley thought that the others must have foundered at sea, and it took five days to bring them all together again, so various were the courses in which they had been driven. Messire Charles had suffered very severely. 'His galley,' he said, 'had gone up to 'the heights and down to the depths, had plunged now fore 'and now aft, and the sea making a breach over her decks, had 'carried everything away, down to the hands of the rowers; 'but he had been himself so greatly exercised about the fate 'of his soul, that he had not thought much of that, or any 'other worldly concern.' Pero Niño must have been the first to recover from the effects of such a voyage, for he made an encouraging speech to the crew, and his proposal to steer again for the Cornish shores was generally approved. After a night

and a day of sailing and rowing, they made the coast, and landed at towns which Gamez called '*Tache*' and '*Chita,*' probably St. Erth and St. Ives. There was a sharp conflict there in which the English were worsted, and the rovers, for we can hardly call them anything else, then made a sudden descent upon Dartmouth. Here, or rather at Blackpool, in the previous year a French invasion had been made in somewhat similar manner, and a certain Guillaume de Chastel had been killed. He was a friend of our Messire Charles, and the Sieur de Savoisy naturally burned to avenge his countryman who had been 'by the rustical people, whom he ever despised,' defeated and slain. Unfortunately, Messire Charles and Pero Niño began to quarrel among themselves as to the best steps to take for the overthrow of the English troops that they saw collected to meet them. 'But,' says Gamez, 'among the good 'discord lasteth not long, though it is a dangerous vice, whereof 'come many evils,' and both Pero and Charles agreed at length to visit Plymouth, 'a fair town,' remarks the *alferez,* 'with a 'good fortress on a mamelon.' Portland also attracted them, and troops were landed from their ships to attack the place. The English proved themselves both there and at Poole very good marksmen, as Gamez, among others, found to his cost, for he reports himself as having come out of action bristling with arrows, 'as many sticking in him, he thought, as in a 'bull at a bull-fight.' The claims of Poole on the attention of the Spaniards consisted, not in its strength or riches, but in the fact that there lived a noted English captain, one Harry Paye, whose command of the Cinque Port fleet had often proved fatal to French and Spanish merchantmen. One of his last exploits had been the burning of Finisterre, and thus Pero Niño felt that it behoved him to return the compliment in kind. A brother of Harry Paye's was killed in the skirmish, which Gamez evidently looked on as a gratifying circumstance and the two rovers, pleased with the success of a day in which the English had been very roughly handled, dined together that night, and considered of their next step.

And now the honest chronicler begins to draw on his fancy in the narrative of what followed, or rather his ardent wish to please his master, and to see with his master's eyes, stimulated that fancy unduly. Pero Niño, it seems, expressed a wish to see London, and to sail thither. 'Immediately,' says his standard-bearer, 'the fleet anchored in a port called Anatone, near 'London!' (*sic*); and in all good faith Gamez goes on to describe the capital of England. 'It stands,' he says, 'in a 'plain, about two miles from the sea, on a river called the

'Thames, and in close proximity to the Island of Duy!' What he really did see was Southampton; and the Isle of Wight, so recently wasted by St. Pol's hostile descent, was now to have been attacked by Messire Charles and by Pero Niño. The English archers, however, showed themselves in great numbers, and the galleys set sail for Harfleur, probably with regret, for the island, they had heard, was rich, 'with about '15,000 men on it, but then they were mostly archers.'

Here closes the account of the visit of Pero Niño to England. No doubt it read very well in Spain, and there were few in Castile able to dispute with him whether he had or had not seen London, and whether it was there or not that Gamez had made that series of observations on the 'English at Home' which resulted in his declaring that 'of a truth they certainly 'were unlike any other people.'

He had more sympathies with the French, and he certainly had leisure for more finished studies in French manners than he could have had at Dartmouth for acquiring English customs, or even for mastering the peculiarities of 'Arripay's' (Harry Paye's) military and social arrangements. His master once made a prolonged sojourn in France, as the guest of the Admiral Renaud de la Trie, and Pero, we are told, quickly acquired 'the pretty manners of the nation.' His host was an old man, his hostess, of the Norman family of Bellengues, was young and lively, and their château of La Sérifontaine, in the Vexin (not far from Gisors) stood in a beautiful country. Gamez's description of it, and of this idyllic episode in the life of Pero Niño, is one of the prettiest passages in his book. Its value as a picture of manorial life in France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries has caused it be fastened on by several students: among others by M. Viollet-le-Duc, but we transcribe it here notwithstanding, though in language that cannot, we fear, equal in spirit and grace that of MM. de Circourt and de Puymaigre:—

'The Admiral was an ancient knight both old and ailing, and he was used up by service, for he had been ever in the wars. He could no longer frequent either courts or camps, but he lived retired on his own lands. There he was richly furnished with all things necessary for his person, and he dwelt in a house which, though it stood in a plain, was strong, and all things found there as if it were in the city of Paris. He had by him his pages and serving men for all kinds of offices, as becomes a great lord. In this house was a great chapel, and there every day mass was said, with minstrels and with trumpeters sounding marvellously on their instruments. Before the house flowed a river,* and on its banks were orchards and

* The Epte.

gracious gardens. On the other side a pond well stocked with fish, surrounded with walls and locked, from which fish was drawn every day to suffice three hundred people. . . . And this lord had forty or fifty dogs for hunting in the woods, and men who tended them. There were there twenty saddle-horses for his use: coursers and chargers and hackneys and *bahagnons.** What shall I say more? for all kinds of provisions and luxuries were there. There were forests in which were all kinds of game, great and small, and with his forty or fifty dogs he hunted the stag, the buck, and the wild boar; and he had falcons, of the kind they call *gentils* in French, and very good hawks. This gentleman had for his wife the most beautiful woman in France, of the best family and lineage in Normandy; daughter of the lord of Bellengues. Greatly was she to be praised for all the things belonging to a noble lady, and as she had great wit she governed her house and kept it better appointed than any other house in the province. She had her own dwelling-rooms apart from those of the Admiral; from her house to his you went by a drawbridge, and both were inclosed in the same outer walls. The furniture of her house was so great and magnificent that it would take too long to describe. Madame l'Amirale had ten maids of honour, richly dressed and kept with nothing to do but to take care of themselves, and to be companions to their lady; for there were maid-servants in abundance.

'I will tell you the way of life this lady led. In the morning having risen she went with her ladies to a grove which was hard by; each with her rosary and her book of hours. They sat down there separate from each other, and said their *hours*, and no one spoke till they had finished praying. Then picking violets and flowers they returned to the palace, and went to chapel, where they heard a low mass. On leaving chapel they had on silver plates chicken or larks or other roast birds, and they ate, or left what they liked, and then wine was served to them. Madame ate very little at breakfast, or took some little thing to please those who were with her. This done, Madame rode with her ladies on the best hackneys rarely caparisoned, and with them rode the knights and gentlemen who might be there; and they walked also through the woods making bowers and wreaths of greenery. And then, in voices differing in pitch, but all attuned, you might hear them sing, *lais, deslais, virelais, chants, rondeaux, complaints, ballades,* and all the kinds of songs such as the French do compose with great art. I declare to you, that if he who found himself there could have ensured its lasting, he would have craved no other paradise.

'Thither came the Captain Pero Niño (with his gentlemen) for whom all these *fêtes* were made; and in the same way when they returned to the palace they found the tables spread. The good old knight, who did not ride abroad, now received them, and with a

* M. Mérimée has translated this word by *cob*, but MM. de Circourt and de Puymaigre incline to think that it stands for horses of the Bohemian race (*Behaigne, Behaignon*).

sweetness and grace that were marvellous. He was a very amiable gentleman, albeit he ailed and suffered. The Admiral, Madame, and Pero Niño took their places at table, the *maître d'hôtel* presided at another table, and by each lady there sat a knight or squire—thus they were ranged. The viands, which were very varied, were many and well served; either meats, or fish, or fruits, according to the day. Throughout the meal whoever, observing moderation and courtesy, could speak of arms or love, was sure to find to whom to speak, and who answered him to his pleasure; and during the repast the *jongleurs* played agreeably on diverse instruments. Grace being said, and they risen from table, the musicians came in, and Madame danced with Pero Niño, and his followers danced with their ladies. This dance lasted an hour. When it came to an end Madame gave the kiss of peace to the Captain, and so did each to his partner. Pero Niño then withdrew to his rooms (which were in Madame's house) on the ground floor, and well furnished. After a siesta they mounted again, and the pages fetched the falcons. Herons were started, Madame took her place, her *tassel-gentle* on her wrist, pages beat up the game, and she threw her bird so gracefully and so well that better could not be seen. And all along the river's marge was fine sport and pastime; dogs swimming, drums beating, *lures* turning, and ladies and gentlemen there taking more pleasure than can be described. When the valley had been beaten Madame and all the company dismounted in a meadow, and cold chicken or partridges and fruits were served to them, and all ate and drank, and made garlands of leaves, and at length in singing very sweet songs they wandered home to the palace. At night there was a supper, if it were winter, but in summer they ate earlier, and Madame walked in the country, or they played at bowls till nightfall, when by torch-light they repaired to the castle, and then came the minstrels. They danced late into the night; and again after fruit and wine had been served they retired to sleep.

'This course was followed, as I have told you, every day according to the season. . . . All these things were managed and arranged by this lady, she ruled alike indoors and out, for the Admiral, though a rich man, lord of much land, and of many revenues, cared not for any of these things; but the lady sufficed to lead it all.

'If by dear delights and by fulness of all things, a man could live for ever and escape death, this Admiral might have done so, for he was so well provided that no man could have more; but when a man has numbered the months that Job says God gives to each, there are neither presages, nor delights, nor riches, nor friends, nor kinsmen that can detain him.'

Can anything be prettier than this, or more pathetic? The round of the happy seasons, the fruits, the flowers, the river-banks of France; the laughing company, the gay mistress of the revels, the torch-lit dance, and the old man worn with battle and with pains, who is but a spectator and not an actor in the mirthful play? Pathetic too, because above this rustle of

leafage, shouting of falconers, and ripple of rivers, his seems to be a warning voice, suggesting, as John Knox's once did to the Queen's Maries, that 'that foul knave Death,' will come to break up their diversions. And even before death is old age, and before old age are partings and change; and so the lord and the lady of La Sérifontaine found in their various ways. Pero Niño departed at last. He went to Paris, and there he jousted in the lists, and entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, so that his stay in Paris might not be unremunerative in '*retenues and livrées*.'* He left, we suspect, a blank in the château life of the Admiral's gay wife; so much so, that when, not very long after, the old man dropped into the grave, the widow sent for the Spanish knight to comfort her, and 'to 'tell him all her affairs.' 'After that,' their historian says, 'they passed for lovers.' Evidently Jeannette de Bellengues hoped that Pero would replace her lost lord; but there is truth in the saying, that 'love bidden is love forbidden;' and though Gamez avers that this lady was perfectly good and fair, and young, pleasant, courteous, and gay, much run after, and witty withal, besides being rich and of a good understanding, the Spanish soldier of fortune left her without proposing for her hand.

Madame de la Sérifontaine, however, still loved or hoped; she sent him presents and letters, and finally a horse (out of the late admiral's stables, no doubt) for a great tournament about to take place in Paris. The horse he accepted, for her sake, as Gamez gravely asserts, but he did not forthwith return to her, but lingered on in Paris, jousting and sitting at meat with such potentates as the dukes of Orleans, Berry, and Burgundy. At last marriage began to be spoken of between them, but it was settled with the father of Madame de la Sérifontaine that she should first complete the two years of her widowhood, and that Pero Niño should on his side occupy the time winding up his affairs, public as well as private. What those affairs were, and how he disposed of them, time and the rest of this chronicle will show; but in the meantime it is necessary to state that the knight, whom his *alferez* considered the very mirror of chivalry, never returned to fulfil his engagement, and that in process of time Jeannette de Bellengues, veuve de la Trie, and dame de la Sérifontaine, was united to Jean Malet de Graville, grand falconer to the king. Gamez dismisses the matter as regards his master in

---

* *Rétenues*, wages; *livrées*, those things which besides wages are *given* (livré) to the officers and servants of a household.

a very few words. Referring to later events in Spain, he says, 'by this time Pero Niño had already loosed himself from his 'word to Madame l'Amirale de France, that great lady whom 'I told you he loved while he was in France. He had sent 'to take leave of her because of the wars with the Moors, and 'because the time was passed.'

Pero Niño observed a safe and good rule in making himself really quit of this old flame, for which 'the time had passed,' before he began a new love affair with Donna Beatriz of Portugal, daughter of the Infant Don Juan.

The account of their courtship and marriage is a real Spanish intrigue, and very nearly a romance, the lady's relations taking the part of the giants and enchanters in this 'Amadis.' Pero and Beatriz first saw each other at a joust, and they fell in love, as was fitting, at first sight. Beatriz at first coyly pretended 'that the protestations of men were to be held in 'suspicion;' but she at last admitted her sympathy with his wishes, and if it be true that *femme le veut, Dieu le veut,* Donna Beatriz certainly deserves credit for thus helping Pero Niño to carry his point. His was a task of difficulty. The lady to whom he had lifted his eyes was of royal blood, both in Portugal and in Castile, and more than one royal match had been already proposed for her, compared with which her union with the 'invincible' Pero Niño was simply a mésalliance. But she betrothed herself to her lover in secret; and then with great gallantry she endured the consequences of her imprudent step, when the future bridegroom had to make good his escape to Bayonne, and the self-willed heiress was imprisoned at Urena—not, however, in a giant's castle, or under circumstances of very great hardship, since we find that Pero paid her more than one visit during her captivity. They had friends at court who interceded for them—Don Fernando, the half-brother of Beatriz, and the queen-mother; and at last, through their importunity, and through the wish of the Regent to send Pero Niño against the Moors, he was recalled, and their marriage received the sanction of the authorities. It was celebrated at Cigales with great pomp and circumstance.

In following the biography of Pero Niño through the pages of the 'Victorial,' we have preferred to adhere to those passages in his personal history which do not stand in ugly and invidious contrast with the more authentic annals of his time. But from these pages it would be possible to derive a curious view of contemporary history, as it appeared to the mind, and as it was rendered by the pen, of the honest *alferez.* There occurs in one place a dissertation on the English King Ed-

ward III., who had then been dead about thirty years, and which, in showing the *faicts et gestes* of a monarch passed already into the world of legend, proves how powerfully in those days of hearsay a great man's actions appealed to the popular imagination. In another place there are some chapters devoted to Brittany, and to the paladin Brut of England, and these we would hand over to Welsh archæologists, for their general consideration and amusement, or at best for comparison with the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Many curious mistakes of names and places occur in the 'Victorial.' In chapter xlv., mistaking King Charles V. of France for King John, Gamez avers that Charles, taken prisoner at the battle of Crecy (*sic*), remained in England till his death. In chapter xliv. he bestows on Edward III. a blind son, Prince Amour Désiré, whose death, in a battle in Friesland, 'where 'he had dealt rude blows upon his enemies,' is evidently altered and adapted from the fate of the purblind King of Bohemia, that John of Luxemburg, who at Poitiers wore the '*Ich dien*' motto, and lost the triple plume.

Chapter xxxiv. presents an, if possible, greater confusion, though in a smaller matter. It opens by telling us that the English sovereign had gone to war with France, and it then wanders off into a narrative of how an English knight who had conquered the Scotch, showed great endurance under his wounds. There was a battle, into which the English brought 40,000 and the French 20,000 men: and the result was, according to Gamez, curiously satisfactory in an arithmetical point of view, for the former left exactly 20,000 men and the latter 10,000 dead in the field! 'It was all owing,' adds Gamez, 'to the valour of this knight, for he hastened to stop 'the Scots, and so the King could gain this victory elsewhere.' It is almost impossible to disentangle the author's meaning here, but he probably had some confused idea of the expedition of John de Vienne to Scotland in 1385; and this valiant knight is no other than the Earl of Stafford, familiar to us in Froissart's chronicles, and very worthy of the chaplet of victory and valour bestowed on him in the 'Victorial.'

Far less well applied is the story that ascribes to Eleanor of Guienne a miraculous and unspotted purity. Eleanor, the heiress of Guienne, grand-daughter of that poet-prince who was famed as a *trichador de donnas*, the divorced wife of one king, and the disloyal consort of another, is here represented as being as chaste as Una. As a young girl, and in defence of her honour, she had had, he says, both her hands cut off: and in this maimed condition she was set adrift on the seas. Being

the special pupil and protégée of Our Lady, a favouring wind blew, and a ship was sent across her path which had on board the heir to the English crown, then returning from a voyage to Ireland. This legend, which is a pretty one, is told of a princess Joie of Hungary, and it is certainly misapplied here by Gamez. Eleanor always had full use of both her hands, as Fair Rosamond Clifford found to her cost; and when she once did make a ship voyage, it was to the Holy Land. On this occasion she had a train of minstrels and of troubadours on board, and while they sang the praises of her beauty to the winds and waters of the Levant, she scandalised two kingdoms by her indecorums. These are some of the blunders of the *alferez* when writing the history of his times, but he records an attack on the island of Jersey, which distances all his other mistakes and exaggerations; and the story is minute and circumstantial enough to excite one's amazement when we consider that no mention of the fact occurs in any known history, and that indeed there is no evidence for it but his own. The following is his account, and though somewhat abridged, we give it almost in his own words:—

'The galleys of Pero Niño and of Messire Charles had been lying in a harbour of France called Gravelines; departing thence and coasting the Picard shore, they entered the port of Cortoy. The captain and Messire Charles refreshed their crews, and laid in stores of biscuit, water, and other needments, and then resolved to make for England. But the wind and the weather kept them a month in the harbour, until Messire Charles found that he had run short of money, and could no longer pay his men, who all deserted him, and thus he could not accompany the captain, when he one day took leave of the place and the gentlemen, and also of Messire Charles. That good knight was deeply grieved not to be of the company, and Pero Niño was grieved not to be able to help him in this extremity. Pero Niño sailed by Fosse à Cayeux, going towards Normandy. There, off the Cap de Caux, he fell in with six ships; all these were friends and acquaintances of the captain, who had great joy of the meeting, and they decided to go to Brittany, and see if there were any English there. One morning, as the day broke along the shores of Brittany, they spied 120 sail; (?) but these were French ships going to load salt at the port of La Bahia (great salt-works near Guéraude). The captain then held a council, and the Norman sailors said to him, "Monseigneur, there is "hard by an English island, Jersey the Great, and it is very "rich. If you have men enough to make a descent there,

" and to fight 400 or 500 men under arms, it will bring you " great renown, and you can also ask good ransom!" On hearing this advice the captain prayed the saltships to stay their course, and to accompany him to the island of Jersey, on business of the King, and he promised them a share of the honour and profit. Pero then made an oration to the crews, and advised them to be steady and of one mind. To this the Breton captains replied in an encouraging way; and Pero Niño, admitting that of choice he would rather have gone to England, declared his present mind, which was to attack Jersey, by the help of God and Our Lady Mary; and the others said that that was well, and they forthwith prepared themselves. In two days' time they put to sea, and used both sails and oars. . . . Near the great isle of Jersey is another and smaller island, where is the hermitage of Sainte Marie, and the captain commanded the crews to form in order and land there, where at high tide the sea divides the great island from the less. Pero Niño and the other knights and the fighting-men landed there under cover of the darkness, and he told them that they must advance with caution, for fear of an ambuscade, or of other dangers good to be surmised on such occasions. He then commanded the ships to stand out to sea, so that the troops might not have it in their minds to save themselves by a flight back to their ships. They ate and slept a little, and two hours before the sun rose were all armed and ready for battle. The trumpets sounded, and the tide being low, they passed over to the great island. "Prepare your- " selves," cried the captain, " and quit you like men of " courage: let no man leave the place in which I have posted " him, and call you on St. James, who is our patron of Spain, " that he may help us." There were Bretons there as well as Normans, about 1,000 men in all; and what work was there for one man in arranging and directing so many people! The English had their men also in well-dressed order of battle, 3,000 foot and 200 mounted men.

'Then were goodly lance-thrusts given, and a rude *mêlée* arose. The *Receiver* of the island was killed, he fell at Gamez's feet, and many English besides, and their pennon of St. George was taken. When the English saw that it went so ill with them, they took to flight—and he who carried the captain's standard can certify to this, for he saw them run, and throw away harness and arms; but the French and the Castillians being exhausted, and having had many wounded, could not pursue. The captain questioned the prisoners whom he took, and learned from those who were best informed that there were

five strong places in the island, well defended by English knights, and many other matters, so that the captain knew what was the state of Jersey.

'After threatening the chief city, and after a *pourparler* with its inhabitants, Pero Niño took possession of the place, and he levied a ransom of many crowns, and also a yearly tribute of twelve lances, twelve hatchets, twelve bows and arrows, and twelve trumpets; these to be paid yearly for ten years. This tribute the inhabitants were loth to pay; but there was no help for it, since Pero Niño carried away with him four of the richest men of the town as sureties for the payment of the money. Then Pero Niño commanded his trumpets to sound, and drew off his troops in good order, and all returning to their vessels put to sea forthwith, and so came to Brest, where there were rejoicings for their victories, and then they separated, and every one went on his own way. The captain sent a messenger to Paris to make his duty and homage to the King and the Duke, for his own lord the King had bid him return now to Castile.'

If all this be fiction, it is indeed a lie with a circumstance, and without the extenuation of the old Gaelic saying, '*Ma 's breug name, is breug thugame*' (If it be a lie, it goes as it came to me, a lie). Gamez must have invented nine-tenths of a narrative which is unrecorded in any history of the Norman islands. One such attack is said to have been made on Jersey by Jean de Ponhoët, Admiral of Brittany, in the year 1403 or 1404, but we know of no other, and the descent of Pero Niño might be dismissed as purely fanciful, were it not that some of the knights who are said to have shared in it were real people, true men, captains and knights. Hector de Pontbriant, whom he mentions as present, was really an *écuyer* of the then Duke of Orleans, and his Sieur de Tournemine came of a noble and most bellicose house in Brittany. The Receiver-General of Taxes was certainly the principal officer in the island, just as Gamez represents him to have been, but no record has been preserved of his having fallen in a skirmish with French privateers. Of the whole story, as given by the *alferez*, and with far greater amplitude of details than we have been able to copy into our pages, it is hardly possible now to say much—perhaps, indeed, to say more than that Gamez, in magnifying and distorting some small and now forgotten occurrence, has preserved for us a spirited picture of privateering expeditions as they existed in his time, and for many years after. Thanks to the French and Spanish rovers, our seaboard in the Channel was as insecure as the peels and cattle-folds of the border from

the attacks of Scottish cattle-lifters and moss troopers. Though it must be confessed that the bold adventurers of our English coast were not slow to pay them off in the same coin.

It must be admitted that there is an air of freedom and of adventure about these tales of Gamez which is very attractive, and that our interest in Pero Niño is never so great or so cordial as when we see him driving before an equinoxial gale, or running up to Bruges to buy clothes and arms, or flying from the guns of Calais to the harbour of Ambleteuse. Once Pero was becalmed in the Channel, once he burnt two merchant-vessels, and once he had a great disappointment, for an inopportune tempest prevented his sighting the English fleet, the same that conveyed from Lynn a daughter of Henry IV., recently betrothed to the Danish King. To have fallen in with such a squadron, especially as Harry Paye was said to be on board, would have been a really great event in the Spanish rover's life; but Pero Niño had no such luck, and Gamez bewails the case in five pages of very poetical prose. But it is time for us to take leave of him and of the 'Victorial.' Gamez died not long after the completion of his chronicle, and he died in the service of the Count of Buelna.

In the proem to the 'Victorial,' among other strange and apocryphal details with which its ingenious author embellishes his account of Julius Cæsar, he cites a conversation with Virgil, 'the greatest *sabidor* then in the world,' in which the great Roman says, 'Virgil, I am much disturbed by two 'things that I see in the world: the first is that the names of 'those who have done great actions vanish with them, and the 'second is, that their tombs, destroyed by lapse of time, do not 'subsist.' Then Virgil said, 'I will see that thy name and 'thy tomb endure.' This legend recurs to us involuntarily as we stand by the grave of Pero Niño, Count of Buelna, *siempre vencedor*. Gamez intended that by means of his chronicle the name of his captain should endure for ever; and yet, curiously enough, posterity places the servant above his lord, and it is Gamez who has survived, and who truly lives in the libraries of the world. Pero Niño himself is but a poor hero. He was one of the products of his age, but by no means one of its best, for it was by watching opportunities that he rose, and by a series of not undeserved reverses that he fell. He was a bold soldier of fortune, handsome, unscrupulous, and courtly. He loved or left as suited his own convenience; he considered his own interests, quarrelled with his old associates, and intrigued against his boy-king. He loved enterprise, and he did not despise comfort; he struck bold blows in his own cause; and

he could with great readiness go into hiding or put on the livery of a foreign prince. He grew rich. He had a great estate at Cigales and at Villa Baquerin, besides fifteen fiefs and castles in the two Asturias, in the fair provinces of Burgos, Valencia, and Estremadura. Yet he never founded a family; if his two daughters carried his name and blood into the families of the Herreras and the Zuñigas, his two sons died before him: death or disaster removed all his great patrons, and in his last will he speaks of his life in accents of mingled humility and disappointment.

Gutierre Diaz de Gamez, the standard-bearer, was a better specimen of the age of chivalry. He had virtues of the antique sort, and through his style we learn to know him. Sometimes his homely narrative glows with ardour and chivalrous pride, sometimes—as in the sketches of the broken old Admiral, or of the imaginary blind Prince Désiré of England—it is touched with the purest pathos, yet it is true that through all the pages of his wordy book we search in vain for any details about himself—none are to be found. With the solitary exception of that incident of the English arrows with which he says that he was made to bristle at Poole, we read of no personal adventures of the *alferez*. No paragraphs record his loves, leases, or losses; he carried his master's standard, and he wrote his master's life; and for these services he was to have received, had he survived the Count of Buelna, the sum of 3,000 *maravedis*; yet no one will, we think, rise from the perusal of the 'Victorial' without a kindly feeling for its author, who to some of the mother wit of Sancho certainly added much of the sublimity and simplicity of Don Quixote. As he had been himself the most faithful of squires, so he held Pero Niño to be the greatest of knights, and we must hope that our readers have not found Gamez to be the least interesting of chroniclers.

ART. XI.—1. *The Subjection of Women.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: 1869.

2. *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture: a Series of Essays.* Edited by JOSEPHINE G. BUTLER. London: 1869.

Of all writers on the claims of women, Mr. Mill alone has treated the question on its fundamental principles. The apologists of woman have eluded the first dilemma in many ingenious ways. They have not ventured to go to the fountainhead and begin with the beginning. We have heard

much talk about moral superiority and mental equality, but more in the shape of guesses than of argument; and we have had an amount of wild statement on both sides which it is amazing should have been tolerated in any reasonable discussion. Men have gravely informed us that women were incapable of self-government, or of any share in the serious work of the world, notwithstanding the patent facts which we have only to open our eyes and see; and women, with equal gravity and more heat, have endeavoured to impress upon us the belief that they were competent to undertake the work of men, not instead of, but in addition to, their own. We have been told that the one sex is better and that it is worse than the other; that it is full of intuitive wisdom and intuitive folly; that it is stronger, that it is weaker, that it is purer, that it is wickeder. We have been told that most of the harm done in the world has originated with women; and we have been told that all the good comes from their influence and soft example. In the face of such assertions what is the puzzled spectator to do? If we could imagine an intelligent being looking on, who was neither man nor woman, and had no prejudices one way or another, listening to all this babble, yet casting his eyes around him in the world in the exercise of an independent judgment, what should we imagine his real impressions to be?

Looking down from some angelic height he would see a mass of creatures moving about on the face of the earth on that general level of humanity which is the first standing ground of the children of Adam. The chances are that his first look would convey to him an impression of intense similarity, almost uniformity. He would see the two halves of humanity not divided into two armies, but mingled and mixed up together with the most curious absence of primary identity. He would find on the whole that motive of a very similar character actuated the mass; that some were lofty and some petty, some wise and some foolish, some able and some stupid, with wonderfully little distinction of sex. The first glance would reveal this to him in a curiously confusing way, and would probably make the conditions of human life a very bewildering problem. And when those distinctions which do really mark out sex from sex became apparent to him, he would be more puzzled still. He would find many things expedient that are not altogether just. He would find necessities which nature imposed, but which abstract equity turned against. He would find indeed a great troubled confused uncertain world, ruled by anything but logic, not even ruled by justice, in which century after century had over again

demonstrated the impossibility not only of perfection in action or agreement in thought, but even of any universal infallible code of right and wrong as applied to the most intimate relations of life.

One can imagine a young and romantic angel putting his inexperienced hand to the work with the idea of bringing light out of darkness, and absolute order from the midst of this confusion. But we fear the chances are that he would soon withdraw in consternation from the difficult task. He would find conflicting claims too fine to be ever discriminated; interests which even the balance of the sanctuary would be unable to weigh and divide; rights and wrongs so involved and complicated that no trenchant steel of keen justice coming down upon them could do other than cut and sever many heartstrings in its descent. We who are not angels but men and women of the nineteenth century, very reluctant to allow that any hardship can exist for which a remedy is impossible, must inevitably find the matter a still more difficult one. And no doubt it is the inherent human consciousness of its supreme difficulties which has so long placed it out of the sphere of discussion. Now, however, when even this barrier is insufficient to restrain the audacity of argument, the question has become one which must be looked in the face; and the more seriously we can do it, and the less trust we put in those picturesque and sentimental pleas which tempt the advocates on both sides, the more likely we shall be to come to some real and satisfactory conclusion.

It is, however, humbling and painful to the serious inquirer to find that a subject so important should be introduced, even by a great writer and thinker from whom we might at least hope for facts and reason, by a fancy picture. Even Mr. Mill, whose genius is not dramatic or pictorial, cannot sufficiently wean himself from natural prejudices as to refrain in this matter from an attempt at the picturesque. Before he tells us what reforms he hopes for, or even explains to us his conception of the proper position and relations of men and women, he sketches for us their actual state. And as the sketch is one we can all verify or disprove the moment we turn our eyes from his pages upon the world around, the preface is of the most daring description. The subject woman is his heroine. He sets her before us, laden not only with personal chains, but with the shadow of those fetters in which her mother and all her female ancestors have been bound. As he writes there rises up before us the enormous shade of a despotism vaster and more monstrous than any other ever conceived by man—

a tyranny which enslaves its victims before their birth, which freezes the fountain of their life, which never relaxes, never varies, which skilfully seizes upon God's gifts to make them instruments of devilish oppression, which turns one half of the race into minute and scientific tyrants, and the other into blind and servile slaves. Selfishness has been often declared to be the moving principle of the world, but Mr. Mill has given a new aspect to selfishness. In those primeval days when Adam delved and Eve span, as soon as there were two creatures to have mutual relations with each other, the grand sentiment of Sex, according to his description, came into being—not that sentiment which inclines one soul towards the other and knits between them the closest and most subtle of all bonds, but a brutal sense of superior strength and determination to subjugate and oppress. The first Husband, whoever he may have been, saw in a moment, with an instinctive clearsightedness which does him infinite credit, the advantage of having a bondwoman. And from that moment to this the primitive conception has grown and intensified with every new generation. Thus the world itself is founded upon the basis of a vast injustice, a code of oppression more wide-spreading and deeply penetrating than any other which has cursed humanity. Other tyrannies have confined themselves to one race, or nation, or period. Some countries have still been free when others were enslaved; but this slavery has regarded no geographical bounds, and has extended over the entire face of the earth. In every community despotism has had its day, but there have been times when the empire has been a republic, when the tyrant has been set aside by the patriot, and the slave has tasted the delights of freedom. But between man and woman there have been no lapses into liberty. The hardest, most minute, and most galling of all despotisms has reigned with unbroken force in all times and all nations. It has paralysed the very root and origin of the human race. It has entered into every house and pervaded the most private, the most sacred moments of existence. There are times when the veriest slave who breathes, in his hovel or even his dungeon, may retire within himself and feel that there at least beyond the reach of his tyrant, he is free before God and a sympathetic heaven. But even this refuge has been denied to a woman. In her very thoughts she must bear the yoke—the hours which bring privacy and the relief of solitude to other slaves are her hardest moments of bondage. She cannot put her chains off her for a moment. The world which has come to reject and abhor the idea of slavery as respects a man, has no pity, no thought of her in her blacker captivity.

And the marks of a servitude more bitter, and long, and universal than any other bondage which this earth has ever known have eaten into her very soul. She is debased without knowing her debasement. She has sunk to that lowest depth of degradation at which the captive hugs his chains. She is an object of contempt, more or less openly displayed, to her husband who rules over her, to her sons whose birthright it is to rule over other women, to her brothers who have grown up beside her, to her father who has trained her for this long course of servitude. They are her nearest and her dearest, and yet one and all they put their feet upon her neck. This is the terrible picture which Mr. Mill places before us. So deeply has her bondage entered into her nature, he says, that after all these thousand years we are in no position to say what a woman can or cannot do. She has never had the ghost of fair play. She has been so held down, silenced, and oppressed, that we can scarcely even form a right idea of what she wishes, nor does she herself know what she wishes, her faculties being benumbed by the damps and chills of the prison-house in which she was born. The spectator is struck dumb by the appalling tableau on which he is thus invited to gaze. If it is so, what can this world be but a worse pandemonium, a darker hell? Even in hell, the miserable beings give each other what ease they can in their everlasting sufferings—but here, of each two one is the oppressor, the other the slave—one exults in his mastery, the other obeys with trembling—one is everything, the other nothing. Weak in body, crushed in mind, all hope and courage and natural delight gone out of her, the feeble creature drags her lengthening chain, the stronger mocks her with taunts, with jeers, with new impositions. Dante might have found a new torture for the wretched had he but dreamt of this theory of wedlock. Talk of binding a dead man to a living one as a supreme act of cruelty! It is a bagatelle in comparison with the burning chains, the insulting barbarous fetters, which eat into the soul of every woman who is a wife.

This is no exaggerated picture of Mr. Mill's statement of the past and present history of woman. And it would be little wonder if the mere thought of such a subjection should rouse and excite any generous mind. It is like the story with which an ancient minstrel might have roused the knights in Gloriana's court. Where is this dismal country? one can fancy Sir Artegal crying. One can imagine the jar of the armour, the clank of spur and scabbard, as one indignant warrior after another, flushed with rage and pity, sprang to his feet at the spirit-stirring tale. And even when it is told to ourselves in

days which are no longer those of chivalry, it is not to be denied that the breath quickens and the breast heaves. But as the fumes of the tale disperse and float away into the common daylight, a certain chill comes upon our enthusiasm. We ask ourselves with astonished voice, where is the home of such cruelty? What! can it be here in this smiling, weeping, loving, struggling, ordinary world that these things be? here, where though there are storms and troubles by times, the dew falls nightly and the sun rises every day, and millions of unconscious people take hands and smile upon each other without knowing that they are masters and slaves? Is this that country of despair? It is hard to recognise it when we turn from the gloomy image conjured up in the philosopher's study to the fresh daylight outside, and all that is being enacted before our eyes, between the green sod and the blue sky. There are subjects upon which such a writer speaks with authority which is all but supreme. We do not yield our judgment to him, yet his word has a weight which attaches to the utterance of few of his contemporaries. But this is not one of those special subjects. This is a matter on which we are all qualified to form an opinion. What we see and know has inevitably a greater influence with us than what we are told, and common experience, common eyesight, contradict Mr. Mill's picture at every turn. Was it not unwise at the very outset of a philosophical inquiry to put himself in sharp collision with the evident and visible? It is not a proof, perhaps, that his theory is wrong, but it is a proof that his judgment is sometimes warped by theory, and that he does not approach this subject at least with the candour and impartiality which become a great thinker. Should not we all have been more impressed by his arguments, more disposed to listen to his reasoning, had he allowed that, after all, the system he condemns had not worked badly in the majority of cases? He admits as much grudgingly, in half a dozen lines after he has given three times as many pages to the strangely fictitious picture we have just described. This is not to strengthen but to weaken the force of the real case which we are ready to suppose he has in reserve all the time. When Mr. Mill asserts that slavery is the basis of the law of marriage, he forgets that it is a contract by which the master is bound to labour for the slave, not the slave for the master.

And even after this preface which has somewhat shaken our confidence in him, it is disappointing to find that such an authority as Mr. Mill takes us to no higher ground in his attempt to clear up the old question between men and women

than that limited arena of equality upon which so many futile duels have been fought. Of all doubtful questions, this is one which must be the most doubtful to any thoughtful mind. Is there such a thing as equality, not only between men and women, but between any two creatures in the whole round of existence? Mr. Mill's very argument settles the question between the sexes without a moment's difficulty; for the fundamental and undeniable difference of bodily strength, which alone would make the subjection he describes possible, throws the balance so overwhelmingly in favour of one of the claimants, that the superiority of the other in point of intellect and character would need to be immense in order to neutralise that first advantage. Intellect is a great power; and no doubt in the long run it is that which solves all the difficulties, and finally settles the movements of humanity; but it does not reign at first hand, nor is it the undisputed monarch of the universe; and even did woman possess a monopoly of it, which is so far from being the case, it is doubtful whether that would have sufficed in the rude conflicts of the ages to enable her to hold her ground as an antagonist and athlete against the greater strength, the bolder temper, and the uninterrupted robustness of man. But, strangely enough, it is in this aspect alone that Mr. Mill apparently cares to consider it. It is to him no complicated matter which a hundred subtleties of nature combine to render difficult, but a simple question to be settled by that sleight of hand which is called legislation. It is strange to find so profound a mind taking so superficial a view. Even were his theory of equality a perfectly right and just one, did men and women stand upon precisely the same ground, adapted for the same work, framed on the same model, qualified to perform the same functions in the world, yet the very fact that for so many centuries they have not realised this, and in the meantime have been weaving themselves up in confused and intricate webs of prejudice and tradition, should move the philosopher to a keener sense of the infinite difficulties of the subject. These difficulties, which to us seem well nigh insurmountable, are in his opinion overcome by a simple change of conditions. He mixes up the fundamental question—which we may call that of the official superiority of man in the economy of the world—with local laws of marriage and individual hardships resulting from the same; strangely conceiving the greater to be produced by the less, and not the less by the greater. And looking on the matter in this light, the remedy becomes easy enough. It is but to repeal the laws which subject women to the legal au-

thority of their husbands, and to place the sexes on a footing of external equality. These words no doubt describe an outward revolution which would change, though not so much as appears on the face, many circumstances of our lives. It would not, however, change in one iota the laws or conditions of nature. The alteration would be simply external. The disabilities of woman removed, the superstition of her different standing in the world abolished, her equality recognised, her rights guaranteed, a perfect legal level of position established between men and women—this is Mr. Mill's remedy for all her evils. He does not flatter us, indeed, that the immediate result will be perfect blessedness, for she is, he thinks, too profoundly debased by her subjection to recover all in a moment. But the acknowledgment of her equality is all that is wanted in the long run; and as soon as she has become accustomed to her enfranchisement her griefs will disappear by degrees, and Woman for the first time will be happy, being free.

This is a summary way of settling the difficulty, and, if it were possible, would be a very easy one; but Mr. Mill does not seem to perceive that any law on such a subject must be but an expression of some deep primitive sentiment, and that while the former can be dealt with, the latter is beyond the reach of legislation. For our own part, we agree with Mr. Mill to a great extent as to the injustice of some existing laws which press very hardly upon women; and are perfectly disposed to accept the alterations he suggests, believing that they would furnish a real remedy for a distinct grievance. We believe that a great and universal injury—the injury of an insult—is done to all women by the present state of the marriage law in England. Were it universally—as it is in the vast majority of cases—a dead letter, it would still outrage the sensibilities of one half of the race; and no end that is worth serving can be served by that. To say that a woman loses all rights, all property, all identity, as soon as she is married—although it is the merest legal fiction and idle breath—is in its actual words an insult to every woman. Nobody believes that the bride, when her husband leads her from the church door over the scattered flowers, herself the very flower and blossom of humanity, the perfection and the origin of life, is the chattel of the man by her side—a thing transformed, lost to the world and the race, absorbed in him, and with no further claim to personal existence. But yet the law says as much in the plainest language, and Mr. Mill builds upon this his dismal survey of the condition of women. It is not true, and all the enactments in the world could not make it so;

and—not to speak of marriage settlements and the precautions of anxious parents—that mutual dependence which is the law of nature, and love which is the origin of wedlock, and the most ordinary good sense and good feeling suffice, except in individual instances, to nullify the law. The grievance chiefly complained of is, let us say, a sentimental grievance, and practically makes very little difference to the happiness of married women generally; but there are not perhaps a hundred married women in England to whom at one time or other the phraseology of the law has not conveyed a stinging sense of humiliation and insult. This has little to do with the abstract question of equality—it does not affect the subordination of the wife to the husband or the virtual authority of the bread-winner. It is a gratuitous offence and an actual falsehood. And at the same time it sets a door of opportunity open to the exceptional monsters of the race. 'Absolute fiends are as rare as angels, perhaps 'rarer,' says Mr. Mill; but when the fiend appears, as happens at intervals, the law hands his victim over to him with cheerful readiness. It provides the knife and the cord, and places every instrument of torture within the reach of the operator. It will not let him kill her, unless he is exceptionally gifted; but it lets him rob her, starve her, ruin her, beat away her hands from every help she clings to, neutralise all her efforts, take the bread out of her mouth and the children out of her arms, and make her life a continued torture. All this can be done in the name of the law which insults the happiest wife, while it thus crushes the unfortunate. This is a question altogether apart from the general question between the sexes. It is a special practical matter, susceptible of amendment. The Married Woman's Property Bill, without offering any facilities for separation, or interfering in any way with the husband's position as a husband, offers a remedy which will cancel the sentimental grievance, and do as much for the real evil as can be done in this life. For at the best it is doubtful, when there is really a bad man or a bad woman in the case, if law can do anything that will be really effectual. It cannot enter into the privacy which secludes husband and wife from all the world. It can endow a woman with the control of her own property, but it cannot prevent her from being wheedled or bullied out of it at any of the many moments in which a married pair are alone together. Even in this point, the only one in which it can do anything, it is astonishing how little the law can do. But we have no room to enter into this part of the question. We repeat, the Married Woman's Property Bill would remove to a great degree the actual injustice Mr. Mill

complains of, would bind bad men from the exercise of exceptional tyrannies, and relieve some suffering women; and it would free all from a statute which is an injury and an offence. But it would not affect, except nominally and in the most limited way, those arrangements which to him seem its artificial produce and to us appear the laws of nature. The bond of marriage is too intimate, and the parties are left too completely at each other's mercy, to make any external code absolutely supreme between them. We must search farther and go deeper before we can see where the foundation of the matter actually lies.

And strangely enough in this unjust and cruel and insulting law of marriage there is a germ of natural truth, which recognises something deeper in the question than Mr. Mill is disposed to recognise. 'The two,' he says with indignation, 'are called one person in the law, for the purpose of inferring that whatever is hers is his; but the parallel inference is never drawn, that whatever is his is hers; the maxim is not applied against the man, except to make him responsible to third parties for her acts, as a master is for the acts of his servants or his cattle.' Here then is the hypothesis which Mr. Mill will not take into consideration, but which we are compelled to take into consideration, and which in reality affects the whole question. They are 'one person in law.' This Mr. Mill asserts to be a cruel fiction. It is utterly contrary to the idea of two equally endowed, similarly able persons entering into a contract of mutual profit and assistance. It is here that we completely join issue with the so-called champion of women. It is here also that the real principle comes in, which he has treated, externally, as a matter of legislation alone—and far though we should be from placing ourselves on any other question on the same level with Mr. Mill, we have a conviction that in this point we speak with a fuller knowledge of the feeling of women, who are the parties most concerned. And we assert that this faulty law has yet amid all its offensive and tyrannical enactments caught sight of the principle in which lies all the difficulties of the question, and which Mr. Mill ignores. It is, that the man and the woman united in the first of all primitive bonds, the union upon which the world and the race depend, *are* one person. We say it not sentimentally or poetically, but with the profoundest sense of reality and seriousness. If they were two the matter would be easy. It would but be to establish the balance by law as Mr. Mill suggests and to keep it even; a business requiring the watchfulness of Argus, yet probably manageable by dint

of pains and trouble. The secret of all that is hard and dangerous and bewildering in the matter, is simply the fact that in very truth the two *are* one.

We cannot, indeed, believe that any candid reader can fairly look the question in the face, and accept an explanation of it which so resolutely skims the surface. If the highest claim of woman was, as Mr. Mill declares, that of being a perfectly equal and similar creature, occupying exactly the same ground and possessing the same powers as man, in respect to intellect, character, and endowments, then there could remain no doubt of woman's fundamental inferiority on any reasonable mind. We repeat: if they are precisely the same kind of beings with no differences except those which are physical, then we allow without a moment's hesitation that women are the natural inferiors of men. Equality must embrace the whole being; it cannot be taken as belonging only to a part of it. And woman is confessedly and unmistakeably man's inferior in one part of her being; therefore, unless she is as unmistakeably his superior in another, she can have no claim to consider herself his equal. Now it cannot be asserted for an instant that she is notably his superior in intellect; all that the boldest theoriser ever dreams of asserting is that she is equal with him in that particular, while she is manifestly not equal to him in bodily strength and personal courage. Thus in every way in which we can put the comparison, so long as we examine the two as competitors for one prize, her inferiority is marked and undeniable. If we could say, the woman is weaker, less courageous, incapable of the violent exertion which comes natural to her companion, and which is necessary for the maintenance of life; but at the same time she has a greater power of thought, a much higher grasp of the necessities of the position, a mind which can guide him in his ruder work—we should then be at ease in the contrast and feel that the point of equality had been reached. But this it is altogether out of our power to say. That her intellect is as good as his, is all that we can assert, and even this with hesitation and uncertainty; but then intellect is but one part, and her other powers are not so good as his. Must we therefore conclude that the woman is inferior? Taking Mr. Mill's ground that she is exactly the same kind of creature as the man, we are certainly driven to that conclusion. We cannot get out of it by any expedient of logic. We have no superfluity on one side to put against the want in the other. Equal in one point she is deficient in another, and deficiency means inferiority. With all our desire to make out a flaw, we are

obliged to yield before the facts which will allow no comparison. Not being man's superior anyhow, in natural constitution, she cannot be man's equal, let us twist the matter how we will.

But let us turn for one moment to the other view of the question. It is that a woman is a woman, and not a lesser edition of man. The competition in which we are for ever labouring to involve them, has no existence in nature. They are not rivals, nor antagonists. They are two halves of a complete being. The offices they hold in the world are essentially different. There is scarcely any natural standing ground which we can realise on which these two creatures appear as rivals. The very thought is preposterous. Shall the woman challenge the man to a trial of strength? Shall the man pit himself against the woman for delicacy of eye and taste? Shall she plough the heavy fields with him, wading through the new-turned mould, or shall he watch the children with her, patient through the weary vigil? An exchange of place and toil, the man taking the indoor work and the woman the outdoor, in order to prove the futility of their mutual discontent, was a favourite subject with the old ballad-makers; and the witty minstrel is generally very great on the domestic confusion that follows, and gives the wife the best of it. But the fact is that such a rivalry can be nothing but a jest. The two are not rivals, they are not alike. They are different creatures. They are one.

To illustrate this theory we have but to look at the life which they lead together. Civilisation has a wonderful faculty for altering and confounding the natural conditions of existence. But in primitive circumstances it is always the man who is the bestower of material advantages; it is his to give, to provide for, to labour, to protect. He is the bread-winner—the strength is his. It is he alone who without intermission can face the outside world, and force a subsistence out of the reluctant soil or the barren seas. When the typical pair set out together who are to found all human economies, all domestic relations, and from whom the new life is to proceed—and every new pair is but a repetition of the first—nature places them at once with a certainty beyond theory in their traditional places. The woman has an office to perform which renders unremitting labour impossible to her. She is the fountain of life, bound by all the laws of her nature to guard the sacred seed and bring it forth to crush the serpent's head, and fill the world with increase and gladness. The man may shirk his work, but hers she cannot shirk. And in the pride and joy of her special office there mingles a sacred shame which compels her

to intervals of seclusion and avoidance of the world's gaze. Her life is interrupted, broken up into morsels; now she can go forth, can work if it be needful, can use in any way that may be necessary the faculties that God has given her: and anon there comes a time in which all such labours must be suspended in consideration of something else which God has given her to do. But the man has no interruptions to his life; his strength is steady without breach or variation. What partnership is there that can have any analogy with this? Let us suppose that they laboured together in their Eden a little while, scarcely knowing which was which in the first sweet unity of being. And then the time came when he went out alone to labour, and she in her sanctity of weakness stayed at home. When he returned how could it be otherwise than that one for whom he had been toiling all day should meet him with offices of service, with domestic ministrations, with grateful lessening of herself and magnifying of him? From that moment must not equality have fled to the winds like all other foolish pretences? The man was out all day toiling, struggling, meeting the winds and the storm, the sun beating on his head, the powers of nature resisting him; what could he be but king when he returned to that first hut or hovel and stretched out his weary limbs by the new-lighted fire? Service was his due. The food he had earned, must it not be offered to him, with observances copied afar off from those with which the gifts of His giving were offered back again to God? The imagination refuses to believe in, refuses to frame, any other conception. His inferior—that might or might not be—but his servant, yes—his minister, the natural Second, the born solace and consolation. When we cast our eyes back to the primeval husband and wife—when we turn to any subsequent pair who have ever set out upon the world like Adam and Eve, we find the same course of events recurring in infallible sequence. This is fact and nature let theory say what it will. The woman in such a union is in no way called upon to be the man's inferior. She may be intellectually his superior even, and it will not change the course of nature. She will serve him should all the world interfere to prevent her. She will spread his table, and watch his wishes, and give him of his own, with rites of gratitude, with flowers and incense, and a whole liturgy of ministration. Eve would have done it had Mr. Mill been there ever so distinctly, shaking his head at her, and bidding her remember the rules of equality. Equality! what does it mean? Has it any existence as between any two people in intimate relations on the

face of the earth? And were it established over and over, were it measureable by line and weight like any tangible material, what place is there for its consideration between the two thus linked and bound together, the one the supplement of the other? Man goes out to his work and labour till the evening. Woman prepares for him, waits for him, serves him at home. So natural is this, that when, as the case may be, it is a woman who is the bread-winner for a household of women, the worker is turned into an impromptu superior on the spot, and served and waited on as the man in other circumstances is waited on and served. It is the hire of the labourer, the reward of the provider; an instinctive law which antedates all legislation, and lies at the very root and beginning of all human affairs.

Thus, though we have declared without hesitation our belief that the law which takes all property and all right from married women is an insult and injustice, equally cruel and unwise, we are ready to grant as frankly that the economical position of man is that of the superior, the first in the natural hierarchy. He it is whose office is to maintain, support, and protect. He may not always be equal to the duties of this office. He may by nature be no more powerful, no more stedfast, no more trustworthy, in fact, than the wife who is recognised as dependent on him. But in his official position he stands first, and has in his favour all the instincts and prejudices of nature. It is vain to assert of a rule which is so universal that it originates in the arbitrary will of the stronger half of the species. We might say on the contrary, with much greater appearance of justice, that it is women who have framed this infallible law. Every observer, whose eyes are open to the common facts about him, will see it re-enacted every day by every bride who crosses the threshold of a new household. Mr. Mill will tell us that this is the result of defective education, and of the long habit of slavery; but let him take the most high-spirited young woman he can find, trained in his own school, and roused to full defence of the theoretical rights of her sex by the enthusiasm of youth and vehement sectarian education, and let her but marry a man she loves, and the philosopher will find the code re-established, it may be secretly, it may be with a sense of guilt and confusion, and even treachery to her own cause, ere she has well taken her place in her new kingdom. She may rule her husband even, yet she will serve him; she may lead him blindfold by right of love, or wit, or superior character, and yet she will minister to him, wait upon him, offer him sacrifices as if

she were the commonest daughter of Eve. For were the confusing conditions of our civilisation abolished, along with dowers and laws of property and marriage settlements, would it not be his office to work for her? His it must be to protect her, whatever external dangers come their way; his to toil when Providence forbids her from toiling; his to stand between her and the world, and screen off from her at those moments when nature demands seclusion, the offensive gaze of the crowd. Far be it from us to dwell with prurient sentiment upon the details of that grand function which is the distinguishing work of woman in the world. But any theory of her being which ignores it, or gives it a secondary place, or in any way whatever leaves it out of the calculation, is inevitably a futile theory. Let us imagine even that at other times she may be capable of maintaining her own independence and securing her livelihood apart from the help of man—yet at these times she is not so capable. It is then that his strength which is liable to no interruption asserts its superiority. He has nothing to do which calls him off his day's work, prompts him to seek the covert, puts him aside from ordinary employments. Such a fact makes rivalry utterly impossible. It would be as reasonable to expect that a soldier engaged in a dangerous campaign, and with the necessity upon him of periodically confronting death, and running all the risks of a battle, should at the same time compete with a civilian in some art or handicraft. The comparison is weak, for there is no reason why the soldier should not be in robust health up to the moment of marching, and it is his own life only which is concerned. But the women who are men's wives are bound in most cases to undergo periodically a risk which is as great as that which any individual soldier encounters in a battle. And they have not only to brace their nerves to encounter this danger for themselves, but it is their grand moment of responsibility, when they must vindicate the trust reposed in them by God and the world. Can there be any doubt that this essential element of her life at once and for ever disables a woman from all trial of strength and rude equality with man? Nobody but a fool, we believe, will assert that the burden of this great trust stamps her as inferior. It would be just as reasonable to say that it gave her a superior place in the economy of nature as the possessor of a faculty more utterly essential to the continuance of the race. But there can be no doubt about the fact that it separates her and her work and her office from the office and work of man. The two are not made to contend and compete and run races for the same prize.

There is no natural opposition, but on the contrary harmony unbounded in their differences of nature—harmony which can never be attained by two creatures framed on the self-same plan.

And thus, we repeat, the old harsh contemptuous law which Mr. Mill condemns, and which we no less condemn, melts into a certain sense of the necessities of nature which he refuses to acknowledge. With an economic provision for this most important of woman's disabilities, it qualifies her husband to act for her at all times, and binds him to provide for her. Marriage has its conditions which are hard upon him as well as upon her. He cannot be free any more than she is. By the laws of equality, might not he too demand to leave off his work by times, and let her shift for herself? The hardships are not all on her side. He must go on whether he likes it or no, while she may pause and rest; there can be no break in his labours, for everything depends upon him; not only the moral but a legal obligation binds him hand and foot. He is as subject as his wife is. The claims made upon him by her needs and the needs of her children impede his natural liberty as completely as the yoke of conjugal submission does hers. An unmarried man moves lightly about the world, consulting his own pleasure or advantage, following the suggestions of his own fancy, taking the path that pleases him best, or changing his course as inclination and circumstances suggest. But all this freedom of action is lost for a man when he marries. He has given, as we say, hostages to society. He has to do henceforward not what he likes, but what he must; he has to earn bread not lightly for one, but painfully for two, or three, or any indefinite ever-increasing number. He has to sustain and shield and bear with the weaknesses of a companion, whose private share of the troubles of life must prevent her from being always the delight to him which she is supposed to be at the outset. Thus he buys his economic post of superiority dearly enough; and he cannot abandon it. He, too, may find it oppressive by times, and if he is not insulted by any assault upon his identity on the part of the law, he is subject to the onslaught of Mr. Mill, for example, no contemptible assailant, and has to submit to be told that he is a tyrant and oppressor, the representative of a long line of oppressors, the last slaveholder left in a reformed world. While we write, a sense of pity for man comes over us. And he behaves very well on the whole under the circumstances. He utters very few serious moans over his disabilities and his bondage. Sometimes, it is true, the poor soul permits himself a jeer, not

so much at his wife as at her friends. But when we think of it, it is seldom he who discloses the secrets of the prison-house, or laments over his lost liberty. Is there not here a certain self-renunciation as well as on the other side? Another kind of equality not recognised by Mr. Mill—the equality of common sacrifices, common self-denials, mutual aids, interposition of the strength of one to succour the weakness of another, of the service of one to recompense the fatigues of another, of perpetual interchange, sympathy, and help—reveals itself when we look at the world through the daylight and not through any philosophical spectacles. As a speculation, we might almost say that the theory of man's position as the sustainer and protector of woman was man's invention—and that the theory of woman's subjection was woman's corollary to that first grand principle. Did Mr. Mill succeed to-morrow to free the weaker sex from all disabilities, and proclaim their absolutely equal rights, he would find the ancient circle recommence from the moment that the two recommenced their life. Next day the new bridegroom would go forth from his chamber rejoicing to toil for the being he loved best, and next evening the bride would fly to her door to greet the returning labourer, would spread his board and serve his food, and recognise herself as the Second, not the First. Amen! In such a union we recognise a dignity and harmony which exists in no other partnership. Men are bad and women are bad, and the whole matter sometimes ends in misery, and chaos, and warfare, all the more dreadful because the bond ought to produce the highest peace and content. But that is not the fault of law or of nature, or of anything but those evil tendencies to which the race is undeniably liable, and from which we have no present prospect of being ever completely set free.

As for the possession of political power by a married woman in independence of that possessed by her husband, we cannot but feel the idea to run counter to the whole theory of married life. This is not to say that the woman is to take no interest in politics, to form no opinions, to be politically dead. But there is no social justice in giving to two people so closely bound by all the complications of nature as to be, to all intents and purposes one, two voices in the commonwealth. This is as much as to abrogate altogether the family constitution, the first primitive constituency. We have pointed out, we trust with sufficient clearness, the impossibility of woman holding her own as against man in any race of individualities; but when she is united to man, perfecting and being perfected by the conjunction, it is unjust to the rest of the world that this com-

posite being should have two voices in the sway of the world. It is one, not in imagination but in reality, and why should it speak as for two? Nobody who has ever come into collision (being but a solitary individual) with a pair of married persons will fail to see the weight of this. The double being is so strong in its double sense of one interest, so curiously wrapt in its compound adherence to its one opinion, that the single opponent is generally wound to a point of exasperation which no encounter with another solitary would produce. For there can be little doubt that the two will almost invariably agree, whether by better information on one side—and that without doubt the man's—or by stronger feeling on some special point, which may just as likely be the woman's—in which case the effect would be simply that one opinion would obtain two expressions. If, on the contrary, the two disagreed, it would not only introduce a jar into their union, but would be a simple stultification of the family voice and obliteration of its influence. In this, as in so many other things, it seems to us a positive impossibility to sever the two who are one. They have one home, one interest, one place in the world; the one, whenever absent, is represented in an inexpressible but perfectly real way by the other. We cannot explain how it is, but we know that it is. They agree together, whatever may be their differences between themselves, to maintain in almost all ordinary matters a policy of unanimity before the world, knowing well that their one voice thus united is worth far more than it would be divided. Nature thus demonstrates the wisest mode of procedure; for there is no law which forbids a woman in other matters from standing on her own opinion and saying her independent say; and we are not blind enough to believe that she is so intimidated as to be afraid of expressing herself on common subjects. Here, once more, it is not a matter of individual right, but of social necessity and policy, and what we may call the economics of humanity. The two have given up their separate privileges, which is the fundamental question—they have relinquished the right to live where they like, to do what they like, with little less abandonment on one side than the other. And to give one interest two voices, one thought two expressions, would be not to ease but to complicate the workings of government, whether in its higher or in its lower levels.

This part of the subject brings us suddenly to an entirely new class and new matter of discussion. Mr. Mill's book is in a great measure about wives and their miseries, but the atmosphere in it is not the atmosphere of wedlock. We seem to perceive as we read the presence around the philosopher of an

audience totally different from that common mass of humanity which toils along the weary ways of the world two by two, with minds so much occupied by practical toils and difficulties as to have little time for fine discussions. A woman in the heat of her natural work, with her husband to care for, and her children to bring up, has seldom leisure to measure herself against him or any other man she meets and speculate which is the tallest. Neither has an ordinary man, with his daily work to do, much time to waste in such speculations. In ordinary life, notwithstanding what the newspapers say and the 'Saturday Review,' men do not generally despise their wives. They have got to know in most cases after a few years what each other's opinion is practically worth. And their consultations are not biassed by any theory about the abstract weight attaching to a man's or a woman's advice. The fact is it is Mary's opinion and not the abstract woman's which her husband cares for. And when she asks herself what John will say, it is not any immediate sense of subjection to the abstract man which mingles with her anxiety. But apart from these matter-of-fact ordinarily-occupied people, who fulfil the duties of their several sexes without carrying the distinction consciously about with them, there is a class of which we desire to speak with all respect, which is gradually becoming more and more influential, so far, at least, as speech goes, to which all Mr. Mill's arguments more distinctly refer, and which, indeed, in some degree occupies the theoretical position he claims for womankind,—we mean the class of highly cultivated, able, mature, unmarried women who have never undergone the natural experiences of their sex, and really feel themselves in the position to compete with men, without fear or favour. This class is rarely taken into account in any discussion of the claims of women, yet it has inspired all such discussions, and is the only portion of the sex which can really benefit by them. Their influence is apparent in everything Mr. Mill says—which may be supposed an injurious suggestion to make, but is not really so—for they are, without doubt, intellectually superior to the ordinary mass of women, and still more certainly are much more like men. We repeat that we desire to speak of them with all respect. Looking at them from a point of view totally different from their own, we can yet grant to these exceptional women the applause due to high motives, high spirit, great activity and independence of thought, perfect purity of intention, and the most generous desire to help and further all good works. At the height of life and health, superior to other women by their exemption from all the dis-

abling consequences of marriage, superior to men by their more perfect temperance and self-restraint, it is but natural that they should resent with fiery indignation not unmingled with a certain bitter amusement, the vulgar theory of woman's inferiority. They know themselves full of power to work and act as men do, and can perceive no reason why they should be limited to those arts of domestic management and industry which are the natural accompaniments of a life interrupted by childbirth and absorbed in family cares. Their lives are subject to no interruption; they are as free as men, as able for fatigue, as ready to embark in any venture. Their education may not be so thorough—at least it is probably not classical—but in knowledge of the world and experience of it, in acquaintance with modern literature and the habits of the modern mind, they feel themselves no whit inferior. And if they ever dreamt of union with the other section of humanity, the dream has either passed away or changed in character. To them the plea of equality is natural—they have declined to accept any other standing-ground. Why should not all the professions of men be open to them? why should they lie under arbitrary disabilities which have not been laid on them by nature? Our old scruples and precautions are simply unmeaning to them, not because of any unwomanliness on their part, but because they have passed the age at which one set of scruples operate, and have kept themselves free from those engagements which promote another. And if Mr. Mill or any other social reformer asks us candidly why these women should not exercise the suffrage or any other right they happen to covet, we feel ourselves driven into a corner, and have no answer to make. They are as strong, as courageous, as clever as their masculine contemporaries. They have no occasion to hide themselves, no mystery going on within them which shrinks from the eye of day. Their lives stretch on clear before them like those of men, unhampered by any of the usual feminine burdens. In short, they are quite able to stand up and try their strength against the first-comer. And if we are to be asked why should not they? we can give no satisfactory reply. Why not if they like it, is all the faltering response we can make. We might jeer at their boldness, but that is a cheap and not very telling argument. We might thunder against their unwomanliness and beat them back to the level of their sex, but that would be futile, and it would be foolish. They are quite able to judge for themselves, and we have no right to beat them back. If they like it why should not they have votes? Their position is exceptional, and so it is quite possible

may be their rights. There is no precedent on the subject. Such a class has no place in the primitive records, and frankly we have no reasoning to bring to bear upon them. They are very well able to manage their own lives and those of their dependents, and we can give no reason why they should not be able to manage a learned profession or some department of public life. We have our prejudices, but we have no right to guide our fellow-creatures by our prejudices; and no rational creature can assert, at least with any hope of being able to believe his own assertion, that a young fellow of four or five and twenty, just emancipated from the bondage of education, is by mere right of his manhood able to judge on any public or political question better than a highly educated woman ten or fifteen years his senior, who probably fills a much more important place than he does in the world. Any such assertion would be ridiculous. The woman has most likely fifty times more experience, more practical knowledge, possibly more common sense, almost certainly more education except as regards Latin and Greek; and to tell us that she is not equally able to choose her county member, or for that matter if she likes it, to propose him on the hustings, is simple nonsense. Why should not she do it, if she has a mind? The question is so utterly unanswerable that it awakens within us a certain comic bewilderment. Why should not she? For our own part we know of no reply.

If she likes it, the chances are that she would be of admirable use in many practical matters, and could work upon committees, and manage poor-laws, and education, and reformatory movements, and boards of works, and all the benevolent-political work of the country, as well as any set of men. She is as she declares herself to be, a force unemployed, a capacity going to waste, and if she chooses to enforce and insist upon her rights, we cannot see what reasonable argument can be brought against her: nor have we any doubt that she will obtain them in the long run, if she perseveres; and she is sure to persevere.

There is one curious fact, however, to be noted in passing, on this branch of the subject. When the class of independent, house-holding, and wealth-possessing women is referred to publicly, it is generally described as composed of the unmarried and widows. Many of the latter, we all know, have a man's work and responsibility thrust upon them, in respect to everything but politics; they have estates to manage, children to bring up, the well-being of many dependents in their hands. And they have gone through all the experienenees of life, and have had a double share of its practical education.

The curious fact to which we have referred is, that very few, if any, women of this class have publicly joined the agitation for political rights. Their claim would be even less answerable than that of the unmarried. Yet they do not seem to think the privilege worth asking for. How does this happen? Wives demand it, who have already a share in their husbands' voice; but the widow makes no demand. Is it that life is too busy with her to leave room for the franchise, or too serious to be lightened by it? The silence is as strange a fact as any in the story of this agitation.

But the able, stedfast, self-sustaining being above described is not a type of ordinary women; she is not even a type of the mass of the unmarried, whose numbers we have so perpetually dinned into our ears, but for whom Mr. Mill on the whole has but little to say. On the other hand, the authors of 'Woman's 'Work' have a great deal to say for them, and enforce their rights to labour with reasonings sometimes sensible, but sometimes infinitely droll; as when Miss Jessie Boucherett appeals to the men and hairdressers of England with a highly-wrought and sometimes indignant eloquence to emigrate, and leave their places to the unemployed women! This question, too, is of an entirely practical character, a matter which cannot be settled on any general principle, but rather by the rules of possibility and expediency. We believe, for our own part, for instance, that educated medical women well qualified to treat female diseases would be a great boon to society. In one special branch of practice they would be simply invaluable, and such a consolation to suffering women as only women can fully understand. Even now in the existing state of affairs, the services of women imperfectly educated are eagerly taken advantage of, and the comfort it would be to many a pain-worn creature to see a person of her own sex at her bedside is simply incalculable. Doctors are very kind and sympathetic as a rule, and the whispered scandals which sometimes breathe about the corners of society as to the disadvantages in point of morality of their close attendance upon their female patients are, we believe, as diabolically unfounded as Miss Jex-Blake in her article on the subject of Medical Education for Women indignantly declares them to be. But still every medical man must know how women shrink from the statement of their own symptoms in serious and delicate cases; and how universally the patient's story has to be filtered through some female attendant, who may on her part boggle over the tale, and is certainly not bound to understand it. It is easy to laugh at Dr. Mary and Dr. Lucy; and, indeed, laughter has for long

been the understood way, and a very cheap one, of begging the whole question. But this special advantage is one which we believe medical men themselves will not deny the truth of, and which women in general, who must be the best judges in the matter, would pray for with all their hearts. There would be of course, to start with, a certain terror of trusting themselves in untried hands; but this doubt has but to be removed to make women unanimous, we believe, on this point.

This is one thing, however, and the education which qualifies for it is another, and there are difficulties in respect to that, and all other professional training which are far from easy to deal with. Miss Jex-Blake in the essay already referred to, and which is beyond question the most valuable of the series, has given a very clear account of the difficulties attending medical education as respects admission to universities, studying along with the ordinary students, &c. From this it will be evident to the reader, that the steady energy and devotion to her object which a woman must possess in order to acquire the knowledge necessary to her entrance into this profession, are of so high an order as to raise her entirely above the level of those ordinary unenthusiastie neophytes who do their work because they are obliged to do it, and are doctors because their parents destine them to be so. It can only be a personal choice, and the strongest bias of mind and sense of duty, which could nerve a young woman to confront all these obstacles, and force her way in spite of them. We avow that we do not understand how it can be done at all—but it has been done, and we are not called upon to understand but only to acknowledge the fact. We ought to add to all we have already said, a hope that henceforward the barriers will be removed and the entrance into those fields of learning made easy for every woman who chooses it. But the hope fails somehow at the moment of utterance. Not that we dislike female doctors, or fail to appreciate the admirable places they might fill and the good they would do; but because, frankly, professional education for women is a thing in which our belief is very limited. Of all the numberless crusades of the day there has been none more warm and lively than that which takes up the question of female education generally. There have been so many words expended on the subject that we are reluctant to enter into it with further waste of breath; but yet it is a branch of the general subject, and cannot be dismissed without notice. The result of the present commotion of the public miud on this point seems to be a general feeling that to extend that monotonous classical training in respect to which, for our boys, we now and then take a

cold shiver of apprehension, asking ourselves with doubts which it is difficult to silence, is this really the best we can do for them?—to our girls, is to do them the fullest justice, and to provide for all possible necessities. We are aware, all the same, that when the preparation for actual life commences in any but an academical career, we have to tear our sons away from the traditions of school and compel them to 'go in' for a totally distinct kind of training; but yet we are told that an entirely superior new generation of women will be produced when we succeed in tying our girls to the system of education thus proved futile for all but one special class of our boys. This is surely a very unreasonable conclusion. So far as the higher classes are concerned, who can choose their own education, it seems to us that there is a great deal to be said in favour of the present theory, which makes living languages the portion of the sister, while the brother is fighting his way through Ovid and Catullus: and if, as so often happens, it is she, and not he, who reads Dante and Goethe, is she really so much his inferior in point of intellectual training? It is far from our desire to say a word which should imply indifference to the spread of education; but if women are virgin soil, as people say, in this respect, why should we conclude indiscriminately that the thing best to do for them is to extend to them the monotonous supremacy of an education which many of us regard as unsuitable for half at least of the minds at present subjected to it? If ever there was a case for selection, surely this would be the opportunity; though the authorities generally seem to prefer imitation and uniformity. With the same curious repetition of past efforts, we find that the courses of lectures which were to make our working men into sages and heroes, are cropping up again for the benefit of women. Even in such a matter as this are we never to find anything new under the sun?

But when we turn to the consideration of professional education for girls, we feel that we have returned to the general fundamental conditions of women, and can only argue the one question by an appeal to the other. Professional education in man occupies all the season of youth. He has reached his majority at least before he is qualified to put his powers to the test, and exercise the knowledge he has gained. Unless he steps into an exceptional position, reaping the benefit of some one else's labours, the first ten or fifteen years of manhood are spent in a struggle for position more or less hard in proportion to his talents and his character, and his power of awaiting a slow result. Under favourable circumstances, of

course, this struggle is not mortal, but it always requires the man's full force, his clearest judgment, and most careful labour. If he is prosperously established in the exercise of his profession at thirty-five, with a clear prospect of gain and social honour, he has done as well as he could possibly hope, and can look forward with tolerable confidence on the career before him. During this early struggle he has to exert all his powers; if he pauses for a moment he knows that it is at the hazard not of losing that moment alone but of sacrificing ten times its value. The road is so uphill that he slides down one step for every three he makes, and is aware that to stop short or turn aside on the way is destruction. A temporary illness sometimes neutralises years of labour: he must be always at his post, pushing on with speed unbroken. Should he fall some one else is ready to jostle him out of the already too crowded way. Such is a very ordinary statement of the usual difficulties which beset the path, say, of a young physician; and the other professions are not less toilsome. Let us see what effect these obstacles would have on the career of the candidate were it a woman and not a man.

The first thing we have to imagine is that the girl's entire youth, its bloom, and softest years should be passed like that of the young man in the steady pursuit of knowledge. At one-and-twenty, by the devotion of all her youth, she is qualified to enter upon the practice of her profession; when lo! there appears at the threshold of life the most natural of all interruptions to a young woman's career, a young husband ready to take upon himself the charge of her fortunes. She is married let us suppose, her education being no bar to the exercise of the primitive duties of her sex; and let us also imagine that she is loth to sacrifice at a stroke the labours of so many years, and that she attempts to combine professional exertions with the duties of a wife. She works for a year, let us say with intermissions, finding it more and more difficult to maintain her place against the lively competition of men who have no divided duty. Then she is stopped short by the inevitable discharge of the primary function of woman. This business over, she resumes again with a heart and attention sorely divided between the claims of the infant she leaves at home and the duties she finds outside. During the interval of her seclusion, however restricted in point of time, every one of her male competitors has made a stride before her. Faltering and discouraged she resumes her laborious way; and if she has the energy of half a dozen men in her single person, if her courage is indomitable, and her determination sublime, she perhaps

manages by a strain of mind and body which it would be impossible to continue long, to make up half of the ground she has lost; when lo another interruption comes, and she has to step aside again and bear her feminine burden, and see her competitors, light and unladen, stride past once more. This is the inevitable course, known only too well to every woman who has endeavoured to combine professional exertions with the ordinary duties of a man's wife. Other complications such as we shrink from mentioning, probably come in to take all the elasticity out of a mind so burdened. Her children born amid these cares, and injured before their birth by the undue activity of brain which weakens their mother's physical powers, come into the world feeble or die in her arms, quenching out her courage in the bitterest waves of personal suffering. This is no fancy picture. At every step in her career it becomes less possible for her to maintain the unequal conflict. Her competitors have marched far before her, while she toils and strives midway on the steep ascent. They have gone on without intermission; she has had to stop short again and again in her course. With what sickness of heart, with what a weary hopeless sense of the unattainable, and desperate consciousness of the mistake, she maintains the struggle, only they can tell who have done it, and happily the number is not great. Such is all that a woman has to expect who attempts to combine the work of a man to which she has been trained with the common duties of female life.

On the other hand, let us suppose that she puts aside the profession she has acquired and gives herself up to domesticity and wifehood until the period of childbearing is over, and her special responsibilities so far accomplished. This period cannot be estimated at less than twenty years. It may be considerably shorter; it is sometimes longer; but we are not understating the possibilities if we grant that at forty she may consider herself emancipated from woman's natural disabilities, and may stretch out her hands towards the tools which she put from her all new and shining at one-and-twenty. Will these tools have improved or will they have deteriorated in the meantime? Will her training of twenty years ago come back all fresh to her memory as if it had been but twenty days? Will the world be so good as to stand still in the meantime and keep everything just as it was in the days of her apprenticeship that she may begin again with some chance of success? Alas, no! this is precisely what the world will not do. She will find her fellow-students a hundred miles ahead of her, and their sons ready to tread on her heels and gibe at her old-world principles.

She will be of the old school, before she has even begun to put in practice her rusty knowledge. She will feel in herself the painful consciousness of faculties blunted by want of use, and powers numbed by long inaction. If she is a wonderful woman, with the energy of half a dozen men, she will perhaps make a desperate effort and force her way alongside of some plodding bungler, whose indolence or stupidity have left him out of the race. This is the best that can befall her if she adopts this second course and waits until she can give to her profession the matured and steady powers of middle age.

There is, however, an alternative open to her. She can take a vow of celibacy. She can throw off altogether the yoke of nature, and fit herself to compete with man by consciously and voluntarily rejecting the life of woman. This is a possibility which is not to be rejected with disdain as out of the question. If all is true that we continually read about the number of women who cannot marry, it is no unfit question for the more resolute souls among them, whether they should not make up their minds that they will not marry, and thus qualify themselves by one severe yet effectual effort for an existence resembling that of man. By this means alone can they procure for themselves fair play in the world, or a reasonable chance of success in any profession. But this is a penalty which perhaps not one of all their male fellow-students would undertake to pay; and it is the most cruel renunciation which can be exacted from a human creature. Thus success in a profession—nay, the mere initiatory possibility of success—requires from a woman not equality with man, but an amount of intellectual and moral superiority over him, which can only be found in the rarest and most isolated cases. To him the prospect of marriage is the strongest incentive to industry and exertion. To her it is simple ruin, so far as her work is concerned. If then she has the magnanimity and self-devotion to cut herself off from all that is popularly considered happiness in life—from all that youth most dreams of, and the heart most cares for—she is free to enter into and pursue, and very likely will succeed in a profession, which men, with all solaces of love and help of companionship, pursue by her side at not half the cost. Perhaps even then, after she has made this sacrifice, she will find that she is the pot of earth making her way among their pots of iron; and that their superior physical powers and bolder temperament will carry them beyond her, notwithstanding the superior devotion she has shown and the price she has paid. But this is the best we can promise her when all is done—to (perhaps) succeed as well, at the cost of everything, as her com-

petitors who go into it with the commonest of motives and at no cost at all.

This is a very serious, very weighty consideration at the outset of a career. Professional education too is very costly, and the parents of young women to whom self-support is necessary are not generally rolling in wealth; can we then wonder at their reluctance to purchase dearly such a training for their daughter, knowing that the expense will most probably be all in vain, and indeed hoping that her first step in actual life will be to render herself incapable of her profession by a happy marriage? We do not for one moment deny that the picture we have just drawn, and the truth of which we are but too certainly aware of, is the very contrary of encouraging to those hapless women who are seeking work to do and know not where to find it. We acknowledge sadly that it is not encouraging, but it is better to face the truth than to ignore it. These things would remain true were all the colleges in Christendom thrown open to-morrow with all their means of instruction to the girl-graduates, who, we are told, thirst for improved education. By all means, we say, let them be thrown open. Let all contemptuous laws that teach fools to sneer at the mother who bore them be erased from our statute-book. Let the women who stand apart from woman's natural existence, be it by choice, be it by necessity, be permitted to assume men's privileges if they choose. And what then, oh daughters of Eve? The most of you will still be wives, will still be mothers all the same, will still lie under nature's own disabilities and be trusted with nature's high responsibilities, and have your work to do, which no man is capable of doing instead of you. Legislation may help the surplus, the exceptional women. If it does really aid them to find a practicable standing ground it will do well; but for the majority, legislation can do little and revolution nothing at all.

There are a great many more points in both the books before us which we should have been glad to notice had our space served. There are, for instance, a number of impertinences in some of the essays in 'Woman's Work,' especially those contributed by men, which we should imagine the ladies concerned must find it hard to swallow. Mr. Stuart, for instance, is so good as to tell us, as several gentlemen have done recently in the newspapers, that women are capable of understanding popular lectures about science, and can put very pertinent questions, and write very creditable papers,—information which we receive without astonishment, and we fear with scarcely so much gratification as it is intended to produce. And Miss

Boucherett, as we have already said, appeals eloquently to every young hairdresser, and to most young men, whether it would not be better for them to emigrate without more ado, and leave their work to their sisters, who otherwise would find no occupation. But why should the poor fellows emigrate? This is carrying chivalry to a very fine point indeed, and the woman who calls upon men to make such a sacrifice has evidently a beautiful faith in them, such as rarely survives much encounter of reality. Then Miss Wedgewood, in her argument for the *Female Suffrage*, takes up the question which we have just been discussing from the opposite side, with a curious reversal of the argument. She complains of the fact that young women are hampered in their early education by the possibility which lies before them of an event which will influence the whole course of their lives. 'She may try to read 'history, to teach poor children, to cultivate a musical talent; 'but for a certain interval all is vague and difficult. The 'question, Is this to go on? takes the edge off any pursuit, 'and draws off interest to a possible future which has no continuity with the present. . . . She has to ignore the possibility which may change her whole framework of life as 'nothing changes a man's life, and to profess an entire absence 'of anticipation as to the one event which for a time fills her 'whole horizon.' This Miss Wedgewood considers an argument for the bestowal of the franchise, which will elevate the girl's mind, and turn her to thoughts of other matters more essential than the theory of domestic life, which she justly describes as the necessity of getting married. We should ourselves be much more disposed to say that it was an argument in favour of the French mode of managing matrimonial affairs, by which the young lady would be relieved from this vague interval of uncertainty; for after all, franchise or no franchise, women must marry or the world would soon come to an end. And the very fact that marriage 'changes the whole 'framework' of a woman's life as 'nothing changes a man,' is the proof of proofs that this possibility cannot be ignored, that it must influence her education, and her maiden training, and her thoughts. But we have not room to enter at greater length into all the strange speculations which have grown around this subject. The singular way in which one writer after another accepts, without examination, a foregone conclusion, and builds upon a prejudice as if it were an unquestionable truth—the curious assumption by the very writers who set themselves forth as champions of women, of woman's profound ignorance, triviality, and want of harmony with the

world around her, strikes the observer with the strangest sense of limitation and unreality. 'The mental gifts which would 'raise a man to the woolsack may make a cultivated woman,' says Miss Wedgewood; but why so? Women have money, and the best teachers in the world are to be obtained by money; they have leisure—too much of it they all tell us; printing was invented, how many hundred years ago? and all the books that are now printed are purchasable, and may be learned and read. To what then are we to attribute the extraordinary efforts necessary to make a cultivated woman? No doubt the writer herself is one. To our humble thinking there are a great many to be found about the world. And how bewildering, how unmeaning, how falsely sublime is this strange statement? On the other hand a curious list of learned women chiefly professors in Italian colleges in the Middle Ages seems to have been handed about from one essayist to another, and appears at full length three times at least, by way of proving that after all women are capable of something. Is there nothing in the world to show for that but the fact that Maria Gaetana Agnesi was a Professor of Mathematics in 1750, and that Betisia Gozzadini lectured on law in 1236? Good heavens, ladies! have you never an old nurse about your houses who has more good sense in her good grey head than half the men who moon about your salons? Do not we all know what our mothers were? and, whisper in your ears, have you not in your own persons a certain power of holding your own, were all Oxford brought against you? Such certainly is our belief. We are fully convinced that there are a great many highly cultivated women to be met with in these days. And Mr. Mill, who is probably a much better judge, thinks so too, with an oft-expressed devotion which cannot but soften towards him every feminine critic. Modern language and literature may not be equal to the antique; but yet they count for something, and women of the upper classes are at least free to attain perfection if they will in these branches of knowledge. And women of the lower classes possess in plenty, if not education, at least that gift of intelligence which, we confess to our own thinking, is the most attractive of all human gifts. We would not close a single classroom, nor shut up a single source of knowledge against those who thirst for it; we would gladly see all arbitrary restrictions upon individuals abolished; we would joyfully hail anything practical that anyone could suggest to touch the vast mass of misery which lies down in the depths, and which, as Mrs. Butler well and feelingly observes, attains an intensity of

degradation which nothing can equal in man; though that no doubt partly arises from the fact that the standard of degradation in man and woman is different. But we cannot flatter Mr. Mill or his disciples, with any hope that the fundamental question between man and woman can be greatly altered; and we altogether reject his hypothesis that woman is man in petticoats. It is not so; it never was so; and devoutly we trust never will be.

NOTE

to Article I. on the 'Œcumenical Council.'

Since our Article on the 'Œcumenical Council' was printed, the views expressed in it have received considerable confirmation from several remarkable documents which have appeared in the interval. The Pope's letter to Archbishop Manning, whilst conclusively proving the error of that Prelate and of Dr. Cumming in supposing that Protestants were invited to the Council, forcibly illustrates the position which its promoters are disposed to assume—absolutely refusing to reconsider any of the former pretensions of the Church of Rome, and demanding unconditional submission to any which may be henceforward made. The declaration of the seventeen German Bishops at Fulda is a curious indication, on the one hand, of the liberal tendencies of the more enlightened prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, but, on the other hand, of the timidity which by endeavouring to veil their apprehensions under ambiguous phrases lends itself with fatal facility to the designs of their opponents. Finally, the letter of the Père Hyacinthe to the General of the Carmelites strikes a note, which, if followed up, may lead to a general burst of long-suppressed sentiments within the Roman Catholic world, such as has not been seen since the close of the eighteenth, hardly since the close of the sixteenth century. So much depends on the character of the individual and on the support which he receives, that any anticipation of like important results would be premature. But the position of the writer, as unquestionably the first preacher of the French Church, and the apparent determination of his language, give to his expressions at this crisis an unmistakable significance.

No. CCLXVII. will be published in January, 1870.

INDEX.

B

D

F

END OF VOL. CXXX.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET